The Musical Quarterly

CARL ENGEL, *Editor*

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THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

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MUSICAL MODERNISM : SOME RANDOM REFLECTIONS

By COLIN McALPIN

IT is obvious that musical "legalism" has, in these last few years, received a very rude shock, if not a veritable death-blow. For what were taken to be inexorable "laws" in music have turned out to be but transient tendencies. That is to say, we have hitherto been in danger of confusing science with art, criticism with creativeness; as if practice should wait on theory, and not theory on practice. Indeed, many of the ablest theorists have condemned some of the finest music—that which has supplied material for their learned text-books—just because it fell foul of their legalistic speculations. They forgot that the critical is beholden to the creative, as science is to nature. They failed to see that intuition is the *prius* of tuition. Nor are they alone in this regard. Scientists also have been guilty of disabling pre-conceptions. All too often has gratuitous apriority nullified their conclusions. But nature is blind to our prejudices: reality ignores our assumptions. And though progress may be retarded, it cannot be finally checked.

Truth to tell, art allows the free play of personality in a way impossible to science. In painting, for instance, the artist is able to impose his will to beauty on the forms of nature. He is free to put his own construction on the countless scenes around. The scientist, on the contrary, dare not depart one hairbreadth from the natural he would explain. He must be entirely obedient to the leading of fact; whereas facts to the artist are as clay in the potter's hands. So whilst the laws of nature are strictly binding on science, the so-called "laws" of art, which the theorist would impose on the creative mind, are being continually relaxed in favour, and for purposes, of personal expression.

the discordant license, which masquerades as the liberty that springs from love, is but a flat negation of the soul's attunement to artistic truth.

Again: even in the matter of growth and expansion, music and science are in singular accord. For the old orthodoxy of science is now entirely discredited. The universe is no longer a bounded prison-house, brick-walled with the ultimate atom of materiality. It is a thin, and thinning, veil, scarcely hiding from us the vision of a spiritual immensity. And harmony, likewise, is now no longer a theoretically confined preserve, from which there is no escape; but rather an esthetic thought-force, elastic and abundant, which contacts an inner world of free creativeness. There is now no cramping finality about harmonial processes, no limit to be set to the possible in the matter of chordal construction. Even the ancient forms and "closed system" of keys show signs of rapidly giving way. And it is interesting to notice that the disintegration of the old harmonial order synchronises, more or less, with the crumbling of material modes of thought.

If, moreover, an Einstein can give to the Newtonian principle of "mechanical relativity" an immeasurably wider scope, why should not a Strauss unfold the chordal "relativities" inherent in a Beethoven? But there are still some scientists who shut their eyes to anything new, just because it is new; even as there are still some antiquated harmonists who deliberately close their ears to the more delicate effects attendant on the subtler modes of music.

Not only science, however, but philosophy also is progressive. And if the latter is capable of development, why not music? Indeed, music has even greater developmental possibilities than philosophy. For whilst philosophy must be wholly subject to the reality and life it would interpret, nor indulge any personal predilection whatsoever, music—like poetry—can, with all the characteristic freedom of the creative process, conjure mightily with the interior powers and potencies of soul.

And it is interesting to trace the progressive parallelism between philosophy and music, although in neither case does development necessarily make for greater truth and beauty respectively. The fact is, the several faculties of man are not so isolated in their activities, as to preclude the possibility of some mutual correspondence. Thus the philosophic "legalism" of Kant and the intellectual "absolutism" of Hegel find their musical counterparts in Bach and Beethoven. For in both these composers the idea of law and order—of obedience to the formative intellect and

regulative reason—greatly prevailed. They relied supremely on the masculine powers of formulation; so much so that they oftentimes commend to the head what not unseldom fails to touch the heart. Theirs was essentially the Germanic genius for the organisation and control of ideas. Hence the superiority of Germany in the matter of symphonic structure and of classic form.

But a rigid rationalism, however exalted, soon failed to meet the clamant claims of human experience. Hence such modern movements as Pragmatism and Humanism, which stress the will and the affections, were bound to follow. And these, again, parallel the motive and meaning of the Romanticists. Furthermore, just as the newer Idealism of Eucken was a spiritual impetus characteristically human, so was the culminant music of Wagner fraught with humanistic tendencies. In both cases, life and activity prevailed over the formal abstractions of the intellect.

Just, again, as the Neo-Idealism of Croce and Gentile—distinctively Italian in its "artistic" appreciation of Philosophy—concentrates on the immediacy of experience, as revealed in the "dramatic" movement of History, to the exclusion of the static Absolute of Hegel; so the music of Verdi represents, not the completed structure of Absolute music, but the arbitrary movement of Relative music which knows no finality, no systematic whole.

Similarly, the music of resurgent France synchronises, more or less, with the Creative Evolution of Bergson, who believes in the free energisation of spirit, as far as the impediment of matter will permit. And in the impressionistic Debussy, with his formless flux of a tuneful "becoming," we have the musical representative of this original thinker. How far a cry, too, this is from the archaic language of a Rameau, who—like his contemporary Watteau of the Rococo age—breathed the spirit of an old-world elegance, and tuned his lyre to the airy graces of a gay, voluptuous court. The lightsome Rameau, moreover, was penning his lilts, whilst the mordant Voltaire (whom in features he much resembled) was giving utterance to his nimble wit.

We see, also, the urge of music energising in the land of Tolstoy, whose thoughts and theories find an echo in the tonal dialect of the "immortal five." Responsive to the inward promptings of a people's soul, fostered by the folk-songs of the nation, the Russian revolution in music did much to keep aflame the torch of native idealism, which lighted at length the fires of revolution proper.

Thus we are reminded that events are primarily born in the timeless sphere of spirit, that aspirations and desires haunt the

inner deeps of soul—the true seat of causation and source of music's flowing—before they appear in the temporal. And the outer sphere of manifestation, because of conditioning circumstance, sometimes impedes and sometimes accelerates the urgent life within.

Music, then, like all other artistic activities, is no watertight compartment. It is but a superficial view which would cut it adrift from the world of thought and current of events. It is much beholden to the changing fortunes of mankind. It mirrors not only the individual impulsions of spiritual experience, but the historic movements of national import as well. Indeed, the life of man, when raised to issues of great moment, has never failed to find in the most expressive of the arts a voice at once articulate and clear.

And popular illustrations of momentous movements making music, under the volcanic stress of ebullient emotion, are not far to seek. Though but the superficial spray which flecks at times the deeper currents of the art, we quickly think of "John Brown's Body" of the American Civil War, and of the "Marseillaise" of the French Revolution. Other earlier instances we might also record, such as the famous "Lillibullero" ballad, which "sung James II. out of three kingdoms." But these must suffice to remind us that

> "The song that nerves a nation's heart
> Is in itself a deed."

Music, accordingly, is even nearer akin to ethics than philosophy. In its conspicuous ability to give free play to personality, it is pre-eminently the sociological art. It is of the very essence of humanism itself. It voices the aspirations of humanity which will not be repressed. And in so far as these are given an adequate and judicious expression, it renders them both salutary and sane. Hence the modern mind, animated as it is by the ideals of freedom of thought and liberty of action, cannot but view with favour the enfranchisement of the musical-artistic. For music bespeaks the democracy of the heart. So with the crumbling of senile systems, with the powers and privileges of potentates on the wane, it were well for even the musician to cultivate the "historic sense," and catch a glimpse, however feeble, of parallel happenings in the music of the times. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Even so did the imperious reign of Handel and magisterial rule of Bach give place to the benignant sway of Beethoven—and so on down the swiftly transient years.

Furthermore, highest music cannot but express the spiritual life of man. It is inevitably wrapped up in the fortunes of religious experience. And if the religious consciousness is progressive, why not music? Religion, whose handmaid music is, has ever found, in its tuneful voice, an artistic ally of commanding importance. It is no exaggeration to say that the religious reformation of Germany was cradled in song. It was fired with the enthusiasm of music, and borne in triumph on the buoyant wings of sound. Indeed, all spiritual revivals have ever been attended by the outburst of contagious praise. And to the growing freedom of the spirit we find an audible response in the music of to-day. Unrestrained by artificial strictures, undeterred by arrogant authority, it has gained for musical humanity a regal liberty of soul. And with the invisible breathings of a love-beauty all its own, it has helped to undermine the soulless systems, the forms and ceremonies of conventional religion, and given to emancipated man the natural expression of those loftier inspirations by which alone his inner life is fed. In truth, the future of religion is accordant with a greater music yet to be.

Indeed, the veriest tyro cannot fail to see that all the affairs of life are in a constant state of flux. Never is there a present but is challenged by the future. Man is a being who is ever on the march. He may retreat; but to stand still is impossible. There may be an ultimate stability which is involved in a condition of perfection; but the hypothetical "whither" still haunts the unwearying steps of man towards a higher kingdom yet to come. In other words, all human activities are capable of progress, since they are the immediate outcome of a free, creative agency. And it is exactly the power of self-promoted change which distinguishes man from the stationariness of the sub-human species. The only danger to be avoided is the substitution of one stubborn orthodoxy for another.

Movement, then, is the order of the day. But it must be movement with progress, otherwise it is but an agitative fussiness gyrating round the centre of its own self-being. Nor can we stem the onward trend of truth. None can quench the divine urge, or quell the spirit of advance. It is for us to guide with wisdom all the processes of thought. And he who strives against the law of progress must assuredly be broken on the ever-revolving wheel of time. He who will not bend must break. He who merely marks time but stamps out a grave for himself. So the reactionary "diehards," who fight against the spirit of the times, will inevitably suffer defeat. They will be shattered by the

silent, yet certain forces which make for development: they will be left high and dry, stranded on the river-banks of time. Or as Gibbon has it:—"All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance."

Yet it is not for us to spurn the efforts of the past; ours is to find new modes of expression which best befit the aspirations of the hour. Look back, then, with reverence: look forward with hope. And let us remember that to despise—say—the glories of a "Meistersinger" because of a "Rosenkavalier," is to be painfully deaf to the enduring value of a timeless truth. The fact is, the present has not, as yet, fallen into proper perspective. There is much searching and sifting of esthetic values to be done. We are mostly laying foundations for the future. Modern composers are, for the most part, moulding the matter, rather than adding to the meaning, of music. They are manufacturing its raw material, rather than giving us the finished article. It is an experimental age, rather than an age of expression.

It cannot be denied, however, that contemporary composers have had to face much bigotry and opposition from the enemies of progress. They have suffered much from the tyranny of the "dead hand," the hostility of the traditionalists, and the inertia of the "schoolmen"—all such as feed upon the past and fear to face the future. And yet if what has been said are valid reasons why modern music should come to be at all, why should the creative pioneers encounter so many "roaring lions" in the path? Why, if these self-same critics are quick to recognise development in the case of individual composers, should they deny it to music as a whole? Surely what is true of the particular is equally true of the general. The answer is to be found in the perennial existence of pronounced, antithetical types of the musically inclined. And the consideration of these will help us to a clearer apprehension and juster estimate of the musical times in which we live.

That human beings have an ingrained tendency to fall into two outstanding classes cannot possibly escape the notice of the least observant. And this divergence of outlook is mainly due to differences in temperament. Even in artistic natures, where one would expect to find uniformity of mind, distinguishing characteristics ever tend to appear. Though musical periods come and go, though varied schools of the artistic wax and wane, we find the same diversity in every generation. For purposes of convenience, we will designate them as the priestly and prophetic classes of mind:—the one jealously guarding what is of value and

conserving what is of worth, the other striving to reach out over the widening fields of promise.

These, again, are typical of two distinctive dispositions:—the static and rational, the dynamic and passional, respectively. They are types which naturally incline in the one case towards form and logic, and in the other towards feeling and love. In the language of psychology, they belong to the mental categories of cognition and conation; or in common parlance—to the head and to the heart. Both, however, have their rightful place and function in the economy of art—the punctilious preciosity of the priest, as well as the fiery zeal of the prophet. They should really complement and correct one another—the former acting as a check to the iconoclasm of the riotous extremist, the latter as a spur to the inertia of stereotyped sterility.

But it must be confessed that musicians of the priestly persuasion, who bend the knee before the shrine of use and wont, are always in danger of becoming the slaves of tradition and consuetude, lacking as they do both flexibility of mind and powers of adaptation. Hence the style of art they most affect ever tends to run into the soulless formalism of the schools. For this undue worship of the formal, this laying of the accent on externals, only serves to starve the indwelling spirit and bring about the sure stagnation of their art. Truly speaking, forms should be as frames to pictures, as caskets to the priceless gems of thought. Their one real mission is the better to preserve the rich deposit of ideas. And should they outlive their usefulness, or be unduly raised to the dignity of thought itself, they then become but the tombs of thought, but the sepulchres of moribund ideas. Contrariwise: the prophetic type of mind supplies us with just those very primal impulses apart from which the formal moulds of beauty would not come to be at all. It brings to art the healthy circulation of ideas; and with its wealth of native enthusiasm flushes the very channel through which it pours itself.

These two types of mind, again, are prone, respectively, to take the backward look and forward gaze. Back to Bach and Beethoven, therefore, is the slogan of the stern traditionalists, sublimely forgetful of the fact that both were uncompromising nonconformists in their day. Bach, indeed, was the greatest reformer of all. For he it was who ushered in the musical reformation, analogous to what his compatriot, Luther, achieved in the deeper realm of religion. It was the venerable Bach who shifted entirely the then centre of musical gravity. He was the veritable Copernicus of music, who exploded the "Ptolemaic" system of

the past—who broke, once and for all, the seal of infallibility set upon the modal music of the ancients, and tuned his inspirations to the spheral harmonies of a wider, grander sweep.[1] And for this revolution in music he was treated with neglect; whilst lesser men enjoyed a fleeting reputation in their time. Why, then, should we view with suspicion and alarm the musical movements of to-day? Was not Wagner heretical? What has already happened may well occur again. History has a habit of repeating itself. Whilst doing ample justice to the past, let us not forget the present, with its promise of a music yet unheard. The artistic age, moreover, which is not rich in future possibilities is seldom worth the serious attention of the critic.

If, again, we view the art-world as a whole, we shall find that the priestly type of beauty is best exemplified by the statuesque, the plastic and immobile forms of beauty. For pictures, statues and buildings remain forever stationary, and so express this attitude of mind; whilst poems and music run their appointed course like rivers which may be deflected but not detained. Pictures, for instance, embalmed as they are in a permanent "now," in a very real sense conserve—pictures of national interest, portraits of ancestral worthies, as well as public statues and memorials of historic moment. They are constant reminders of our indebtedness to the undying past.

Further: the inveterate instinct of the priestly class, subject as it is to the binding power of precedent, is better satisfied with strict adherence to ceremony and convention, form and tradition; all of which are valuable enough in themselves, if not raised to the dignity of eternal truth. So perhaps its best esthetic embodiment is to be found in those imperturbable and majestic piles which rear themselves about the rites and rituals of an immemorial past—edifices which seem to stand as rigid guardians of some faith esthetic, once and for all delivered to the hieratic caste of beauty. Indeed, their very lasting splendour seems to typify for us the cloistral tranquillity and inertial repose of those "that are

[1]The change from the geocentric to the heliocentric point of view necessitated the idea that planetary bodies influenced one another's motions. Similarly, the change from the non-cyclical to the cyclical system of the keys necessitated a modification of the movement of the scales. It is analogous to the transition from the earlier geometric, to the later dynamical, period of astronomy. For in our modern system of symmetrical Tonality there is a "gravitative pull" which compels a slight deviation of the scalar motions from a strictly Diatonic path. Equal Temperament alone ensures the unity of the Tonal system. And in his "Wohltemperirte Clavier," Bach may be said to have rounded off and underpinned the structure of modern music. He was—more truly speaking—the Galileo of his art, with Beethoven as its Newton. What of Tonality or Atonality—and shall we say of astronomy?—awaits us in the future is of speculative concern alone.

at ease in Zion." Not unnaturally, therefore, are they more hospitable to the lingering music of a bygone age.

Finally: members of this order of esthetic priesthood are prone to think that to them are committed all the Apollonian mysteries of harmonious truth. They, and they alone, constitute the depositaries of musical wisdom: they alone can pronounce a definitive judgment on matters appertaining to the tuneful art. In short, they are the final court of artistic appeal. Hence this type of musical esthete not unseldom arrogates for himself the superior powers of academic autocracy. And here the leaning towards artistic appropriation is more adequately met by examples of the lower grades of beauty. Tangible articles of virtu, for instance, such as are fixed and formal in design, may become the peculiar possession of the privileged few; as against the communistic sharing of the higher forms of art. And in this matter of the possessive passion, it is interesting to note that as we rise in the scale of beauty the possibility of public, as against private, ownership fortunately increases. Many can have a Beethoven sonata, but few can have a picture by Raphael: many can have a Shakesperian play, but how many of us can be the happy possessor of a figure by Michael Angelo? In other words, the higher the type of beauty, the greater its powers of diffusion. Music and sunshine, poetry and flowers, are alike in their world-wide, generous distribution. And it is a cause for thankfulness that the beautiful is not of necessity the rare.

On the other hand, the prophetic class is best symbolised by the more modern of the arts, whose spirit is forever approximating nobler strains as yet uncaptured by the listening ear. For music is more sensitive to the subtle breathings of the beautiful, and so more aptly shadows forth the leading of the Spirit into all harmonious truth. It expresses more adequately the soul of beauty which ever seeks to tempt the forward movement of the mind. It contains peculiarly within itself what we might fitly term the "furthering powers" of the artistic. And that there is some eternal, stable harmony secreted in the all-harmonious Mind, none but the believer in an aimless universe of thought can possibly deny. The very fact that men of music strive to utter themselves in ever evolving modes of thought goes far to prove that there is somehow, and somewhere, a tuneful Ultimate, permanent in the heavens, which prompts them to progress; though this dim, divine Idea be but faintly registered in consciousnesses striving to advance.

So we must be prepared for the voice of the prophet who would usher in an age of new effects and novel harmonies. And

though evolution may be a process at once slow-moving and of patient endeavour, present-day science has accustomed us to the idea of an occasional *saltus*—leap or bound—in the upward trend of development. Hence the sudden emergence of some master-musician must not surprise us, however unusual and advanced his thinking; since he may very well be in line with rational progression. But let us see to it that he be not some sorry "sport" of nature, but really a legitimate "variation" of his kind. For there is a world of difference between the erratic crank and the original genius.

We hold, then, that it is the prophetic musician who has generally kept in appreciative touch with the unfolding riches of his art. And this is what we would expect. For his artistic attention is more firmly fastened on the inward side of beauty. His esthetic interest lies more in the passions of the soul than in the products of the intellect. He puts his faith, first of all, in the dynamic affections of the heart, and so would be ever on the move. Progressive and propulsive, he is swayed by the emotive faculties of mind. To him, therefore, as artist, belongs the saving grace of the activating spirit. And herein he shows an intuitive instinct for that which distinctively matters. For it is in the peculiar nature of music to evolve from within, outward. And in this very process of unravelment, it seems as if the older music were being pushed further away from the warm centre to the colder circumference of beauty, to make way for the advent of a richer and riper revelation. It seems, also, as if the lengthened lease of life of earlier compositions, exposed as they have been to the chilling air of constant criticism, has tended to rob them of their erstwhile glowing warmth of inspiration. For the growth of music is ever attended by a closer intimacy with the artistic soul, by a deeper delving into the fervent heart of man—a condition of "nearness" which grows with the progress of the art.

Though we seek in vain for such original and searching ideas as found in—say—a Wagner, ultra-modern music, as a mode of thought, is undoubtedly an improved medium for musical mentation, and brings us nearer the sanctuary of the soul. Modern harmony certainly means an enhancement of musical sensibility. And apart from such there is no specific virtue in mere complexity. For beauty does not necessarily grow by multiplication, but by intensification. A picture is not great according to the number of figures on the canvas: the value of a poem does not lie in the number and novelty of its words. So unless harmonial intricacy

and contrapuntal involvement evoke a richer emotional response, we derive no esthetic benefit worth the having.

And this is psychologically understandable. For if we deprive music of its distinctive content of emotion, we shall fail to lift it on to loftier levels of esthetic excellence—we shall rob it of the inspiring incentive of the heart. In short, it will cease to evolve. On the other hand, ever and anon some new accession of feeling, some new passional urge, sweeps over humanity and spurs it on to higher achievements. And such liberalising motions of the spirit obtain in all departments of activity. It is, moreover, a divine energy which carries all before it, and overrules all critical considerations whatsoever. It is the propulsive Life-force which prompts development, the inmost pressure that generates every novel form of art. And music is its artistic agency.

More than any other art, music is prophetic of a fuller, more abundant life to be. It feeds unsatisfied emotions: it fires unrealised ideals. Its surging flood is ever sweeping onward. Regardless of the politico-social spray which plays upon life's surface, and the sundry lets and hindrances which temporarily impede, the undercurrents of musical feeling pursue their ceaseless course. Like Life itself, music will brook no opposition; like Spirit in the ultimate, it cannot be denied. It is the one artistic life of liberty. And it is still at work with energy unabated. So we cannot be surprised to find that anti-progressive conservatism views all modern movements with aversion and distrust. "Leave us alone," it says, "Brahms is good enough for us."

But here we touch upon the very springs of music itself. And to know the interior constitution of the art is to appreciate the dawning of the era now upon us. Music is quick with feeling, vivid with emotion. It is warm with the life-blood of reality. It is highest rapture, rather than clearest vision. It traffics with the moral and spiritual sentiments: it holds high commerce with the active powers of the mind. Its primary concern is with the will and the affections. Being of the very essence of art itself, it is necessarily strong in the inner impulsions of the soul. And feeling it is which is primarily provocative of man's creative energy. We thirst for knowledge: we hunger for beauty. Indeed, emotion is the immediate activation of the will, and proximate cause of volition. It is the root-power of productivity, whether of artistic idealism or of practical utility. And will, again, is pivotal of any progressiveness whatsoever. Hence music lends itself peculiarly to the spirit of advance, and reflects esthetically the animating principle of all development.

Since, then, the passional is paramount in music, it is the prophetic expressionist, rather than the priestly formalist, who holds the master-key to progress. So we must look to the former for the vitalising energy and creative impulse of any musical beauty whatsoever. For he who mightily sways the affections wields a magisterial power over the interior spirit of man. And it is interesting to notice that modern psychology is advisedly transferring the note of authority from the head and its logic to the intuitive instincts of the heart. For man does not live by logic, but by intuition. It is thus going a long way towards the assertion of the primacy of the emotions. And what makes music the imperious power it is, is the fact that it so closely identifies itself with the affectional nature of man.

The pertinent point, however, is that the creative soul is restive under the formal domination of the restrictive intellect. It will not be bound down or pent up, but must, of its very nature, find some outlet for its own expanding energies. Not content with the cramping "laws" which dogmatic harmonists would impose on their art, modern composers demand freedom of utterance and liberty of style. Hence the evolution of newer forms and progressions, fresher modes of melody and rhythm, wherein music may embody afresh its own immortal essence. It follows, therefore, that every new advance in music purports to be an added gain in self-expressiveness. And though musical modernism be attended by much revolutionary excess, and is ofttimes given over to nebulosity, idiosyncrasy and affectation, it, nevertheless, breathes the spirit of enfranchisement. Its main incentive is to free the soul's experience from the stringency of rigid forms of thought. It represents a turning movement away from the formalism of the classics. It is a brave attempt to give more scope to the inherent life of music. It is the resurgent soul that will not be denied: it is the emergence of the supraconscious in art. It is, moreover, a natural growth which must away with all obstructive elements—a spirit of revolt which must crush all opposition, and perforce impress its message of uprising beauty on an expectant age. And whether successful or no, all innovations and experiments of modernity are honest endeavours to press the matter of music into the service of the soul.

Art, in essence, is personal experience; and music is the immediate expression of personality—the highest we know. Modern art, again, is strong in its insistence on the individual. It demands that a picture shall give us an original point of view, and not a glorified photograph; that a symphony shall be the

distinctive utterance of some forceful soul, and not the phonographic echo of some school of thought. And this because we yearn for the expression of private experience—such as has been tried and tested in the fierce fires of feeling. For nothing interests us like the soul of man, which alone really matters. Even in the world of actuality we are dominated by a similar outlook. For we see now that life itself is only fully realised on terms of ample opportunity for individual development. And this, too, is the inner, esthetic meaning of every form of modern Expressionism. It gives to music a more personal and intimate touch. It explains the advent of the Tone-poem and Programme-Music.

And other arts have shown a similar tendency towards self-emancipation, and a like deliverance of the soul of beauty. In painting, for instance, there has been a strong desire to escape the trammels of tradition, and to avoid the binding restrictions of convention. Hence the fair appearances which grace the canvases of old seem somewhat restive in these forceful days of ours, as though they fain would step out into a freer and more spacious life of beauty. And in poetry we have seen the revolt of the so-called "Lake School" against the formalism of a Dryden, as well as the metrical innovations and rhyming audacities of a Browning, which set his critics by the ears.

And what does this mean but that the deepest instinct of the man of art is to bring his private personality to bear upon the forms and facts of comeliness. For there is, and can be, no true artist but feels most deeply all that belongs to destiny and life. A painter cannot be great who is a cold spectator of the world around: a poet is no cool observer of the ways of man. There is no indifference about art: beauty, like morality and unlike science, knows no neutrality. But even in poetry, the impress of the individual is not so vividly marked as in music. And still more emphatically are the private feelings of the musician enlisted above and beyond the graceful curves and flowing lineaments, which weave themselves about the alluring products of plasticity.

Nevertheless, this must not blind us to the fact that there is both loss and gain in movements of modernity:—loss in so far as they make for a certain aimlessness of purpose and weakness in design, gain in so far as they free the soul to follow its own instinctive bent. For it is in the nature of the case that in transitional times a certain weakening of law and order should prevail. But lawlessness is no proper substitute for tyranny. For if a purely intellective music tends to petrify the spirit of harmonial beauty, and to degenerate into a dead, unprofitable formalism, the

unchecked feelings of the "libertarian" are liable to land him in a welter of nerveless impressionism. And the latter—be it said—is the ruling vice of much of our modern music, which seeks to escape the shackles of an age that is past, by substituting the irresponsible ravings of a disordered imagination. Indeed, esthetic extremism of any kind is much to be deplored.

Still out of seeming cacophony none should doubt but that a nobler truth about harmonious music will emerge triumphantly as in the past. For with the rich resources now at our command we have but to reap the harvest of a liberating process of reform. There is, in truth, a real revival in our midst; and it is not for us to stem the tide of coming music, which seeks to mirror the infinite in man. Every age, moreover, has been a modern age: every great composer in his time has gone through similar stages of development. Indeed, the only great are those who, having passed from strict adherence to contemporary modes of thought, have found for themselves the full and free expression of their own unborrowed feelings. Wise, therefore, is he who, amidst the turmoil and upheaval of the present, can read for himself the significant signs of the times. For it is nothing less than the spirit's bid for a better state of things. It is the eternal claim of man to freedom of self-expression, unhampered by the imposition of arbitrary regulations. Furthermore, the personalism of one age ever tends to become the impersonalism of the next: the subjective grows increasingly objective with the advancing ages of the art. In other words, Futurism melts imperceptibly into "Presentism."

Still there are those who hark back even to the "good old times" when Grisi sang and Paganini played; as if the curtain had been rung down on the final act of music, never again to be uprolled. And to such the old is ever the heroic, and the new always a sad declension from some high esthetic estate. Such a view, however, is rather a sure sign of senescence, which is prone to live more in the past than in the future. It fails to realise that distinctive souls are forever being minted in the Mind of God—that Life is a perpetual process of creativeness—that Nature never stales, and, in its essence, never ages. Though the story of art be old, it is continually writing itself afresh in riper styles and richer modes of thought. Gothic architecture, for instance, now full of charm and tender beauty, was at its inception denounced as a serious set-back to the chaste and classic standards of true taste. The visions of Turner, again, were once regarded as but the daubs of a madman, who merely flung his paint upon

the canvas. Now, however, they are seen to be nothing less than inimitable interpretations of the cosmic Mind itself.

The truth is, the old of necessity appeals quite differently to the newer generation. For the latter brings with itself the open mind unstocked with memories of the lingering past. It is born into a different period: it breathes at once a different atmosphere. From its birth it has imbibed the latest utterances, and has a mind already weighted with advanced ideas. Hence the ancient art weighs all too heavily upon modernity. It has about it the oppressive air of some dank, cloistral cell. Its harmonies seem to tire: its melodies seem to languish.

Those, on the other hand, who belong to an earlier period, are furnished with impressions of a different sort. All the modern music which they hear beats on a brain attuned to an older world of sound. Music, moreover, like the scent of flowers, has magic power to quicken latent memories. And to hear once more the ancient melodies is to have rekindled all those earlier joys which hover about the precincts of the mind. Though the circumstance of hearing be forgotten, the emotional effect is once again revived. And so a certain charm is added to the oft-repeated strain, kindly tempered by the transience of time. Like the half-remembered pleasures of the past, its repetition comes with sweet surprise, as of the meeting of some welcome friend. Indeed, nothing exactly resembles the dream-like echo of an early thrill. So these latter never quite appreciate the revelation of some modern masterpiece, as when first it breaks in upon the fresh, impressionable mind. They cannot wholly enter into that mysterious wonderment attendant on the morning splendour of some newly-found enthusiasm. Yet not because it is new, not because it is old, is music beautiful; its beauty-value is in itself alone.

The bare fact of the matter is, the actual tonal effects of the older masters sound with a difference in our present ears. What was originally discordant has become concordant through habitual use. The old percussive dissonances have lost their "bite." Hence some of the ancient masterpieces might be likened to those pictures of the past whose colours have sunk into the canvas, and lost much of their original brilliancy of effect. And there is nothing new in all this—the increscent beauty of "ugliness." The ordinary "third"—an interval agreeable even to the "man in the street"—was one time deemed discordant. "But you will get accustomed to the newer music," said the modernist to a hostile critic; to which the latter replied, "I hope I never shall." Yet all that is "ugly" is not necessarily beautiful. Much that is

so-called advanced is merely eccentric and falsely original. It startles, but does not satisfy; it arrests the attention, but does not affect the soul.

Still we need not despair. Meyerbeer, though of a totally different stamp of mind, was generously appreciative of his contemporary, Wagner. Haydn, again, admired the maturer labours of Mozart and Beethoven; and Scarlatti, though less advanced, held the magnific Handel in Boswellian esteem. Is it, moreover, too much to expect our musical laity, who seldom have party scruples to overcome, to take some pains over their hearing of good music? Unfortunately, however, so many regard their art as but a pleasing pastime—a graceful accomplishment which fills with harmless mirth the vacant hour. So they do not try to get on even nodding terms with the newer modes of thought. If, on the other hand, it were a question of literature, intelligent appreciation would be required of them. But music—that is different, and scarcely worth the necessary time and trouble. Here mental preparedness is, for such, supposedly superfluous. Hence, the irritation they experience, when failing to understand the "meaning" of modern music, is similar to what the untutored mind must feel, when striving to grasp the sense of some recondite writer. The tonal terminology of the times, like abstruse reasoning, puts too painful a strain on the attention.

So the "new" offends, like some provoking problem in philosophy. It baulks the mind: it aggravates the spirit. It disconcerts the settled preconceptions. Besides, it will not readily square with blind authority. Hence so many chafe against the challenge of disturbing novelty. So woven in the fabric of the mind is the deeply-rooted past, that they never dream that things must change, and music be cast, from time to time, in different moulds of thought. They mistake stagnation for stability, the rigidity of death for firmness of purpose, temporal accommodation for the eternally accomplished. They forget that life (and art) of any kind is only to be had on terms of pliancy and change. So it troubles them to have to think their thoughts afresh, and readjust their fossilised ideas. They are too hardened, too straitened in their minds to start anew upon some mental quest. They lack the zest of youth and saving grace of receptivity.

Yet all the same, the fairest types of beauty suffer change. Tastes alter with the times; and forms and fashions of a waning world must come and go, making appeal to each successive age. They are but passing phases of a panoramic life. So we no longer swear by "Aristotle." Still prejudices die a lingering death. The

stubborn crust of custom is notoriously hard to break. And only some fresh urge of musical feeling can crumble the walls which shelter the autocracy of the academic mind—walls which younger hands alone can build afresh to plans and patterns suited to the age. But with the health-giving breath of liberty, with a freer circulation of ideas and new vigour in the veins, the spirit of beauty will awaken yet again to newness of esthetic life. And what is not of artistic truth will wither and decay; and that which belongs thereto will flourish and give birth to nobler music—music which will pass into the classics so long as it subserves the higher interests of reality. For the spiritual will be the measure of its endurance, and not the sensuous, which swiftly satiates the soul. Man, indeed, was never born to feed upon the husks of thought, or thrive upon the fatuous and false.

And to those who see in the present tendencies the failing fortunes of their art, let us add a timely reminder in conclusion. Music is the very life of art itself, and has unusual powers of recovery. The rapid sequence of the "schools" is proof of this. The Flemish and Italian, the German and French, are as rising notes in music's scale of progress. And it is the aforesaid liberty that is in music, its inborn freedom of expression, that insures it against a premature exhaustion and decay.

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But what of the future? To indulge the prophetic fancy:—Why should not inscrutable India, with its rich, potential idealism, awaken to a tuneful, national self-soul? Why should not sphinx-like China, with its dumb, unvocal millions, and adaptable Japan, with its powers of assimilation, find for themselves a tongue with which to sing aloud their native aspirations? Why should not these teeming multitudes train their fingers deft to touch with skill the many instruments of music? Why not—in short—a Chinese Bach, an Indian Beethoven, a Japanese Wagner? For the sudden appropriation of an alien culture is no new phenomenon in the history of mankind.

Why, again, should not America give musical expression to its boundless hope, and our virile Dominions breathe some message of invigorating song? And why should not our own beloved land ring once again with melodies her own? and so recapture that Elizabethan eminence, which was at one time her supreme boast. Even now there are hopeful signs of the coming of a native "school of music" in our midst.

If, moreover, the dream be ever realised, then perchance, in some far distant stretch of time, the East, in glad antiphony, will answer to the West, responsive to the call of universal song; and all the sullen and suspicious silences, which do so fret the heart and mar the life of man, will pass in measured music from this earth of ours. And why not a world in concert with itself?—a banded brotherhood of diverse strains, attuned to the music of a harmonised humanity.

NOTES ON A TRIP TO FRANKFURT IN THE SUMMER OF 1927

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON MODERN MUSIC

By HENRY F. GILBERT

LAST year I had the honor of having one of my compositions selected, by the jury of the International Society for Contemporary Music, for performance at its annual festival—held in 1927 in the opera-house at Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany. I was, myself, present, and I intend to tell you about the festival, *in toto*, after which I will say something about the modern music I heard there.[1]

"The International Society for Contemporary Music" was organized a few years ago by Professor Edward J. Dent of Cambridge, England. Its object is fairly well stated by its title. There are *Sections* of the Society in many different countries, and every year a general festival is held (in some central European city), at which many recent compositions by composers of various nationalities are performed; thus justifying the international character of the society. It is hoped, by those in authority, that the Society may do its bit toward the establishment of world peace, by diverting the minds of the people from the narrow interests of nationalism to the broader common interest of Art and Culture.

Regarding last year's festival, Professor Dent says: "Our gathering here was a result of an invitation from the city of Frankfurt. This is a great honor for our Society of International Music. In the past a *Section* of our Society undertook to organize the Festival. This year the initiative did not come from any of our Sections, but from the city of Frankfurt. I, therefore, take the opportunity to thank you warmly." This quotation is from

[1]This paper was read by its author as a lecture before the Music Department of Harvard University on March 28, 1928. Mr. Gilbert's death occurred on May 19 of the same year. The autobiographical references, which ordinarily would not have found room in THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY, have been retained in the posthumous publication of this paper by agreement with the composer's widow. They form a characteristic introduction to what were Henry F. Gilbert's artistic and musical beliefs. Gilbert's strictures upon some phases of contemporary music should be read without forgetting that the author himself, thirty years ago, was in America one of the first pioneers in musical "modernism".—*Ed.*

an article in a special number of the German magazine, "Melos." This special number of "Melos" contained, not only four general articles on this year's Festival, by Professor Dent, Dr. Hermann Springer, Karl Holl, and Frederick Hamel, but also contained twenty-four analytical and explanatory notes on the compositions to be performed—written, for the most part, by the composers themselves.

The city of Frankfurt really did the thing handsomely, and in a spirit of generous and liberal hospitality. Not only did it offer the Society the use of the fine and splendidly appointed municipal opera-house, but also the services of the opera-house orchestra—one of the best and most efficient in Germany—as well as the use of the *Saalbau*, and other halls, for rehearsal purposes. A Bureau of Information was established in the *Rathaus* itself, and many courtesies—in the form of reduced rates of admission to the Exhibition, and several of the Museums, etc.—were extended to the visiting composers, critics, and musicologists. All performances—both of orchestral, and chamber music—were given in the *Opernhaus*, and seats for the entire series were distributed, gratis, to all composers, critics, etc., who were considered guests of the German Section of the Society.

I will again quote from the optimistic and courageous Professor Dent. He says: "There are still many lands in which modern music is looked upon with suspicion and dislike, and we have been able to note that the founding of the 'International Society for Contemporary Music' has proved of value by the fact that it has encouraged these backward places to an appreciation of contemporary music." And again: "*Before* every Festival we hear complaints concerning the program which has been selected by the international jury: and *after* every Festival we hear the same complaints on the part of the critics; but still our music festivals continue, our Sections to send their works for performance, and our critics still continue in their service. Leonora herself could not be buoyed up by greater hope."

But now I will tell you of the Festival itself. This consisted of one operatic performance, two orchestral concerts, three chamber-music concerts, and one oratorio concert. Beginning on June 29, the Festival continued every day until its termination on the evening of July 4. As Ferruccio Busoni was much interested, and most enthusiastic concerning the founding of the International Society, it was most fitting that this fifth Festival should open with a performance of his opera "Doktor Faust," of which he wrote both text and music. The Opera-House presented

a most brilliant appearance on this opening night—which, by the way, was the closing night of the regular opera season in Frankfurt. This is hardly the place for a detailed criticism of the opera. Still I can say that the music is of a *mixed* character—some of it being excruciatingly modern, while other pages remind one of the methods of Bach, in their uncompromising sincerity and technical integrity. The book is a good and interesting poem—to read—but it is undramatic and ineffective on the stage. Many scenes were far too long—monologues, or theological and philosophical conversations with nothing happening. Busoni has evidently used entirely different incidents from the old legend of Faust than has Goethe, and almost their only point in common lies in the introduction of the characters of Faust, Wagner, and Mephistopheles—the last, however, appearing under six different character-disguises. The magic and mystical element of the story is made much of; the love element being almost completely subordinated. Gretchen does not even appear. The undramatic character of the opera is such that I do not think it could be a success anywhere outside of Germany.

After the opera we all, composers, critics, musicologists, members of the Society, and other guests, repaired to the *Rathaus*, where a magnificent banquet was given to us by the municipality. The old *Rathaus* (or city hall) of Frankfurt stands at the very center of the Old Town, in what is called the "Römerberg," an open space used from time immemorial as a market, and whose very name calls to mind those dim and distant struggles of the Roman army to subdue the Goths. The old houses roundabout this place are all built in the quaint and curious architectural style of by-gone centuries, with overhanging stories, rude paintings on their outside walls, and many a grotesque ornament. Here is Albrecht Dürer's house—there an antique church built in 1210. The *Rathaus* itself is a gem of ancient beauty and quaintness. Here it was that the Electors met to make choice as to who should be Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. After the choice had been made by the Electors, a grand banquet was given the new Emperor, at which he was served by counts and men of noble birth. A whole ox was roasted—out in the market-place, and the very fountain ran with wine. Goethe, who was born in Frankfurt, witnessed one of these elaborate ceremonies in the year 1764, and gives to us a most complete pen-picture of the royal feast, in the fifth book of "Wahrheit und Dichtung." Here, in the very hall where these royal feasts were formerly held, we, the guests of the city of Frankfurt, were feasted in modern royal

style. The *Bürgermeister*, himself, was the host, and made a stately and dignified speech of welcome. This was replied to, wittily, by Professor Dent. And then ensued a scene calculated to arouse the envy of many persons who live in prohibitory America. Champagne, Rheinwein, etc., obedient to the laws of gravitation, found no difficulty in going down our throats. But not only was the spirit of conviviality alive amongst us; the Muse of History was also present, and cast a glamour of romance over the scene. As the smoke of our cigarettes floated upward among the beautiful Gothic arches overhead, it was easy to re-create the past, and to imagine oneself back in that land of mystery, poetry, and romance—Mediæval Germany.

Next day—Thursday, June 30—the concerts began. In the six concerts 23 works, by composers of 14 nationalities, were given. Three of the concerts were devoted to chamber music; two to orchestral music; and one to an oratorio for unaccompanied chorus, with solos. In the chamber concerts were performed compositions by Mossolow, Pijper, Janáček, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Turina, von Beck, Vogel, Berg, Kaminski, Bernard van Dieren, Jörgen Bentzen, Jemnitz, Whittaker, and Aaron Copland. These works included piano solos, vocal solos, a choral work, duos for piano and another instrument, trios of various kinds, string-quartets, and compositions for most unusual combinations of instruments; such as the "Chamber Concerto" for piano, violin, and thirteen wind-instruments, by Alban Berg. The orchestral concerts presented works by Hauer, Bartók, Petit, Nielsen, Delvincourt, Toch, Axman, and Gilbert. At the one purely choral concert was presented the oratorio "The Life and Works of Saints Cyril and Methodius," by the South-Slavic composer Sirola. In quality these various works ranged from what sounded like the musical vintage of about 1875, to the most horrible combinations of musical noises known to Man to-day. From the actions of the public it was almost impossible to tell whether a work was a success with it, or not. For each work was greeted with the most tumultuous applause, and the composer, when present, given a veritable ovation. *But*, all this was accompanied, in almost every case, by the most determined and spiteful hissing, whistling, etc.

One factor which undoubtedly contributed to the general confusion in this regard, was the fact that each composer from a foreign country, whose work was performed at Frankfurt, either brought along with him certain friends and partisans, or was upheld and rooted for by his countrymen who happened to be

living in the city. These persons, from a sense of patriotic loyalty, led and forced the applause in his case, until a purely artificial and worked-up effect was produced. In a talk with a member of the Society about all the hissing which greeted the performance of most of the works, he said: "Oh! we do not consider that a work is a success unless it is hissed." Another was so determined to be on the right side that he applauded and hissed at the same time.

Almost every work was likewise "knocked" in the daily press. The principle of German newspaper criticism, as with that of other countries, seems to be as follows: It is true that nine-tenths of the works produced at any given time are non-significant and poor; therefore, if you "knock" every work as it comes along, you have nine chances out of ten of being right.

In spite of the international character desired and aimed at by Professor Dent's Society, nationalism, and particularly political nationalism, was somewhat disturbingly apparent. Germany is in a hard case at present, and it is "up to her" to cultivate the friendship of the two most powerful of her late enemies: England and America. This political expediency is shown variously. For instance: Dr. Adolf Weissmann, the distinguished Berlin critic, published a very warm and praising estimate of the work of a certain Englishman, which was given at the Festival. I, myself, thought this particular work to be a very mediocre composition, and I believe Dr. Weissmann to be a good critic. The conclusion forced upon me is, that in this instance he was not entirely influenced by his artistic convictions. Again, on Sunday, July 3, a grand and ceremonious "Frühstück" was given to the composers by the *Museum Gesellschaft* of Frankfurt, at the principal hotel of the city. The host on this occasion was the president of the *Museum Gesellschaft,* Herr Geheimrath Professor Doctor Spiess. On the right hand of the Geheimrath was seated Professor Dent, president of the International Society, as was indeed fitting. On the left hand of the Geheimrath was seated myself, as the senior representative from America. This was very pleasant; a great honor to myself; and through me, a delicate compliment to America. But I am hardly so self-deluded as to imagine that this honor was paid to me solely for artistic reasons.

I take it that you, as Americans, would be interested to hear of the reception of the two American compositions which were given at the Frankfurt Festival. The two Americans represented were myself and Aaron Copland. The composition of mine which was played was "The Dance in Place Congo," a symphonic poem

after George W. Cable. This composition was begun over twenty years ago, and was brought out, as a ballet, by the Metropolitan Opera Company in the spring of 1918; later being given a performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1920. It was, therefore, considered by most of the critics old-fashioned, not "up-to-date," in other words. Henri Prunières, the able editor of "La Revue Musicale," specifies four compositions—among which are the Symphony by Carl Nielsen (the Danish composer), and "The Dance in Place Congo" by Henry F. Gilbert—and asks why such compositions are included in a festival of *modern music*. The German critics took much the same attitude, considering the piece old-fashioned and out of place. But they were also inclined to make fun of, and to ridicule the piece. One critic grudgingly admits "It has the merit of original melodic fragments of the time of the slaves." Another says: "It sounds like a dark reminiscence of 'The Last of the Mohicans.'" While Adolf Weissmann, perhaps the best-known critic in Germany, in the course of an article by no means sympathetic, says: "When the bell at length calls the slaves back to work, the Europeans laugh again, because they will not take it as seriously as the Niggers, or Henry F. Gilbert, who in totally un-European style shuns every development of the primitive." This last sentence, although most unwittingly, contains almost a compliment for me, as it has been my aim from the first to write some American, and un-European music: music which shall smack of our home-soil, even though it may be crude. Nevertheless, even though my composition was knocked by the critics, it was a considerable success with the audience. The Opera-House was full to the last seat. Even the American Consul got left, and could not buy a seat. There were some whistles and hisses, but the applause was so genuine and prolonged that it won out over them, and I was repeatedly recalled to the stage to bow my acknowledgments. I received many warm congratulations from private persons, and was even publicly embraced by dear old Professor Hans Sonderberg of the University of Kiel.

Aaron Copland was represented by his suite, "Music for the Theater." This "Suite" was played for the first time, two or three years ago, at a Boston Symphony concert, and has since been given by Mr. Koussevitzky in New York and in Paris. Copland is a young man. He and I belong to different generations. We are poles apart as regards style of musical expression. Yet the principle which actuates us both is about the same. He also desires to write some music which, in its content, shall reflect and

Henry F. Gilbert
(1868–1928)

express American characteristics rather than European. But America, to him, is New York. He is a great believer in Jazz, and its possibilities regarding symphonic development. And his technique is in the up-to-the-minute style of modernity. Yet, in such European criticisms of his work as came under my eye, I did not see that the critics were much kinder to him than they were to me. It is true that Prunières, the French critic, pronounces Copland's work to be "full of verve"; but one of the German critics says: "it is no better than what might be expected of an ordinary moving-picture theater orchestra"; while Adolf Weissmann remarks: "Aaron Copland has built an effective piece in his 'Music for the Theater'—but not without the spiritual help of Stravinsky, and leaning on the crutches of Jazz." The audience received it good-humoredly, even hilariously. As I remember, it was one of the few pieces of the Festival which was not hissed. The people refused to take it very seriously. They were too busy laughing. Copland was also recalled several times.

The reason for this unsympathetic and rather harsh attitude on the part of the European critics is a lack of understanding, or appreciation, of musical conditions here in America. As a matter of fact, American critics have a far better and truer view of the musical activities of Europe, than have the European critics of the musical activities of America. Especially is this true regarding American musical composition. Europe is at the summit of centuries of development of the art of music. Her art is ripe—even over-ripe. Whereas America is practically at the beginning of the development of her own native musical culture. This fact is completely lost sight of, ignored or not even seen, by the majority of European critics. They seem to lack all historical perspective concerning the development of musical composition in America. In criticizing an American musical product, they naturally compare it with the best that Europe can show, and this process is quite as naturally productive of adverse criticism for the American work. There is really some justification for this. It is certainly "up to us" to develop our own native musical culture, and not to be too imitative of Europe, which can sing its own song so much better than we can. But we shall never do this as long as the attitude persists of welcoming every European work with exaggerated respect, regardless of its quality. Bad, superficial, and worthless works are produced in Europe, as they are in America. But I already notice, here and there, a hopeful sign in American criticism—a refusal to be imposed upon by reputations, however authoritative. Our musically cultural independence *is*,

however, beginning to dawn; and considering our ancestry, and our history, it is not an undue length of time after our political independence.

In the six concerts of the Festival, although twenty-three compositions were performed, only nine were in what is called the "modern" idiom. Not a large percentage in what purported to be a festival of modern music. Nevertheless, I received a larger dose of musical modernity than it has ever been my fortune to receive in so short a time—only five days. It was also these nine "modern" works which aroused my greatest curiosity and attention. In my opinion no work of *genius* graced the Festival, although *several* contained some eloquent pages, and almost all showed a high degree of technical proficiency. Therefore, modern *methods* of musical composition—as such—were displayed to my listening ears, for analysis, reflection, and critical judgment concerning their character and worth. (I would not, however, have it understood that I undertake an exhaustive estimate of all modern music. Most of my conclusions were forced upon me by what I heard at the Frankfurt Festival.)

What is the outstanding characteristic of modern music? To one brought up, trained, and mentally fed on the great body of music as it existed before the year 1900—it seems that the salient characteristic of the new music is its discordance. The proportions of discord and concord have been entirely upset, and it often seems that discord has been aimed at—as an end in itself—and not as a means of expression. In the "Essay on Man" written in the early part of the 18th century by Alexander Pope, these lines occur:

> All nature is but art unknown to thee;
> All chance direction which thou canst not see;
> *All discord, harmony not understood.*

This last line seems to embody the underlying principle of procedure of the modern composers—and indeed would make an ideal motto for the entire school of modern music. Of course this has—in a way—been true of every harmonic innovation in the history of music. In this history the harsh and unwelcome discords of one generation commonly become the accepted musical concordances of the next generation. My personal objection is *not* to the discords themselves, no matter how harsh-sounding they are. Discord is as important in music as concord. But, to me, the proportion has been lost; the undue preponderance of discord has led to an inartistic result. A sin against the spirit of beauty has been committed.

The most outstanding characteristic—the *earmark*, in more than a merely metaphorical sense—of the great bulk of the new school of modern music, is, then, the prevalence of discord. It sounds ugly to most of us. Some, indeed, there are, who claim that it is interesting and even beautiful, but I cannot help thinking that if many of these people would be strictly honest with themselves, they would be forced to admit that much of the new music sounds positively disagreeable to them. Why should this new music sound unpleasant? It is somewhat for this reason. The new composers have striven in numerous ways to enlarge the domain of musical possibilities. Various methods have been experimented with, and various theories elaborated—all of which are most interesting—even fascinating—in themselves. The trouble is with the results. The practitioners of these methods and theories have become so interested in them that they have forgotten all about the fact that the ultimate end of art is the expression of the "beautiful," and not merely the realization of a theory. The composer has unconsciously become the slave of a method of procedure, rather than the method of procedure remaining merely the tool of the composer, as should be desired.

In the domain of "harmony"—which has been, so far, the field of the greatest experimental exploitation—some very interesting procedures, discoveries, and inventions have been made. Let us examine some of them a little more in detail. In the old music a chord consisted of a small number of tones—usually not more than 3, 4, or 5. One of these tones could be altered, chromatically, either up or down, without entirely destroying the *individual character* of that particular chord. But if the process of alteration is persisted in, and another, or more, of the component tones are also altered, the chord in question soon loses its character, as any particular chord, and becomes another chord, or a nondescript combination of tones—frequently very discordant. One is put in mind of the small boy's pantaloons, which had been patched so much and so often, that it was finally impossible to tell of just what material the garment originally had been made.

Polytonality—Each piece of music in the 19th century, and before, had been composed in one key only. That is to say—although the key may have been changed several times in the course of a composition, yet all the component tones of the music, at any one moment, were related to one definite key, or tonality. But polytonality means music in two, or even more, keys, going on at the same time. The crudest and baldest idea of its operation and effect may be obtained by taking a piece of piano music

by Chopin, or Schumann, let us say, and transposing the part for the right hand to a different key from that in which it was written, leaving the part for the left hand in its original key. Then try the result over on your piano. You will probably be interested, but I doubt if you will be charmed. However, while this would be a demonstration of the principle, it would be no fair trial of it, for the reason that the tones of the piano are all of the same general quality. The true place for polytonality is in the orchestra, where there are several groups of instruments of decidedly different and widely contrasted tone-colors. If, in addition to the naturally existing differences in *tone-color* of the various groups, one group is made to play in one key, and another group is made to play in another key, simultaneously, certain very specialized effects are possible; effects which, at times, can be not only interesting, but even charming. In modern music the earliest tentative experiment in polytonality known to me occurs in Alfred Bruneau's opera "Le Rêve," which was produced at the *Opéra-Comique*, Paris, in 1891. The modern enthusiasts are usually most anxious to prove that they have antique precedent for most of their *outré* procedures. This is undoubtedly so, *in many instances*, but it is a rather significant fact that these old examples of such procedures have remained as isolated cases of eccentric experiment, and have not had an appreciable effect upon the mighty stream of development of the living art.

Atonality—This simply means no particular tonality, or key. The tones of which music is composed are not considered by the composer as related to a key-note, or a particular system of tones, such as the scale of G major, for instance, but solely in their relation to each other. Each tone is regarded as an entirely free agent—having no relatives or family connections—but moving through the texture of the music at the composer's own sweet will. Wagner said that when a composer loses sight of tonality, he is lost. And in throwing overboard all tonality, there, indeed, results a kind of tonal anarchy. It is much the same as if, in a well-organized community, the laws were suddenly suspended. It would not be long before a most unsatisfactory condition of confusion would result. And this is just what usually happens in a thoroughgoing piece of atonal music. A short reign of anarchy in civil life is occasionally a good thing. It forcibly brings to our minds the blessings of law and order. And a short passage of atonal music, occurring in the midst of a composition, is certainly a valuable thing as a medium of contrast. It sets off the well-behaved parts of the composition in all the stronger relief. But

to base an entire composition on the atonal method of procedure —like one that I heard at Frankfurt—is certainly an unwise thing, and results in a most inartistic monotony. One does not know where one is at from beginning to end.

In Richard Strauss's opera, "Der Rosenkavalier," occurs a short passage which is a most happy application of the theories of both polytonality and atonality. It is at the moment in Act II when Octavian brings in the brilliant polished silver rose. Part of the orchestra (doubtless the strings) sustain a well-known chord in a perfectly definite key. Above this, and very much higher in pitch, a succession of chords is played, having, for the most part, no key-relationship with the sustained chord; and in addition to this, they have no key-relationship with each other; *and in addition to this*, they are played on Flutes, Celesta, Glockenspiel, etc.; hence they have a very different tone-color from that of the sustained chord. This contrast in tone-color, together with the sharply discordant but delicately suggested harmonic rubbings of the different tonalities, *and*, together with the constantly shifting nature of the superimposed chordal figure, produces a kind of tonal *flashing*, exquisitely suggestive of the sparkling, glittering, shimmering effect of rays of light, reflected at different angles, from the polished surfaces of the silver rose. *And*, most artistically, this effect is introduced only now and then during the progress of the scene. It is a "high light"; not a *constant* element in the texture of the music.

But the most startling and revolutionary theory of all is that having to do with the relative importances of the very musical intervals themselves. These musical intervals—2nds, 3rds, 4ths, 5ths, etc.—are all derived from the partial vibrations of a single sounding body. Musically speaking, the intervals are derived from the overtones of a single fundamental tone. The first pages of nearly every harmony book contain a table of overtones; so that one may see at a glance how our chords have been built up. But there is an order, determined by nature, in which these partial vibrations, or overtones, appear. First there is the octave, then a fifth, then another octave, then a third, then another fifth, then a minor seventh, and so on. As the series rises, both in number and in pitch, the intervals thus generated become more and more discordant. The history of music shows that the use of these intervals has followed roughly the order of their generation; also, that the intervals first generated, with their inversions, have been considered as concordant intervals; while all others have been considered as discordant intervals. The

progress of music—on its harmonic side—has lain in the increasingly common use of the discordant intervals. But now, say the most extreme of the modernists, *all* intervals are equally natural in their generation, therefore this differentiation of intervals into "concords" and "discords" is but an arbitrary distinction, and one which derives its authority very largely from mere habit. They proceed to regard all the intervals as of one *kind*, though different in their specific effects. It is difficult to criticize this theory as a theory. One can only say that the intervals which have hitherto been regarded as concords arise from the partial vibrations of proportionally larger sections of the original sounding body—be it a steel bar, or what not—than do those intervals hitherto regarded as discordant. As the series of overtones rises, the sections of the sounding body become smaller and smaller. This *may* have some significance, entirely independent of the force of habit. But this is a question for the acoustician and philosopher. The proof of the pudding lies in the eating thereof. You should *hear* one of the compositions built in accordance with this theory.

So much for the harmonic aspect of the new music. But now, when we look at its melodic aspect we find no such development. Melody, as such, is slighted, neglected, considered naïve and trivial, and is even obnoxious to many of the new school. The reason for this is that melody—especially in the 19th century—has played a large and dominant part in the expression of emotion—and—the emotions expressed were frequently of a rather shallow character. So the modern composer, disgusted with the commonplaceness of the emotions expressed, has become suspicious of melody itself. His especial aversion is a developed kind of melody, with a climax, and a generally expressive nature.

There are other aspects of music which have undergone modification and development at the hands of the modernists. These are rhythm, and orchestration. In rhythm their experiments have consisted largely in the elaboration and complication of existing rhythmic schemes, rather than in the invention of any new rhythmic units. But in orchestration, all sorts of new and previously unheard combinations of tone-colors have been invented. Particularly is this true of the wind and percussion instruments. More strange noises have probably been "sprung" on a perfectly innocent public during the last ten years than have been heard during the hundred years preceding. This will be all to the good, *eventually*. But, unfortunately, the point of interest in the great majority of these new instrumental com-

binations lies in their *novelty*, rather than in what they really have to say, musically. It is frequently a case of the over-elaboration of the means of expression when there is nothing particular to express. The wonderful and dazzling art of modern orchestration—enriched as it has been by all the clever combinations and ingenious inventions of the modernists, is, alas, but too frequently used as a smoke-screen, and merely conceals a lack of real ideas on the part of the composer.

The 19th century certainly witnessed the greatest development of the art of music, as an expression of emotion, that the world has ever seen. Music has *always* been expressive of emotion, although of different kinds of emotion at different times. Serenity, nobility, dignity, and an almost Grecian aspect of the art is largely observable in the earlier centuries. The sentiment expressed was high and fine; but it was seldom that the composer allowed his individual emotions—*his* joys, sorrows, and loves—to interfere with the serene and dignified form of his music. But almost at once, from very early in the 19th century, there began an unparalleled development in the expression of passionate, and romantic, *personal* feelings. This development included much that we consider great in the art. Sentiment seemed to receive a more eloquent investiture; music to speak with a more passionate and human voice. But music—with this increased intensity in the expression of the personal sentiments—became a medium for the expression of the debased form of sentiment—sentimentality. Even the great composers have been guilty—at times—of falling into the slough of sentimentality—and the very art itself has fallen a victim to a host of lesser composers who had nothing else to express. It was but natural that there should eventually be a reaction from this disease of mushy sentimentality, which was subtly undermining the quality of musical art. Music—in its most noble exemplars—is truly aristocratic in its nature. It expresses high and noble sentiment in chaste and refined form. The unbridled expression of sentimentality has debased the emotional content of music, and drawn the form somewhat out of shape to accommodate its expression. The art of music ran the risk of being democratized—in a bad sense—and there are bad senses of the word democratic. Ideas and sentiments exist which, by reason of their very nature cannot be democratized. It were desirable, perhaps, but is not possible.

So one of the tendencies, even fundamental principles, of the school of modern composers is to eschew the expression of anything even remotely resembling sentimentality. But too many

of these modern composers—in their anxiety to steer clear of *sentimentality*—have thrown overboard *sentiment* along with it. They have rushed pell-mell to the opposite extreme and have striven to produce purely objective combinations of tones; scientific music, devoid of emotion. The result is that many modern compositions are interesting—as a puzzle, or an ingenious mechanical contrivance is interesting—but they fail to touch our hearts; to express or to arouse emotion. It has been the aim of the composers to avoid this. Therefore, the great majority of these modern compositions are just as extreme, in *their* way, as are the most blatant musical expressions of sentimentality, in *their* way. And being merely eccentric extremes they are, I believe, not destined for very long life.

Considered in its aspect of good and enduring art, the great majority of the compositions written in the modern idiom are undoubtedly worthless. However, in this respect they do not differ from the musical output of any other age. It is my belief that the great majority of compositions produced in *any* age are poor and worthless—as works of art. They are not worth the paper they are written on—as the saying is. The one thing which justifies the existence of a musical composition, and insures its survival—as a work of art—is the possession of genius by its creator. That he should also possess an adequate technique—sufficient for the perfect expression of his musical thought—goes almost without saying. But the possession of technique alone is of no value in the creation of an enduring work of art. One must also have something to say. The final judge of real worth is posterity—and this is a judge whom we cannot consult. The reason that the past seems so full of excellent works of art is that these are the only ones which have survived. In their time they were surrounded by a very large majority of the productions of mediocrity, which have fallen away and been forgotten. Undoubtedly the same process is going on at the present time. So I have no hesitation in pronouncing the vast majority of modern works worthless—as enduring works of art.

But considered as *experimentation*—a reaching out for hitherto unknown means of expression—the grand total of modern music has a great value. The very art itself will be benefited by all this experimentation. For when the genius does come along he will find enlarged possibilities of expression ready to his hand. He will then pick and choose merely what is requisite for the expression of his genius. He will not be led away by style or fashion, but will be intent upon self-expression. His own particular

perception of beauty will weigh the heaviest with him. No matter whether he says so or not, this will be the unconscious spring of his action. He will deliver his message regardless of the opinions of his contemporaries; urged on to do so by a terrible and not-to-be-denied force. And it has frequently—in fact usually—happened that the opinions of his contemporaries have been adverse to him and his works. For these latter judge by the style or fashion of the time, and not by the "content" of his work. They judge by the letter and not by the spirit. Yet it is this spirit alone which will insure survival to his work, when all the others, which were merely stylish or fashionable, have been forgotten.

Now in regard to that word "content." "Content" is used to designate the inner meaning of a work, in contradistinction to its outward form. I believe that all great music has a "content." It says something. And that something is of an emotional character. We can all think of sad music, merry music, noble or pathetic music, vehement, or furious music, and so on. And all these characterizations refer to emotions. It is difficult, however, to speak any too *definitely* of the "content" of music, for the reason that music, *as an art*, exists, primarily, for the purpose of expressing those very feelings which cannot be expressed by means of words. Where words fail, music comes to the rescue. We can suggest with great definiteness, by means of words, a certain emotion, but this emotion can be expressed with so much more *intensity* by music, that it seems as if the music was the emotion itself. (It is true that another kind of "content" is assumed to be possible by the makers of what is called "program music." These composers assume to be able to tell a story by means of music. But all they can do is to present the sequence of emotions in the order in which they occur in said story. When music is constrained to portray particular incidents—by means of sound-imitation—it, at that moment, abdicates its particular and peculiar function as an art. This kind of "content" has nothing to do with the point under discussion.) Stravinsky—in the notes to his Octuor—says that the piece is a musical object. I get the idea that he has tried to write an impersonal piece of music. But to my mind this is an impossibility. Art—and particularly the art of music—is very much of a subjective affair, and a composition always reflects—either emotionally or technically—the preferences, desires, thoughts, or feelings, willy-nilly, of its individual composer. When we hear a Mozart symphony, it is not the fact that it is a symphony that interests and charms

us, but the fact that it is a symphony by Mozart, filled—as to *content*—with all the delicately poetic and tender charm of its creator's musical personality.

The muse of the present age is Science—not Art. The function of art is to express, or to arouse feeling. The business of science is the study of nature, and the application of the principles thus discovered. The one is concerned largely with emotion; the other with knowledge. The masterpieces of Art have not been created by scientific men—and the impracticality and out-of-the-worldness of great creative artists has almost become a commonplace of knowledge. But so great has become the achievement of Science (with its numerous applications) in the present age, that the attention of all—even the creative artist—is focussed upon it. Who can but admire the present-day accomplishments of Science? So the creative artist of the present day *admires*, and unfortunately *aspires* to imitate, the scientific procedures of the geometrician or the mathematician. He endeavors to import into his art (where they do not belong) certain hard and fast principles and methods, with the result that a scientific work is produced, rather than an artistic one. Many modern pictures look like geometric designs—and many modern musical compositions sound like audible mathematical formulas. They are neither good science, nor good art.

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High above the portals of the beautiful Opera-House at Frankfurt—cut deeply into the stone of the façade—are the words "Dem Wahren, Schönen, Guten"—"To the True, the Beautiful, the Good." This is human sentiment of a high order. Thought, emotion, and nobility of spirit. These words have a great significance—they affect us in our inmost nature—and recall to us that depth of human emotion which lies below the fluctuations of passing fashion, and hint of that, which I believe is the background and ultimate "content" of the masterpieces of art.

These mystic words also hint at a sane balance—a harmony of qualities. There is the "True," which not only engages our thought, but appeals to that which is deepest in us; there is the "Beautiful," impossible of definition, but surely an uplifting and godlike joy; and there is the "Good," that spirit of aspiration which leads us onward—as if an angel beckoned us from another world.

Many of the modern composers would have us believe that these sentiments are old-fashioned and outworn—that in its wonderful development the art of music will, in future, have no concern with them. But I cannot believe it. The modern composers seem preoccupied with a desire to de-emotionalize music—to make of it a thing, excellent in its objective perfection, but having no particular *human* interest or concern. This is mere pride of intellect—and any such effort must eventually fail. 'Tis but poor art without the heart.

To my mind most of the modern composers have become so fascinated with intellectual methods, theories, and technical over-elaborations, that in *their* art the "human" element has sunk completely out of sight. While most of these modern composers are undoubtedly sincere, it is, nine times out of ten, the sincerity of successful self-delusion, rather than that arising from the inner conviction of genius. Modern music is certainly complicated enough, but in its *essence*, most of it is superficial rather than profound. Yet when the true master arrives—and he may be here now, for all I know—he shall restore the balance between *technique* and *content*—he shall express emotion with the aid of thought; through his work the sunlight of sanity shall illumine our minds; and he shall yet again sing to us of "the True, the Beautiful, and the Good."

COMMUNAL MUSIC AMONG ARABIANS AND NEGROES

By CLIFTON JOSEPH FURNESS

THERE has been a deadlock in the lists of scholarship for many years over the question of so-called "communal" composition. Subjects of violent academic debates often fall dead from the lips of the speakers, and fail to make any vital contact with the general thought-currents, or *Zeitgeist* of the age. In the case of the communal theory of folk-music, however, the subject has assumed almost the import of a national issue. Echoes of it are heard in fields of study beyond the confines of the technical researches of literary scholars. In its ramifications, it affects not only literary historians and interpreters, but ethnology, and particularly the investigation of practically all types of primitive music. It seems important, therefore, that musicians acquaint themselves with the subject sufficiently to enable them to form their own opinions of the merits of the opposing schools of thought.

The issue at stake is no mere matter of pettifogging uncertainty, as is all too often the case with scholarly differences. There is a well defined clash of opinion between the protagonists of the "communal" school of thought, and the adherents of the "individual artist" theory of origins of folk-music and folk-literature. For many decades, what is called the "ballad epic" hypothesis was in the ascendancy. Leading scholars compiled masses of imposing data tending to show that practically all the great folk or national epics, including the Homeric poems, were composed of a network of ballads, which had grown up more or less spontaneously from the common life of the people, without the shaping agency of any one individual creative mind. Homer himself came to be regarded, by this school of thought, as a myth. This theory naturally implied that the words and music of ballads, and all other forms of primitive folk-expression in music, were to be accounted for in the same way. The whole thing could be summed up very prettily, though hazily and with none too great accuracy, in the oft-quoted dictum of Herder, that the folk-song sprang up like the wild flower, as an unaccountable result of invisible activities whose roots extended below the surface of

recorded history—that, in other words, like Topsy, folk-music "just growed"!

Many eminent German thinkers espoused this view, especially with regard to "the Homeric myth." In America, the communal hypothesis, in its bearing on the problems of ballad-composition, was thoroughly investigated and enunciated with an air of authority which has never been completely refuted, by Professor Francis B. Gummere, of Haverford. The communal tradition has been carried recently into fresh fields of definitive research under the direction of Professor G. L. Kittredge, of Harvard. Mr. R. W. Gordon has for several years been engaged in scientific investigation and recording of the fast disappearing types of authentic folk-music in this country, among Westerners, Southern Negroes, and sailors. Since he is in constant contact with the actual sources, he has done more, perhaps, than any other investigator toward carrying the observation of the forces of communal composition, and related activities, into practical fields of concrete application.

Opposing this theory, there has been an increasing tendency since the wave of post-War reactions set in, to swing toward the idea that all music and literature, even of primitive folk (if such a thing as a "really primitive folk" can, indeed, be scientifically said to exist at present), is the product of an individual creative mind, an author or composer who is no less an isolated unit because his name happens to be unknown. This rationalistic explanation is frankly opposed to the idea that its opponents advance, that there is an intangible process by which the collective consciousness of the "folk" of a given community expresses itself in compositions which are generated by the mutual functioning of many minds dealing with the same material simultaneously. This new view, based exclusively upon individual artistry, has been advanced particularly by French scholars recently, perhaps foremost among them being Professor J. Bédier. While the French have occupied themselves with exploding the "myth" of the communal origins of ballad and epic, the Homeric question has taken a corresponding swing back toward the belief that a single author wrote both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and that they are not merely a gradual accretion of folk-compositions welded together without the agency of one central mind's controlling direction. In England, the activities of the late Dr. Walter Leaf, and in America the researches of Professor John A. Scott, have attracted particular attention in this field. Professor Louise Pound has also written ably with the purpose of exposing the fallacies and vagaries of thought which the

new school believes underlies the basic conception of purely communal origins for folk-music.

It seems likely that, as in most cases of extreme divergence of opinion, the truth may best be got at by a fusion of the two view-points, admitting the operation of both communal and individual processes in the origination of most of the compositions which have become the common property of a community, and now pass for "folk-song." Even the most rabid "communalist" does not pretend that a community of howling, perhaps dancing folk, assemble under the mystical stimulation of some divine afflatus, and compose a ballad, a folk-tune, or an epic out of whole cloth. This is often overlooked by their opponents, who concentrate their efforts upon trying to reduce the stand of the communal theorist to an absurdity by advancing some such extreme distortion of its hypothesis as that indicated in the foregoing statement. Unfortunately for the establishment of their own premise, however, they have little to offer in the way of constructive proof, and are unable to solve the "mystery" of doubtful folk-origins by accounting for the existence of such a finished literary product as the ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens," for instance. While they ridicule the idea that such a ballad may have grown into its present form by a series of gradual accretions, receiving a touch here from one singer, there from another, they have merely disposed of the mystery or begged the question by creating another even more difficult to answer: namely, *who* was the individual who could produce so inimitable a work, in which leading traits of national consciousness are insinuated as the very root and fibre of its being?

On the other hand, the unprejudiced adherent of the "individual creator" view should, and usually does admit, when he is thrown into contact with concrete demonstrations of folk-music in process of formation among primitive peoples, that although the individual agent is almost always the stronger factor, at least in our present stage of civilization, yet there is also an indefinable but tangible element of *subconscious mutation*, which is consistently operative in any performance of extemporaneous or memorized folk-music in which two or more persons participate. It is in the action of this spontaneous elaboration of material already more or less familiar, to which more than one creator contributes, that the term "communal origins" may be reasonably applied, with scientific accuracy.

It is not my purpose to enter into a detailed discussion of the technical points involved in attempting to establish or disprove such a theory as that of communal composition. It has been very

interesting, from the standpoint of a layman, to observe the action of such a principle as that which has been postulated as the basis of community art-production, as it manifests itself under totally different circumstances, in the environment of varying cultures. I have been particularly impressed within the past two years to see at close range something of how this fundamental, instinctive process is still at work among the Arabians in North Africa, and also in the regions of our own Southern states, where the phonograph and the radio have not yet dissipated all semblance of an original creative culture in the musical life of the Negro. It is my purpose to present here some of these first-hand impressions of folk-music in actual process of formation, or re-formation.

Recently I had opportunity to watch the Arabian life in the little town of La Marsa, a North African community which preserves its indigenous character, and maintains the original Arab program of life, little influenced by the slight influx of visiting Europeans. It is the seat of the summer palace of the Bey of Tunis, and for that reason one finds here an abundance of Arabian music and entertainment of a sort that is gradually dying out along the coast of Tunis, under French influence. The young Arabian who accompanied me in my visits to the Moorish open air coffee-houses to hear some of these native performances, told me that the well-to-do and "progressive" young men of his own circle felt themselves decidedly superior to these forms of amusement, looked down upon the native musicians and their offerings, and regarded the cheap French jazz of the European hotel orchestra in the nearest large town as their criterion of good taste in musical matters!

This young Arabian, named Manoubi Snoussi, however, was awake to the subtle beauties of his Oriental heritage, and helped me to catch many fine points which might have otherwise escaped my observation. He was employed as private secretary to the Baron Rudolf d'Erlanger, who has recently established himself at the little village of Sidi-Bou-Saïd, near La Marsa, in order to study in the most favorable atmosphere the theory and practice of contemporary Arabian music, and reconstruct as accurately as possible the pure modal system. He is making a thorough scientific investigation of the subject, and proposes to incorporate the results of his findings in a series of volumes, the first of which is now in press.

On one of our visits to a Moorish *café* where the older inhabitants and political leaders of the nationalist party were in the habit of foregathering, I heard some unusual music, as we

approached the large semi-circle of outdoor tables in an open garden which constitutes a *café* in that climate. I was curious to trace the source of the two voices of entirely different quality which I heard, singing, sometimes one alone, sometimes both together, with harmonization (a practice almost unknown in Arabian music). The singers proved to be a middle-aged man and a boy of perhaps twelve years of age, both dressed in the desert costume worn by natives from the interior. They were making the round of the *café*, stopping to sing before each table in turn, a single song with seemingly infinite variations, both as to length and inflection, but always ending with a literal, ballad-like refrain. The chant, or declamation which preceded this refrain was in narrative vein, usually humorous, my native friend told me. It was improvised by the older singer, in a droning incantation that at times recalled the *Sprechstimme* intonation of Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire." The rhythm, which was free, seemed to follow the flow of the words, which were chanted like rhapsodic prose, rather than in a strict verse rhythm, until, at a given point, the two performers would both join in the measured refrain which marked the conclusion of each *tirade*. Manoubi Snoussi also called my attention to the fact that the "verses" (if such they could be called) were varied to suit the person to whom they were sung. This was quite evident, even without being able to follow the language, both because there was no set length for the strophe, and because the words were manifestly altered to suit each new auditor. A smile would come over the faces of the audience frequently, and at the end the person in whose honor the words had been improvised would reward the "*jogleors*" with a bit of coin and a word of acknowledgment.

My companion explained that these itinerant singers, who were once a familiar institution in Arabian communities, but are now seldom seen except in the more remote districts, make their livelihood entirely in this way, depending upon the generosity of their impromptu audiences. When the minstrels came to me, they made a low bow and sang for a longer time than they had for the others. After receiving their *baksheesh*, instead of going on to the next person immediately, as they had been doing, the man carried out a sort of epilogue, based upon the theme of the chant he had just improvised for me, but ending, as usual, with the burden which was the characteristic feature of every song which he extemporized.

This refrain was, to me, the most remarkable part of the performance, for I had been told, and had observed everywhere, that

the music of the Arab never displays even the rudiments of harmony or counterpoint. Yet these two singers did not take a part in unison, or octaves, as is the usual rule, but in separate parts, which produced the effect of Oriental harmonization, if such a thing can be said to exist. The obbligato furnished by the boy's voice was comparatively simple, following the melody at the interval of a minor third chiefly, with occasional fourths and sixths. The effect of the harmonization was never trite, however, since the melodic line introduced occasional quarter-tone embellishments, or modal progressions. It was very interesting, also, to follow the boy's part in the performance. He never hesitated as to when he was expected to join in the refrain, yet I watched in vain for any definite cue from the older singer, either by recurrent word, note, look, or gesture.

When I questioned Manoubi Snoussi concerning this, he replied with the characteristic fatalism of the Arab, that it would be useless to try to explain to my Occidental way of thought exactly how the boy was always aware of what part he was expected to take in the performance. He seemed to feel that the two singers were so completely at one in the spirit of the improvisation, that there was never any question as to when the strophe was finished, and the refrain in order, even though the man did not lead up to it twice in the same way. The whole performance was made possible, Manoubi explained, only by the fact that the two performers were in close sympathy with each other, and with the audience as well. In fact, the essence of the minstrels' art, he said, was to enter spontaneously into the character of the person before them, and reflect that character in their song, the words of which were almost entirely extemporaneous, except for the refrain, which was also varied from time to time by changing to some other traditional tune. The melody of each strophe was practically a free fantasia, and could be extended at will to meet the exigencies of an improvisation of considerable length, as had been the case in the song which had been composed in my honor. There were certain conventions involved in the form, but it was much less strict than that of the old German *Meistersinger*, for instance, with the *Stollen* and *Abgesang*. Manoubi explained its essentially improvisational character by comparing the variations in the singers' performance with the infinitely differentiated arabesques that surround the Moorish arch in architecture, with scarcely ever a literal repetition.

Here, then, was clearly a case of a highly evolved traditional music, in which a certain element of communal composition still

persisted, in the tendency to create a common understanding between the singers themselves, and between the singers and their auditors, which brought about constantly new variations, or *a joint creation* of a new form for the old material. Another sort of musical entertainment was provided at a Moorish *café* by one of the few surviving *raconteurs* of local tradition of the old time. Here I had an opportunity to observe still more distinct manifestations of the force which lies at the basis of all community composition, namely, the tendency to elaborate traditional matter from the stimulus provided by a sympathetic audience, who contribute their element to the creation of a composite individuality, which varies with each different occasion. This accounts for the fact that Manoubi said he had never heard the old story-teller repeat himself literally, but that he did his best work when the circle about him became sufficiently excited to indulge in occasional ejaculations or phrases to help on the tide of the narrative!

The story-teller whom I heard had been imprisoned during the War because of his exciting local patriotism to so high a point by subtle insinuations in his public performances, that the French authorities had apprehended him as a menace to the loyalty of the community. Now, however, he was again allowed to make the round of the small villages where his art was still accorded an appreciative reception, despite the gradual defection of the younger Arabs from that sort of diversion. It was his practice to come at a stated hour each evening to the same place, and tell his particular cycle of stories until his saga was completed, when he would move on to some other *café* to give another series of these "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The particular theme treated by this man was the Arabian lore of the Crusades.

The order of procedure at each of the evening entertainments was usually somewhat after this fashion, according to my own observation, supplemented by Manoubi Snoussi's interpretation and comments. The older men, particularly those connected with the court of the Bey in La Marsa, and the more substantial and conservative members of the community, would begin to gather at the tables in the *café* about dusk. They would sit in groups at the small tables, forming a wide half-circle facing the open front of the coffee-house, in the center of which a large table had been placed, with a chair upon it for the seat of the story-teller. When the old man appeared, dressed in a white burnous, with a white flowing beard, a respectful silence would come over the company. Then the old man composed himself

on his improvised throne, closed his eyes, and would apparently be communing within himself for some time. After a considerable interval had elapsed in silence, he would break forth into a sort of measured chant, half song, half declamation. The definitely perceptible rhythm of these opening invocations that always preceded the narration of the story proper, led me to wonder whether he might be reciting some well-known lines of poetry. Manoubi explained that each evening's entertainment was supposed to begin with the incantation of some passage from classical Arabian poetry, usually having to do with the plot which was to be unfolded in the story that followed. The language, and particularly the rhythm of these chanted fragments of old verse, seemed always purer and clearer than the impromptu narration which followed. The poetry, of course, was in literary Arabic, while the popular treatment followed in the language of the people. At times it, too, might assume poetic form, but it was only at the beginning of each narration that the strictly classical manner was used.

After a few minutes of this sort of thing, he would drop into the vernacular. His delivery became more nearly colloquial then, the intonation less definitely melodic. But there was always the general effect of chanting, so that I was inevitably reminded of "the Homeric myth," and the fabled rendering of the incipient epic by popular bards. I wondered whether this might not be a present-day survival of a tradition similar to that by which the matter of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* may have taken shape gradually, through countless repetitions, by many different performers. As the evening wore on, the narrative always became more and more animated, and the bodily gestures which the old man made in accompaniment to his recitation, like a leader conducting his band of players, produced the effect of a community of minds, all playing upon the same improvisatory strain, under the leadership of a trained spokesman who, like the medicine man or witch doctor of less highly developed civilizations, directed the thought which all held in mind, and gave it vicarious expression for the assembled throng.

Gradually a fantastic pantomime of gestures would develop, forming a graphic and visible commentary to the narration which was under way. At times the chanter would alter his voice and whole demeanor, to suit the parts of different characters speaking in dialogue, so that the story assumed, for the time, the character of a drama, realistically interpreted. At other times, the high tones of the speaker's voice, and his expression of rapt abandon,

would seem to indicate something of the prophetic bard's fine frenzy.

The story-teller was rewarded in proportion to the skill with which he was able to play upon the feelings of an audience. A Negro would make the rounds with a shining brass salver on which donations were quietly placed, from time to time, during the evening. It was noticeable that he always avoided my seat when passing with his tray, and when I attempted to drop something into it, he smiled but shook his head and passed by. Manoubi explained that while contributions were gratefully accepted from natives, it was a fine point of Arabian hospitality to make these entertainments free to all guests in the community. At the conclusion of the story, which usually consumed something above an hour, the old man was respectfully helped down from his lofty perch, and the audience departed quietly in groups, as they had come, to return the next evening for the continuation of these tales of the Crusades.

These forms of traditional matter repeated by travelling Arabian minstrels, always with a large amount of original or newly elaborated material, varying with each performance in important details, represent a contemporary survival of the principle which must have operated in strictly communal origins, if such origins did exist in more primitive times as postulated by the advocates of the communal theory. This opinion is borne out by the recent extensive investigations made by Miss Laura Williams in the older forms of Arabic music still surviving in Tunis in a purer state than elsewhere. Without Miss Williams's invaluable information and material, the present study would not have been possible. This process has all but died out in Occidental civilization, except, perhaps, in isolated districts where primitive and illiterate conditions still prevail. A more direct indication of the possibility of communal origins for popular folk-composition in the present time and in our own country, it seems to me, is an instance of devotional improvisation which I have observed among the Negroes of South Carolina, on a remote plantation.

At Easter, in 1926, I was at "Lang Syne," near Fort Motte, in South Carolina. The Negroes who inhabit this large tract are of unusually pure stock, for they have maintained their own community life and folk-customs, with little admixture of blood from outside the plantation, for some two hundred years. The local traditions of the old folk offer some light as to their origin. They seem to be partially of Arabian blood, and the survival of some

words in the peculiar dialect which they use has been traced to Arabian origins by Mr. Henry Bellamann, which would tend to reinforce that belief. A large amount of traditional African magic has been preserved among the older women of the plantation, who are distinguished by the title "Maum," as a mark of respect.

Their Saturday-night dances proved to be great hunting-grounds for indigenous American folk-music. Here were the "Charleston" and "Black Bottom," in their original form, as well as many other racy tunes and steps which may be discovered, in time, by jazz-bands. I shall not attempt to catalogue the "spirituals," such as "When I-a lay dis body down," or "Ain' but one train on dis track all night long," which Carl Sandburg, who has often visited the plantation and collected folk-songs there, has already made popular. One might suppose that, if such a thing as communal composition does exist to-day, this vicinity would be a likely spot in which to surprise the creative folk-genius at work. Whether one or many authors assisted in the conception of the popular songs I have mentioned, would, of course, be impossible to prove, but I may speak of one or two instances which I saw there, that may help to throw some light upon the manner of their formation.

On Easter morning I paid a visit to "Maum" Hester, who is now the greatest "conjurin' " woman on the plantation. She was always consulted for the interpretation of dreams, and was reputed to be visited with visions and divine revelations. I found her language very difficult to understand, especially when she passed into the trance-like state which always came over her when she began to speak of her religious "trabels." But Julia Peterkin, the mistress of the plantation, had accompanied me on my visit, and she helped me with an occasional whispered word. Maum Hester gave me a long account of her purely animistic interpretation of the fragments of Christian dogma which she had heard, interspersing her account with graphic descriptions of her own visions and "trabels," or trances. I shall speak of only one outstanding instance, which has direct bearing upon the question of tracing Negro religious music to its origin. She was possessed with the idea that every day that passed carried with it a record of the deeds and thoughts which had been performed by each person. The sun carried this record somewhere to the center of the earth, where the moon and stars, the signs and seasons, all rested until their appointed time to appear. The "Lawd Jedus" presided over the entrance to this region, and observed the record which each day bore of the doings of mortal men which were to be

stored up against the Judgment Day. Maum Hester's chief concern was that the record which the sun bore to her Lawd Jedus each night might prove acceptable to him.

"You laka know how I do ebry day, when I talk a Lawd Jedus?" she asked. Then, standing erect in the middle of her little cabin, she went through her sunset ritual. I feel confident that its genesis might be traced to some primitive African ceremonial which had come down to her from her forebears. She first opened her shutter wide toward the west, and then told how, as soon as the sun looked in at the window and told her he was going to see the "Lawd Jedus," she stood there, "jus' lak-a dat" (here she indicated the posture of a muezzin calling to prayer) and repeated three times this formula: "Do, Lawd Jedus, is I please you dis day?" Each time that she repeated this form of invocation, after walking around the room in a circle with the peculiar posture, step, and rapt expression which is characteristic of the Negro "shout," her voice increased in volume and widened its intonation, until it resembled more and more a well-defined vocal melody. From the sing-song croon in which she had been speaking when talking to us about her religious experiences, there gradually developed, with the increasing emotional stress, a constantly amplified tessitura, so that by the time she reached the third "Do, Lawd Jedus, is I please you dis day?" she had developed an articulate melody with a compass of approximately an octave, simply by the process of magnifying the natural intervals suggested by the intonation of the phrase. After the third question, her emotional state bordered on hysteria, and she continued to chant her words to the tune which had thus created itself, by a sort of spontaneous generation, from her speaking voice.

"But de t'ird time, de sun he 'gin move, I see he shoutin'. Den I happy, by I know den I done please de Lawd Jedus dat day!" Then, quite taken over with the power of the "Sperit," she sat weeping and rocking her body to and fro, moaning with a weird humming sound inarticulate scraps of the melody which seemed to have formed itself in her mind, like an obsession. After some time, Mrs. Peterkin was able to quiet her, and then we left her, because she was prone to pass from this state of emotional hysteria into one of her "trabels," Mrs. Peterkin said. She also explained that the word "shoutin'," as Maum Hester had used it, meant a sort of rhythmic shuffle induced by the power of the "Sperit."

Maum Hester exerted a great religious influence over the community, Mrs. Peterkin told me, and many of the colored congregation were sure to feel "de sperit comin' on" whenever she

appeared at prayer-meeting, as she undoubtedly would do that night, for the tide of religious emotion was running high. Accordingly I went to the meeting in one of the old slave cabins in the Negro quarter, known as "de street." The cabin was lighted only by the faint glow from an open fireplace. Dusky faces, shadowy figures loomed in the half-light. I shall pass over the scripture reading by the Negro preacher, which gradually broke off, or rather, merged itself into a perfervid discourse based upon the Biblical passage describing the Last Judgment. This sermon, if so it could be styled, increased in the tempo of delivery until the words resembled short, staccato drum-beats. The preacher's voice gradually increased in range, just as Maum Hester's had earlier in the day. Scriptural phrases were mingled with the intense outpouring of religious enthusiasm in the quaint dialect of the plantation. "Gawd's lightnin' gwine strike! Gawd's thunder swaller de ert'!"

Gradually moaning became audible in the shadowy corners where the women sat. Some patted their bundled babies in time to the flow of the words, and began swaying backward and forward. Several men moved their feet alternately, in strange syncopation. A rhythm was born, almost without reference to the words that were being spoken by the preacher. It seemed to take shape almost visibly, and grow. I was gripped with the feeling of a mass-intelligence, a self-conscious entity, gradually informing the crowd and taking possession of every mind there, including my own. It can be likened, perhaps, to the terrifying sensation of having one's individual consciousness overshadowed by an invisible force, as in passing under the influence of hypnotism.

Into the pulsating metrical form thus created, hanging vibrant in the air like a body awaiting a soul, shot these words, uttered by a black man in front of me who had been sitting with head bowed almost to his knees for some time, swaying and patting his feet: "Git right—sodger! Git right—sodger! Git right—wid Gawd!" Instantly the crowd took it up, moulding a melody out of half-formed familiar phrases based upon a spiritual tune, hummed here and there among the crowd. A distinct melodic outline became more and more prominent, shaping itself around the central theme of the words, "Git right, sodger!"

Scraps of other words and tunes were flung into the medley of sound by individual singers from time to time, but the general trend was carried on by a deep undercurrent, which appeared to be stronger than the mind of any individual present, for it bore the

mass of improvised harmony and rhythms into the most effective climax of incremental repetition that I have ever heard. I felt as if some conscious plan or purpose were carrying us along, call it mob-mind, communal composition, or what you will. It must be admitted, of course, that I was completely swept into the tide of contagious emotion myself by this time, and my judgment may have been warped by attendant circumstances, but I recall distinctly that this was my conscious conviction at the time.

To add to the general effect of the marvelous, I suddenly noted a peculiar shadow gesticulating on the wall opposite me, where blank darkness had been before. The figure looked like a witch with tall conical hat, waving long arms ending in tapering fingers, which fluttered with a palpitating motion like the quick minute rise and fall of piano-keys in action. Turning to trace the cause of this phenomenon, I saw that Maum Hester had stolen in unperceived, and now had taken the old lantern which she carried with her to guide herself across the dark fields, and set it on the bench behind her, while she was going through a fantastic rhythmic movement of the whole body in accompaniment to the music. The nervous twitching and fluttering of her hands appeared to be a reflex action, as no conscious voluntary impulse could have produced such precisely timed and co-ordinated movements in such an almost unbelievably fast tempo. The peculiar nature of Maum Hester's physical movements, and her endurance, for this kept up as long as I was present, led me to believe that she was in a condition of complete religious frenzy, bordering upon the state described in the technical study of religious psychology as "ecstasy." For I could now perceive her voice, threading its way through all the varied parts of the other singers, leading the other voices and herding them together, in much the same way that her fantastic shadow-dance seemed to body forth in visible form the rhythmic core of the emotional flood which was here forming its own expression in music.

I am aware that to one who has not assisted at such an indescribably gripping performance, this account may sound as fantastical as some of the older German explanations of inspired mythological origins. Nevertheless, I do not hesitate to suggest that the presence of Maum Hester may have provided just the requisite psychological fecundation to bring that mass of Negroes, united by generations of in-breeding toward a state approximating tribal consciousness, into a state of mind in which they could become organically articulate as a group, rather than as individuals. This seems to me to be a possible and rational explanation of what

appears to be a manifestation of something very similar to that elusive "mystery" underlying folk-composition.

I do not pretend that I witnessed the conception and birth of a spiritual out of the whole cloth. But I have been assured by Mr. R. W. Gordon, whose opinion is based upon years of close observation, that this was probably an unusually vivid case of a spiritual "breaking through" into a new or largely modified form. It had probably never been sung before with just that text, certainly never with an identical harmonic setting—and it never will be again. It was a unique expression, born of the creative quick of the particular moment of its generation. The special occasion of such a performance as this is, at the same time, its own immediate inspiration, and its sole reason for being. Another day, another song, or another version of the old familiar themes. We are here in touch with the very matrix of the creative process—that mysterious functioning of the improvisational consciousness, which is on the borderland of the subconscious and of dream-life, and which we of twentieth-century modes of life have almost completely lost sight of in our addiction to memorized performance based upon a printed score. May not that subliminal field of human experience, which modern psychology postulates as a basis for the explanation of many puzzling phemomena, be the root also of the operation of a sort of communal composition, or re-fabrication, such as that illustrated in the instance which I have described? At least, whatever the scientific explanation may be, it is indubitable that here was created a product generated by many individual participants focused upon one common theme, and fused into a uniform emotional state of quasi-hysteria. Whether the spiritual thus brought into existence was completely original, or merely modified upon the basis of an old familiar tune, does not in any way alter the fact that there was a force of change and organic growth at work here, which is closely akin to the function of original composition, if not identical with it. Is it too much to assert that this was the result of a form of communal consciousness operating in its creative aspect?

ALBERT ROUSSEL AND THE EIGHTIETH PSALM

By HENRY PRUNIÈRES

THIS great musician has not as yet been accorded the place to which his notable work, constantly enriched by new, powerful and original creations, entitles him. One may say that to-day—together with Ravel, Paul Dukas and Florent Schmitt—Roussel is one of the most eminent representatives of modern French music. And this man of sixty surprises us with his youthfulness no less than by the feeling which animates him for what is new.

It would be self-deception, however, to regard Roussel as a mere lover of hitherto unknown dissonances and of harmonies smacking of affectation. He is not a seeker of the unusual, a "distiller of quintessences." At bottom, his conception of music links him to the school of Franck. He does not, like Ravel and many of the young musicians of to-day, consider Art a game, and an end in itself. He is possessed with the desire to express himself, to translate his feelings or his impressions with absolute sincerity. And to that end he employs an idiom which has undergone many changes in the course of its existence, yet which has always shown certain striking characteristics.

Very sensitive, very finished, holding vulgarity and disorderly effusions in horror, he expresses himself with as much elegance as vigor in a language blossoming with the most delightful discoveries, as well in the domain of harmony and of counterpoint, as in that of orchestration. His work, to this day, marks a continuous line of ascent.

Like César Franck, who did not come fully into the heritage of his genius until the approach of the fifties, Albert Roussel is a musician of slow development and tardy burgeoning. He was late in taking up music. The son of an industrial family in the north of France, orphaned at a very early age, he did not at first think of devoting himself to music. He learned to play the piano

Albert Roussel

without any virtuosity, and, entering the Naval School, for a long time the only use to which he put his social accomplishment was to play when his comrades on board the training-ship *Le Borda* wished to dance. Assigned to active duty when very young, roving the China Sea or at anchor in port, he had very few chances of hearing music; nothing more than a few operas, sung in mediocre style. While taking his course at the School, however, his piano teacher had made him acquainted with the sonatas of Beethoven, which he carried about with him on the ocean, and played for better or for worse on the piano aboard ship. Music, a mysterious and well-nigh unknown art to the young navy officer, exercised a kind of gradual magic suasion upon him. The day came when he made an attempt to compose without ever having taken a single lesson in harmony. He sketched an opera, wrote a few pieces, and had the supreme happiness of hearing his first composition, an *Andante* for violin, viola, violoncello and organ, played on Christmas Day, 1892, in the church of Cherbourg, the port at which he was stationed. Encouraged by some of his friends, he began seriously to consider giving up the sea for music, and decided to do so at the age of twenty-five, in 1894.

In the great organist, Eugène Gigout, Roussel found the most enlightened of teachers. Under his guidance he worked with passionate assiduity for several years, then entered the Schola Cantorum, where before very long he became professor of harmony and of counterpoint. The influence of the Schola did not fail to leave a decided impress on his youthful work. It is evident in his first *Violin Sonata*, and can be felt in the admirable *Trio*, one of his most poetic compositions. To the attraction thus exercised upon Roussel's sensitive nature, the grace and splendor of the Debussyiste school served as an antidote. His delightful ballet, *Le Festin de l'Araignée*, is proof positive of the fact; yet, side by side with these works wherein may be traced various dominating, though contradictory, influences, there are others revealing Roussel's intimate soul and his original temperament. The charming melodies set to poems of Henri de Régnier: *Jardin Mouillé*, etc., date from 1902, and the prophetic *Divertissement* for piano and wind instruments, from 1906. In this latter work we already find a pre-flavor of the harmony of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*, as well as of the composer's own actual style.

Roussel, nevertheless, did not trouble to systematize his discoveries, to turn them to account. A work like the *Diver-*

tissement was a marvelous episode. He himself did not at the time suspect how far-reaching it was, and for several further years continued to waver between the Schola and Debussyism, creating works of surprising freshness and spontaneity. In them one finds a strong feeling for Nature; the fragrance of the woods, the rhythms of the light playing between the branches, all expressed with a poesy, a verdancy, a lively charm of a highly personal quality.

The Far East, discovered by his adolescent eyes, haunted him. He returned to it after his marriage in 1909. From a voyage to India and Cambodia he brought back visions of rose-colored cities, of flower-grown temples, swarming with motley crowds of humanity, which he makes sentient to us in his *Évocations*, for chorus and orchestra, one of the masterpieces of French pre-War musical production. The opera-ballet *Padmavati* is written in the same vein. The book offers some serious disadvantages, but the score contains scenes of finished beauty, in which the choruses are treated in a very original manner, and in which the orchestra secures color effects that give new life to musical orientalism.

Yet interesting and vital as are all these works, they are inferior, collectively, to what Albert Roussel has given us since the War. The compulsory interruption of his production was not, perhaps, useless. He became introspective; he meditated, took stock of his own personality. What he had quite intuitively and as though by chance indicated in his *Divertissement*, he now developed, urged on by a profound inner instinct, with a certainty about which there is nothing cerebral. He had at last found his road and would continue in it. Henceforward there is a well-determined "Roussel style." The dazzling Prelude *Pour une Fête de Printemps*, the *Symphony*, in B flat minor, the *Concerto*, the *Suite*, the *Sérénade*, all offer eloquent proof to the fact. Roussel takes pleasure in toying with dual tonalities, yet employs them with such skill that he never offends our ears. He enjoys tonal and modal ambiguities, drawing new and always expressive and harmonious effects from them. There is nothing systematic about him. Contrapuntal combinations after the manner of Schönberg are the direct opposite of his nature, that of the intuitive and spontaneous artisan.

To-day, for his sixtieth anniversary, Albert Roussel brings us a masterwork: *The Eightieth Psalm* (which was performed for the first time at the Paris *Opéra*, on April 25, 1929, conducted by Albert Wolff).

What impresses one first of all, when reading the score, is its unity and novelty: a unity of ensemble which does not exclude an extreme diversity of aspect in details, a novelty which results from the conception of the work itself, and which is in no wise eccentric. Quizzing one's memory, one is constrained to admit that, if this work proceeds out of the centuried tradition of the Handelian oratorio, it remains extremely personal, avoids all imitation and is like no other. It is neither the highly theatrical conception of Florent Schmitt's formidable *Psalm*, nor yet the purely mystic one of Kodály's *Psalmus Ungaricus*. It is a great human work, poignant in feeling, without external brilliance, devoid of superterrestrial effusion. It speaks for men who suffer, and who implore the Heavens to save them, with cries of revolt which in the end subside in a transport of confidence and hope. Roussel chose the English text of the Psalm and set it to music; then made a French adaptation of the words. The English version, so it seems to me, has a more biting vigor than the French:

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock,
Thou that dwellest between the Cherubim, shine forth!
Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength, and come and save us.
Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.
O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?
Thou feedest them with the bread of tears; and givest them tears to drink in great measure.
Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbors; and our enemies laugh among themselves.
Turn us again, O God of hosts, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.
Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt; thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it.
Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land.
The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.
She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river.
Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her?
The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it.
Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts; look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine;
And the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.
It is burned with fire, it is cut down; they perish at the rebuke of thy countenance.
Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, upon the son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself.

So will not we go back from thee: quicken us, and we will call upon thy name.
Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

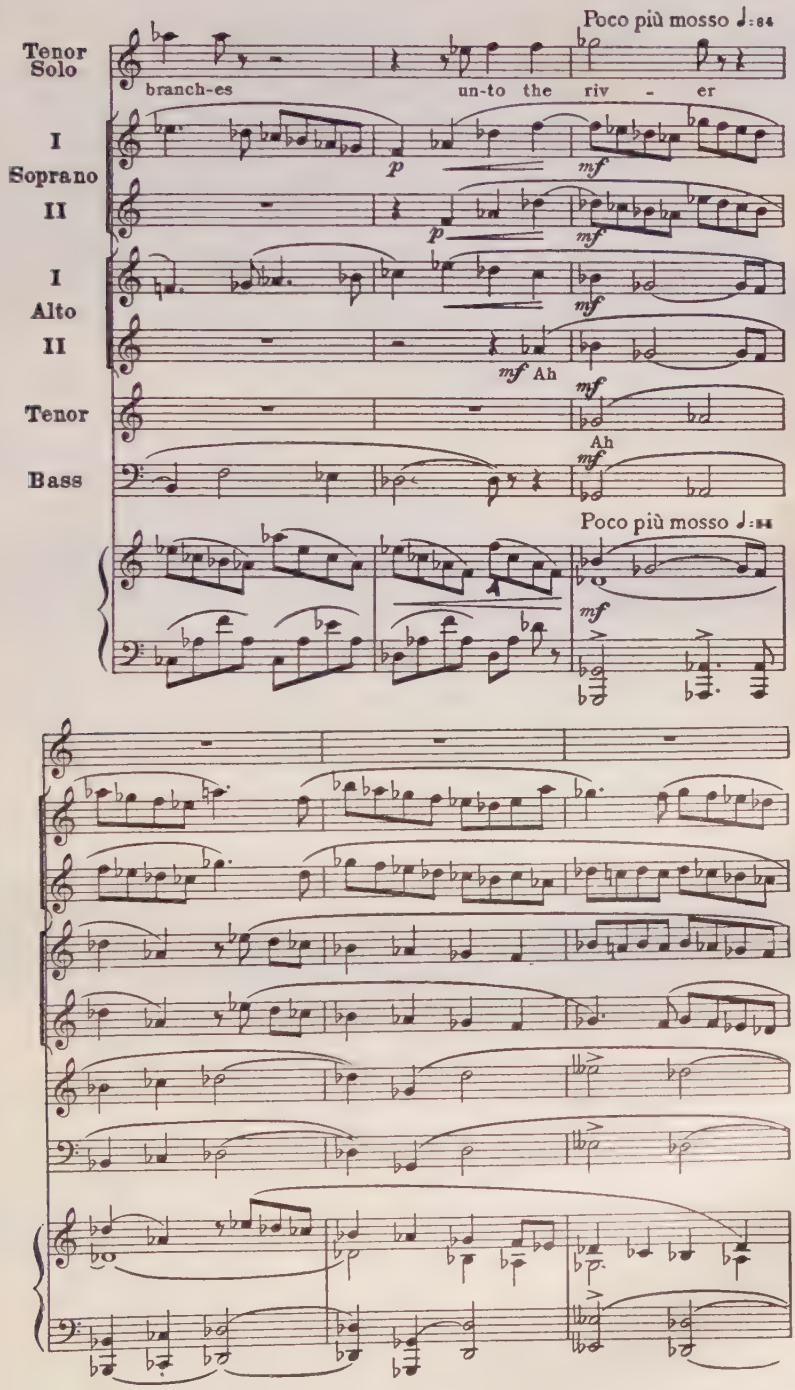
This Psalm lends itself naturally to separation into three closely welded parts, which correspond to the movements of the classic symphony: Allegro, Andante, Scherzo-Allegro.

Preceded by a call of the horns, the supplication of the chorus, "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel," rises upon a harshly hammered rhythm in common-time, the male chorus alternating with the choral ensembles. The polyphony is rugged, with curiously ambiguous tonal and modal effects, as when the basses enter in minor on the words: "Stir up thy strength," in E flat, while the tenors keep on singing in the key of C minor.

After this passionate invocation, the chorus enounces the theme of the chorale which, after having assured the unity of the work by reappearing at various times in different keys, serves for its conclusion.

The supplication now grows more dolorous, but—on the dominant of C minor—the tenors send forth a virile appeal to the Lord of Hosts, to a rhythm of imperious scansion. The alteration of the D flat creates a delectable tonal incisiveness. The motive recurs, and is again taken up in the various voices, which enter canonically, to close in a great ensemble full of poignant desolation, on a rough, syncopated rhythm. The orchestra drapes itself in lugubrious tints. While the bass drum and the tam-tam roll in pianissimo, the bass clarinet, the contrabassoon, the trombones, 'cellos and contrabasses wail, whereas the voices grieve: "Thou feedest them with the bread of tears." While certain voices sing the words, others content themselves with uttering plaintive vocalises. At the words, "and our enemies laugh among themselves," the composer toys skilfully with the superposition of tones in E major and in E minor. The chorus concludes with a great outburst: "Turn us again, O Lord God of Hosts, and cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved."

The rhythm then broadens out, and against the tender designs woven by the violins the tenor begins his recital: "Thou hast brought a vine," while the bass projects the theme of the chorale. Contraltos, sopranos, basses, then the entire chorus, now and again singing six-part, accompany the solo singer with vocalises, first hummed with closed lips, then gaining in expressional intensity as the image of the vine of Israel, covering the earth with its shadow, is developed: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Poco più mosso ♩=84

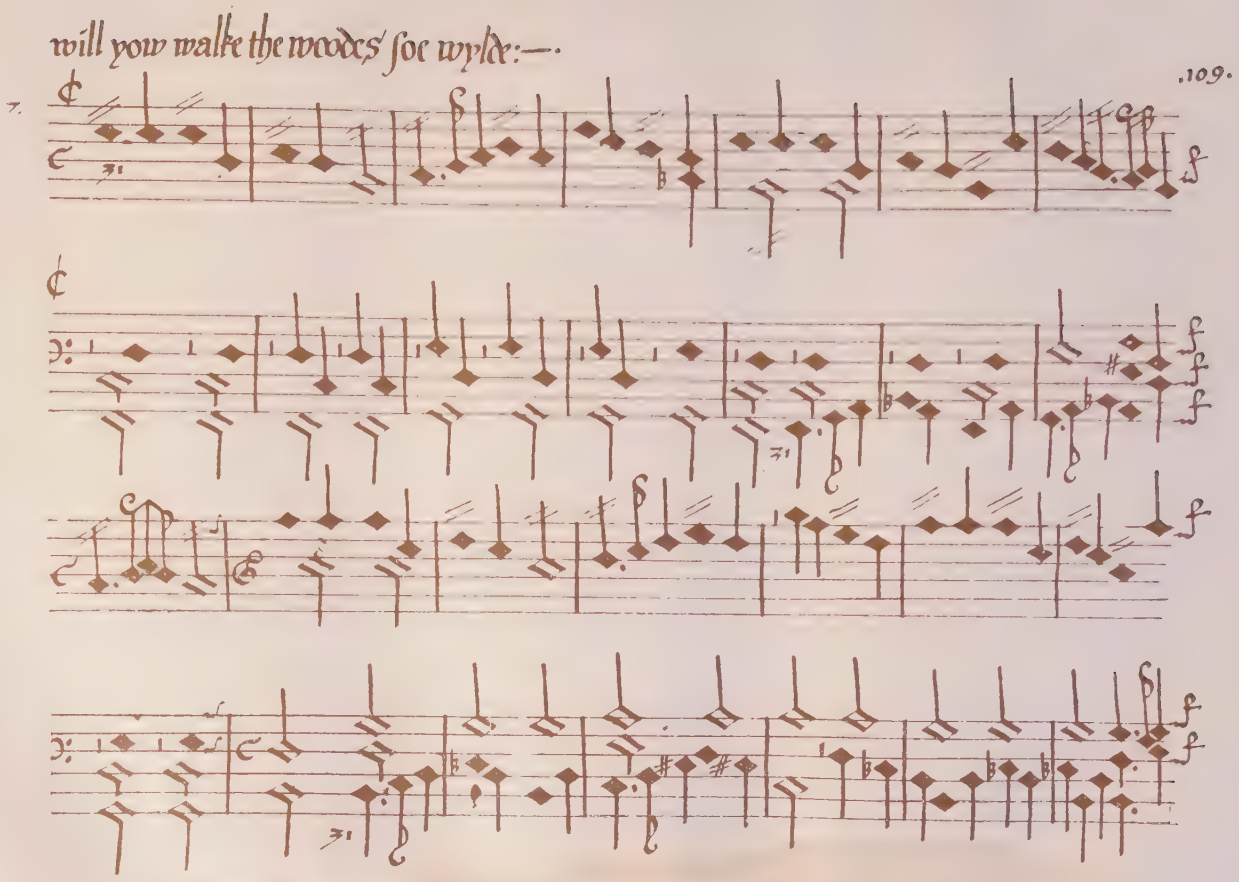
This slow progression terminates in the reappearance of the theme of the chorale, in B major.

The gentle sorrow of these reminiscences is succeeded by the accents of revolt. Why has God allowed so fair a vine to be devastated? The third part begins in a rhythm in three-quarter time, succeeded by one jerky and panting, in two-eighth time. Anguish before the incomprehensible, ire, impotent rage, are expressed in accents of sombre violence. While the tenor begs God to deliver them from their enemies, the chorus fervently murmurs: "Turn us again. . . ." On a rhythm in common time (Allegro deciso), the theme of the first fugue reappears; but now in a much ampler development, although decidedly free and without any scholastic restraints. Its polyphony is rich and varied. The sopranos, for a moment, cry out the words alone, letting the other voices weave around them an accompaniment instrumental in character, vocalized with quite unexpected effects of syncopation.

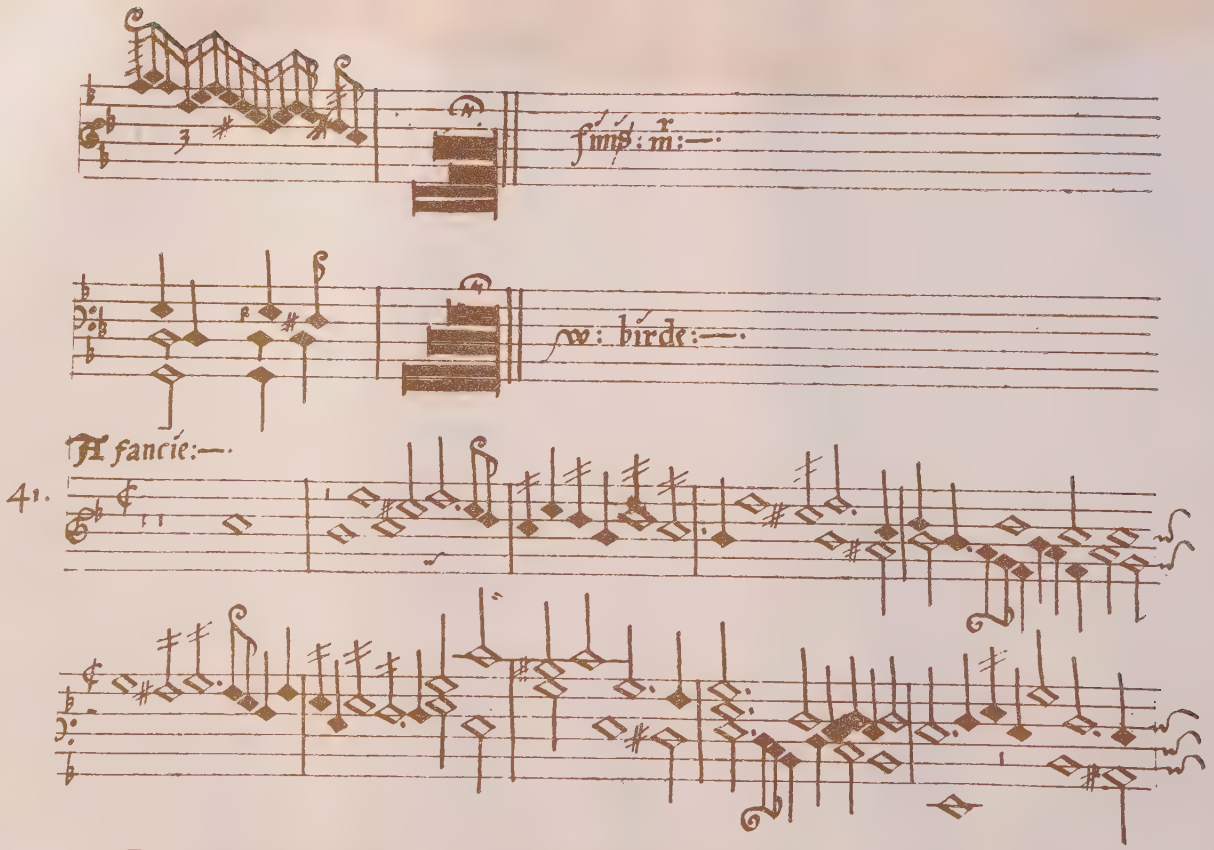
Cleverly graduated, this great crescendo ends in a chorale of ineffable sweetness, in the key of B major, sung pianissimo by the 'cellos and contrabasses. Israel prostrate, her forehead in the dust, prays with confidence to the Lord of Hosts.

I shall not attempt here to describe the art with which Roussel places different tonalities in juxtaposition without ever brutalizing the ear, taking advantage of tonal or modal ambiguities in order to create unexpected and varied sonorities, using the colors of the instruments with infallible science to lend some particular tint to each episode, without ever interrupting the unity of the tonal atmosphere. Never before has Roussel achieved a work so perfect from beginning to end, nor one so full of power. Never before has he raised himself to so great a height in his pursuit of the Ideal. His *Eightieth Psalm* is not merely a finished work of art, it is a great human work, and one which will live.

(*Translated by Frederick H. Martens.*)



Facsimile of a page in "My Ladye Nevells Booke" showing the beginning of "Will yow walke the woodes soe wylde"



Facsimile of a page in "My Ladye Nevells Booke" showing the end of "The Galliarde to the Tennthe Pavian" and the beginning of "A Fancie"

ELIZABETHAN KEYBOARD MUSIC

MY LADYE NEVELLS BOOKE, 1591

By HILDA ANDREWS

THE field of ecclesiastical Tudor music has by now been fairly generally explored. But with the exception of the madrigal, which is an offshoot from the ecclesiastical style, and has persisted in a certain attenuated popularity ever since the Elizabethan era, the contemporary secular music is still in process of rediscovery. Not until this secular work, written for the lute, for the virginal and for strings, has been completely explored, will it be possible to correct the slightly lopsided criticism now levelled at the music of the period as a whole. At the present moment we are inclined to view it with rather too academic an eye, because we know comparatively little about the growth of the secular school before the sixteenth century. We need to achieve a balance between the two phases and realise the significance of the interaction between them. It is the more difficult because, while the academic school moved step by step with theory and rule, and left sufficient evidence behind it for us to trace its development fairly accurately, the early secular school was apparently entirely unsupported by theory, and has left no records for us to work on; we are forced to base our enquiries upon the later secular schools that grew out of it.

The present essay is an attempt to discuss one of the aspects of the later school in the virginal music of the sixteenth century, and the influences that gave rise to it, so far as they can be traced. It is based upon the work of William Byrd, and, in particular, upon the collection of his keyboard music called *My Ladye Nevells Booke*. The progressive elements in sixteenth-century music are in a sense concentrated in its keyboard compositions, most of all in the compositions of Byrd, as the foremost keyboard composer of the period. Any discussion of Elizabethan virginal music must center upon his work, because he not only formed the technique in which it is cast, but also brought that technique to a pitch of excellence that was never surpassed after him. *My Ladye Nevells Booke* provides a convenient basis of study as a unique collection of his work and an entirely representative one.

The school of virginalist composers of which Byrd was the leader, and which included Orlando Gibbons, John Bull, Giles Farnaby, and the later writers, led the progressive tendency of the age, and in its way reached a higher level of technique in a shorter time than, perhaps, any phase of musical composition since. Moreover, it exercised an immensely far-reaching influence on the music of posterity. The piano music of to-day, written by modernists like Hindemith, Philipp, Arthur Bliss—to take names at random—can be traced back without a break in its descent to the virginal music of Byrd and his contemporaries, and now that the percussive aspect of piano music is receiving more attention by modern writers, at the expense of legato and cantabile, the link between the old and the new is more marked. This sixteenth-century school is more significant as a landmark in the history of music than has hitherto been realised.

At the time when Byrd was at his prime, keyboard music was the new and fashionable pastime of the day. Byrd started and spread the fashion, and it must for a time have supplanted or, at any rate, challenged madrigal singing as a fashionable cult. It was considered the correct thing to play the instrument, or at least, to show oneself *au courant* with the newest virginal music; Elizabeth herself was reputed to be a fine player, and interest in it began at Court and spread among the intelligentsia throughout the country. Noble patrons of music had collections of virginal pieces specially compiled for them, like the Lady Nevell of this Byrd collection, and there must have been masses of music written, copied and circulated of which we now have no trace at all. Even so late as a century ago there is mention of a certain *Earl of Leicester's Virginal Book,* which has since disappeared. This was in all probability a treasure like *My Ladye Nevells Booke,* as it was evidently, by the title, a similar collection made for an aristocratic patron. As it is, *My Ladye Nevells Booke* is the only manuscript of its kind that we possess, and so far as we know, the only manuscript of its kind in existence.

However, the most interesting part about the keyboard school of the sixteenth century is that it marks the epoch in history where modern music begins. It marks the point where the harmonic function of music became officially distinct from the melodic function and developed into a new idiom. At this point various scattered and hitherto isolated influences are crystallised into an entirely novel form. In the virginal music of this period are combined the music of the church and of accepted tradition, and music of the street and of the village green.

It is quite precisely true that one can see in this new form, on the one hand, the passionless repose of the music of the earlier ecclesiastical school, with its melodies moving in fluent and flexible curves, and, set close against it, the bubbling vitality of the sort of roughly accented tunes that an errand boy would whistle, the sixteenth-century equivalent of jazz, with the difference that popular taste was then more cultivated than it is now, and popular tunes of a rather higher order. The folk-tune known as the Carman's Whistle, for instance, upon which Byrd wrote a famous set of variations for the virginal, is quoted in contemporary literature as a 'tune that the carters whistle in the streets.' Folk-tune in Elizabethan England took the place that jazz and the drawing-room ballad now occupy in our everyday life.

This fusion of secular and academic styles, so easy to analyse as we look back at them over a distance of three centuries, actually involved at the time a compromise between radical opposites, and effected a revolution in musical technique.

Up to the time of Byrd, we trace the history of music on the academic side from an original single line of melody, unaccompanied, and developing to an apex of technique in the plainsong of the Middle Ages. From this primitive, unaccompanied melody emerged by slow stages the various attempts at combined melody in different forms. The crude methods of what is called organum represent one stage of growth, where the plainsong tune was doubled and trebled at the fifth and third below. Out of this and other kindred efforts, like descant and *faux-bourdon*, finally developed the very perfect form of combined melody in polyphonic music, culminating in the sixteenth century.

While technically capable of every conceivable complexity, this music is always constructed as combined melody, and never as harmony. The underlying idea of all Elizabethan church music, or music arising out of the church style, like the madrigal, is invariably melodic, of simultaneous movement of sound in a horizontal direction, and not, as we have since conceived it, in a vertical direction.

So much for the academic side, beginning and ending in melody, simple or combined. Development on the secular side is far less clear. We know practically nothing about the growth of a secular school side by side with the academic school fostered by the church, though we find in the early church music proof of the strong influence of folk-song in that popular tunes were actually used as a foundation for masses and motets. The tunes

were treated not as a rhythmic basis but contrapuntally, as *canti fermi*, and the practice was so general that it was forbidden by the church in 1563 as an abuse. But the oral tradition of folk-song does not constitute a sophisticated secular music like, for example, the Troubadour music of Provence. What little we know of the Troubadours proves that in France, at any rate, secular music must have flourished during the Middle Ages as a distinct art; and the art-form of songs accompanied by the lute must have reached a very high degree of technique. But in England we have no contemporary records, and secular music with an individual style is more or less a matter for guess work until the lute, virginal, and string music of the sixteenth century. The string music originated in adapted vocal polyphony. The lutenist ayres of the late sixteenth century represent the flower of an art rooted several centuries back, and it is through this school that the true secular idiom developed, and finally expanded in key-board music.

This secular music of the lutenists was quite distinct from folk-song in that it was essentially sophisticated, but it used folk-song largely as a basis, and appealed like folk-song to the popular taste. It was moulded by the regular accent of popular song and dance, and shared their freshness and vitality.

Through the centuries before Byrd the art of the strolling lute-player was slowly moving towards a point where it was to play an immensely important part in the history of the technique of musical composition. And this was because, by the very nature of the lute, its music was forced in the direction of harmony, vertical harmony as distinct from the combined melody of the church music of the same period. The strings of the lute were touched by the player with the fingers, as the guitar is played, and though in the hands of the skilled player it is perfectly possible to reproduce polyphonic music on the lute, it is obvious that these thrumming, vamping methods would not tend to develop a complex polyphony further, or to get the effect of combined voices moving in a fluent melodic system, in which intricate flexibility and cross-rhythms were the chief features.

It must have been something quite different. Accompanying himself on his own instrument and singing the simple popular songs of the day with their regular beat and square rhythm, the lute-player would develop an art that was necessarily harmonic. It would often be a sort of simple, broken-chord accompaniment. But it is easy to see that it must have meant chords as we understand them, block harmony built up on a bass. In other words,

lute music meant the beginning of a new function of music in harmony as a vertical idiom.

In this, lute music was at least half a century ahead of the academic music of the same period, and progressed, unlike it, on purely experimental lines towards regular accent. It must be remembered that the secular art was free and unconfined by the theory and rule formulated from time to time by the church for the guidance of academic composers. It must have been mainly influenced by the oral tradition of folk-song, and therefore in a totally different direction. The pity of it is that the lute music itself was also an oral tradition, and left no manuscript records.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the idea of a style of composition for the virginal seems to have taken root. This instrument, like the piano, combines the possibilities of the old horizontal melodic music in parts, which developed as the piano fugue and anticipated the work of J. S. Bach, and also of the percussive harmonic music that had arisen for the lute. So that the dual nature of the instrument itself seems to indicate a fusion of styles.

The first attempts at a virginal music that does blend the two aspects are very primitive. There is very little manuscript evidence, merely a few more or less isolated pieces by a certain Hugh Aston, early in the century, and some anonymous pieces of no intrinsic interest. These all go to prove that though musicians were groping after a new and individual idiom for the virginal, it was as yet extraordinarily immature and crude. There seems, too, to have been a great deal of keyboard music written that was not virginalistic at all, but adapted from vocal polyphony for the organ, or viol pieces in short score; in fact, most of the keyboard work during the first half of the century represents only this polyphonic aspect, and, being in an embryonic stage, was immensely dull. It remained for William Byrd, at the end of the century, to make out of the medley of influences a new technique for the virginal that was both individual and interesting. Not only did he do this, but he left behind a mass of music that is also beautiful for its own sake, beyond being a phase in the history of music.

In summary, the influences to be traced in the new technique of composition were: first, the traditional school of polyphony, with its flexible rhythm; secondly, the regular accent of folk-song and the elementary harmony of the lutenists. The latter was quite foreign to written music. Of course, we have the manuscript record of the secular round, 'Sumer is icumen in', dating from the thirteenth century, but this again is purely

polyphonic, though regularly accented. It is unfortunately an isolated piece of evidence, though implying, even at that early stage, that regular accent was to be an integral part of the secular style. We have no evidence when this secular art began to assert itself generally, as an individual aspect of music, but we can assume that it did definitely incorporate regular accent and definitely move in the direction of harmony long before the contemporary academic school.

In the new virginal music the novelty of harmony and regular accent often obliterates the old tradition. Often the two are combined. Sometimes the traditional methods persist, barely coloured by the new idea. But the basis of its vitality lies in the advent of an individual technique.

We cannot say that Byrd literally created this individual technique with its definite sense of harmony; the two styles must have overlapped to a certain extent for decades before him, and it is impossible to split up the history of musical development into sharply defined, isolated phases. Nevertheless, we can say that before him it was only the shadow of itself. It had no musical coherence, no beauty and no vitality. It was for him to give substance and life to the formless and spasmodic efforts of his predecessors in the same field.

As to the forms that virginal music took, they are derived directly from the same influences, from folk-song and rhythmic dance, and from ecclesiastical polyphony. Everywhere we see the clash between natural physical rhythm, regular and sharply accented, and the cultured, flexible melody of the old style.

The influence of folk-song brought the idea of writing sets of variations upon folk-tunes, a form which became immensely popular at once, and of which Byrd has left many examples. The type of these variations differed; tunes were treated sometimes harmonically and sometimes contrapuntally, though always with a basis of their natural accent. Obviously the form affords endless scope for novelty of style, as the composer was free to do what he liked with it, unrestricted by rules of any kind. Byrd's variations include the popular 'Carman's Whistle,' 'Sellinger's Round,' 'John come kiss me,' 'Walsingham,' 'Lord Willobie,' and many others. They often ran to immense length and variety—the Walsingham tune, for example, is varied twenty-two times; and it must be admitted that a performace of the piece is improved by the omission of several of the variations.

From the regular accent of dance-music came the compositions for the court dances of Italian origin which sprang into

favour during the Elizabethan age—pavans, galliards, almans, corantos, lavoltas, jigs, and others. These court-dance forms developed later into pure art-forms like the suite and the partita of Bach.

On the other side, from the academic school came the free fantasias or fancies. These were early types of fugue, and written in parts after the polyphonic way. It was a type that developed as organ music during the first half of the century, and was invested with new vigour by Byrd later on when virginal music became the vogue. It was, of course, the prototype of the piano fugue of Bach. Morley, in his famous book, '*A Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke*,' has an interesting comment to make: 'The most principall and chiefest kind of music which is made without a dittie is the fantasie, that is when a musician taketh a point at his pleasure and wresteth and turneth it as he list, making either much or little of it according as shal seem best in his own conceit. In this may more art be shown than in any other music, because the composer is tied to nothing but that he may add diminish and alter at his pleasure. . . . The next in gravitie and goodness unto this is called a pavan. . . .'

These fantasias, with some of the slow dance-forms like the pavan, represent the more serious aspect of secular music. They stand half-way between the old and the new, and this mingling of tradition and novelty is the most interesting side of Byrd's virginal work, but at the same time it is just this aspect that is now least known. This can be explained by the fact that before the publication of *My Ladye Nevells Booke* the main source of information has been the collection known as the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book. This is far and away the most important single musical document of the period that we possess, since it contains nearly three hundred keyboard pieces by almost every composer of the age, and sixty by Byrd. But it is a scattered collection, and the pieces by Byrd are by no means representative, being mainly folk-song variations, or the less interesting of his pavans and galliards. This means that where he is known and liked at all, he is known by the 'Carman's Whistle' and 'Sellinger's Round.' These gay and vigorous little pieces show only the one side of his work at its best. The other side is only represented in the Fitzwilliam Book by really quite dull works, by no means his best. So that his graver compositions for the virginal have hitherto been seen rather at a disadvantage. There are one or two other isolated pieces in modern notation, and there is a modern reprint of 'Parthenia, the first musick printed for the

virginals, 1611,' which includes the lovely 'Earl of Salisbury' Pavan and Galliard by Byrd and one or two other pieces, but it is a very small collection; generally speaking, the Fitzwilliam Book has been the only source and that not a representative one.

My Ladye Nevells Booke itself is an anthology of Byrd's virginal music. In it there are forty-two pieces which, taken as a whole, represent every aspect of his work, and include nearly all the different forms in which keyboard music was written. It is particularly valuable for that reason, and also for the unusual care that seems to have been taken in compiling it. Manuscripts of the period were often very slovenly and full of mistakes, which grew in number as the music circulated and was copied again and again by one careless scribe after another. This was twenty years before the date of the first printed virginal music, and Byrd's music must first have reached its popularity through the medium of manuscript copies of all degrees of accuracy—and inaccuracy.

The manuscript of *My Ladye Nevells Booke* is one of the finest in existence. It was compiled specially for a certain Lady Nevell, in 1591, when Byrd was forty-eight, and was copied out by one John Baldwin, at the time a lay clerk of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, afterwards a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal. It is written in diamond-shaped notes on a six-lined stave upon which F, G, and C clefs move up and down with disconcerting ease, with hardly a mistake from the first to the last of the two hundred folios of script. The notation of the period, of course, was quite different from ours, and uses in compound 'tripla' time the black semibreve and the black minim, not to be confused with the crotchet of ordinary use.

Baldwin himself was evidently a musician of a very high order, as there are manuscript records both of his own compositions and of his views about contemporary music which abundantly prove it, but here he is content to be a humble and almost adoring disciple of Byrd. He was probably copying from Byrd's original manuscript, and the script itself is a work of art. His admiration for his great contemporary was unbounded, and at the end of each piece he bursts into little pious eulogies—'*Finis* Mr. William Byrd, *laus deo*'. . . or '*Finis* Mr. William Birde, *homo memorabilis*' . . . and so on.

The manuscript has a curious history, and was at one time given to the Great Queen. It is interesting to think that Elizabeth must herself have read and played from this very book. It was bought back into the Nevell family during the seventeenth century and is now a treasured heirloom. My Ladye Nevell of the title

was probably a patron or, less probably, a pupil of Byrd. It was rumoured that there was a portrait of her, holding the famous book, at Eridge Castle, where it is now kept, but inquiry disappointingly proved it to be a picture of a later Lady Nevell, and the supposed book a piece of parchment.

The manuscript is in a perfect state of preservation, and in its original outside binding. The inside binding has since been restored.

Several of the pieces in the book were evidently written specially for Lady Nevell—the first is called 'My Ladye Nevells Grownde' (a ground being a simple tune for variations, like the passacaglia of later writers), the second is 'Qui passe for my Ladye Nevell,' and later in the book there is a 'fancie for my lady nevell.'

In any event, she must have been a fine performer, with a technique of its kind equal to the good Chopin player of to-day. The virginal was by no means an easy instrument to play. Its tone is clear and sweet, produced by the plucked string, unlike the struck string of the clavichord, and is capable of melodic effects and legato—to a certain extent—or of brilliant effects of technique, ornaments and trills, and shakes innumerable; reiterated percussive passages and broken chords obviously came off very well, judging by the style of the music written for it. And it must be realized that the nature of the instrument was a factor that helped to mould the technique of composition for it, especially later, when it degenerated into nothing but brilliant bravura effects, and became artificial and glib. That is, of course, one of the dangers of piano composition in the hands of second-rate writers. There is too much pandering to showy technical skill. The later virginalists fell into the same trap in writing for the virginal when inspiration slackened and faded. It is often supposed that the virginal and the harpsichord were the same thing, and that Byrd wrote for the harpsichord, but the virginal was the earlier type, and quite a tiny instrument, different both in appearance and in tonal capacity from the harpsichord, which was the keyboard instrument for which the later composers like Scarlatti and Rameau and Couperin wrote. The tone of the virginal is similar, but slighter, and lacking in the same carrying power.

The phase of musical technique represented by sixteenth-century virginal music is transitional not only in that it blends the old melodic and the new harmonic methods, but also that it rests upon a transitional melodic basis itself. It reveals the

merging of one diatonic scale system into another at a most interesting point in the process. The modern critic, interested in the progressive elements in musical technique, can look back over three centuries and find them easily analysable in sixteenth-century music, in a way that the progressive elements in the music of to-day are unanalysable. We are now in a much more chaotic period of transition, but we cannot look ahead and simplify our analysis by a knowledge of the music of to-morrow that is to emerge from it.

The scale system upon which Byrd's keyboard music was based bridges the gulf between the modal system of the Middle Ages and the key system, until recently in modern use. By 'modern' is here to be understood the nineteenth-century system, out of which we are now working into a new polytonality or atonality, resting upon absolute harmonic freedom.

In the modal system there were twelve different scales, of which our major and minor were only two. From this it is a long way to tonality with a uniform scale, fixed ideas of tonic and dominant, and a hard line dividing major from minor, and one modulation from another. The virginal music of the late Tudor period comes exactly half-way between the two systems.

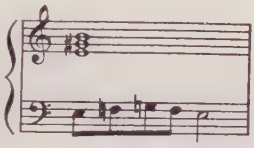
Combined melody and the modal system was to give place to harmony and tonality. In this music of Byrd's and his contemporaries there is a constant process of struggle and reconciliation between the two. The result is an extraordinarily simple, growing harmony joined to an extraordinarily complex melody. In this melodic system the modes give place to a free scale which incorporates both major and minor, and in which the only constant element seems to be a definite tonic note, approached by a more and more frequently sharpened leading-note. The scale was roughly major as it rose, and minor as it fell. Added to this was a reluctance to use the augmented second of what we now call the harmonic minor, which was avoided at all costs. The effect is that of a sense of defined tonic, and a delicious vagueness in the third of the scale and the sixth, which might be sharpened or flattened at will.

Another feature of it is that it moves so easily between two closely related keys, between G and D, for instance, that it does not give the effect of modulation at all, as we understand it, only of perfectly fluent and free movement within a free system, and on a universal diatonic scale.

It is easy to see that this basis was then free and elastic, but inevitably moving towards our standardized and rigid scale

system. It meant progress away from melodic and rhythmic freedom into harmonic expansion, and, finally, into harmonic freedom. To-day we have the fulfilment of harmonic freedom, but largely at the expense of melody.

But at this point in musical advance there is an elementary harmony clashing with a highly developed melody. This clash between vertical and horizontal systems involves many curious effects, and apparently discordant but perfectly logical false relations, since the two systems each pursued their own way, and relations between them were now and then a little strained. Examples like this are very frequent, where a held major triad, for instance, is the harmonic foundation of a whole measure, and against it one hears the minor third of the triad in a melodic phrase moving below it:

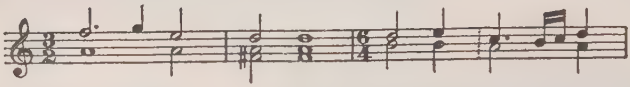


A falling flattened seventh is often heard against a sharpened rising seventh, since the tendency of the scale was to rise in the major towards the tonic, and to fall in the minor to the fifth. Yet once the ear becomes accustomed to them, these semitone clashes form one of the main charms and most characteristic features of this music, effectively obliterating any trace of harmonic monotony. In the gradual movement towards tonality the coming of folk-song into written music played an important part. Much English folk-song is cast in the Ionian mode, which exactly approximates in order of intervals to our major scale, with its sharpened leading-note B to the tonic C. Tunes in this mode were immensely popular in England, and it led a tendency towards a uniform major scale, and to the use of a sharpened seventh in all the modes. The Ionian mode was purely secular and deprecated by the church as the *modus lascivus*, so that it was a genuinely secular influence, and distinct from any progressive element in church music. It seems to have expressed in some way a national emotional characteristic, in the same way as the Æolian mode, corresponding to our melodic minor scale, seems to express the Irish temperament.

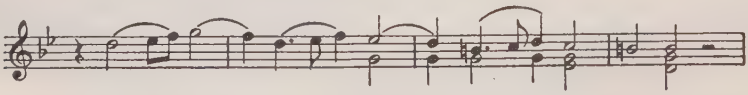
The modern listener, used to a varied harmonic and chromatic music, is apt to find this simple harmonic work monotonous if he comes to it expecting the same harmonic stimulus that he gets

from the music of to-day. But it is something so entirely different that one must come to it with a different attitude, or it will seem nothing but an interminable stretch of alternating keys of C and F, C and A, G and D. If we come to it knowing its harmonic simplicity it will prove very far from disappointing, and we shall be able to enjoy its melodic freshness in the movement and imitation of parts, its rhythmic freshness, and the delicate originality of its technique.

The fluctuation between rhythmic freedom and regular accent is a real part of the texture of the music. Even in the pieces that seem to be constructed on an unwaveringly regular accent, one is always finding little moving rhythmic currents and scraps of free melody that cross and recross the main stream of square regularity. As an instance the triple rhythm of 3/2, three minims in a measure, is constantly changed within the measure to the duple time of 6/4, or two groups of three crotchets:



Sometimes a whole phrase will begin on an unaccented off-beat and persist through several measures against the regular beat before it merges into it again:



All this is a survival of the old music that was unbarred and unaccented. In *My Ladye Nevells Booke* barring appears for the first time with any of its modern indication of rhythm and the stressed first beat. But often the bar-lines here hide the true phrasing, and the rhythmic line may move independently of it.

All this analysis may seem rather to overburden its material, but, after all, even if this early keyboard music is æsthetically simple and delightful, one must understand it in order to be able to play it at all; the idiom is so unfamiliar that one often hears fine pianists ruin it through not knowing its points, and trying to get effects out of it that it simply cannot produce. For all its apparent simplicity there is more in it than meets the eye. It is useless to expect the emotional complexity and the pianistic technique of Chopin from the Tudor virginalists. But these pieces, in their way, demonstrate a virginal technique that was in its time the counterpart of Chopin's work for the piano.

In its own time virginal music was the ordinary music of the day, and understood and enjoyed by simple people. In these early days of rediscovery it is, quite wrongly, in danger of being confined within a much more limited circle, or attracting academic rather than popular appreciation. Music, nowadays, is liked popularly on a much lower plane than it was then. But there is no essential barrier between us and this early English music, especially the secular songs and virginal pieces. They are neither archaic nor "quaint," as one so often hears them called, and an intimate knowledge of them brings a new and enduring source of satisfaction within our grasp.

OLENIN'S REMINISCENCES OF BALAKIREV

By VICTOR BELAIEV

OF late years a number of reminiscences of great Russian musicians have come to light. Very often they have an enormous psychological and historical interest, but in the majority of cases they have not yet been published and are known only to a limited circle of Russian musicians. Among them must be included the reminiscences of Balakirev, written by his pupil and admirer, Aleksandr Alekseevich Olenin, himself a composer, and brother of the celebrated concert singer, Maria Olenina d'Alheim. He has kindly permitted me to draw on his material for the present article, which will comprise several excerpts vividly portraying the characteristics of Mily Alekseevich Balakirev, that very eminent representative and teacher of the Russian "Mighty Band." Other quotations will describe the beginning of Madame d'Alheim's career, and the eccentric figure of Terty Ivanovich Filippov, a lover of Russian folk-song and a friend of Balakirev, Moussorgsky, and other Russian composers. But before I pass on to the reminiscences themselves, a few words must be devoted to their author.

Aleksandr Alekseevich Olenin was born June 1, 1865 (O. S.), on the Istomino estate, which lies along the banks of the River Oka in the Ryazan Government. At the age of six he began the regular study of the pianoforte with his aunt, E. A. Bakunina, a fine musician, who lived in the Olenin household. When he was seven years old he appeared as an improvisator at a concert given at Kasimovo, the chief town of the Ryazan Government. A year later he had a serious nervous illness, as a result of which the doctor put a stop to his playing. On his recovery Olenin resumed his musical studies with his aunt. A decisive moment in these studies was the playing with her of a four-hand arrangement of Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic tableau, "Sadko." Hitherto a passionate admirer of Mendelssohn, Olenin was vastly attracted by the new Russian music. Having made the acquaintance of Laroche's malevolent articles on Moussorgsky, he was seized with a desire to know something of the works of that composer.

As the boy's talent for music had been very clearly manifested from his earliest years, his parents decided to give him a good musical education, and for this purpose sent him to Courland, to the famous pianist Louis Pabst, who was residing there on his wife's estate. Olenin studied with him until 1881. In that year Moussorgsky died, and Olenin was as agitated by Stasov's obituary notice of Moussorgsky as he had been earlier by Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko." In 1882 Olenin's father was appointed director of the Art School founded by Stroganov in Moscow, and young Olenin began taking lessons in the theory of music from the celebrated conductor Max Erdmannsdörfer, and pianoforte lessons from Frau Erdmannsdörfer. Soon afterwards he entered the Moscow Conservatory, where he was often reprimanded for his passion for Moussorgsky's music. In the spring of 1884 he left the Conservatory, and in the summer of that year travelled up the Volga from the Caspian Sea to Nizhny-Novgorod on a barge forming part of the fish caravan.[1] The voyage lasted thirty-three days, in the course of which Olenin heard many of the old Russian songs and, as he says, absorbed with his whole being the Russian spirit in all its manifestations. This trip practically had a decisive influence on all his activities as a composer, his creative work, with few exceptions, being dedicated to compositions in the Russian folk-music spirit. In the autumn of 1885 he arrived in St. Petersburg, and his acquaintance with Balakirev, which subsequently ripened into a close friendship, dates from that time.

On his first visit to Balakirev, Olenin played his own compositions: the romance, "The Road," praised by Balakirev; and the beginning of the symphonic poem, "The Forest," which the latter criticised rather severely, in approximately the following terms, characteristic of his manner of talking to young composers. "You come from the country, don't you?" he enquired when Olenin had finished playing the poem. "Yes," replied Olenin. "Then don't you find that the beauty of the forest consists in the mixture of the trees—firs and oaks and maples? But your forest is nothing but a birch grove, or, rather, an aspen grove. You stick yourself down in the key of E minor, and there you stay. The theme's good, but it becomes wearisome because there are no modulations." Elsewhere in his reminiscences Olenin gives a more detailed account of Balakirev as a teacher: "I once took him a rather long pianoforte composition—it ran to about 25 pages. Mily Alekseevich made me play it. After two or three

[1]A string of barges loaded with salt fish and towed by a single steam-tug.

pages he stopped me and flung his arms round me. The work pleased him so much that he sat down to the pianoforte and began to play it, praising a passage here, another there. 'Now I see that you'll be a composer,' he reiterated, 'You're in an excellent way. But this thing needs to be gone through in detail and finally polished up. Make me a special visit and we'll see about it.' You can understand how delighted I was; we were both of us moved. . . . I took it to Mily Alekseevich several times, I don't remember how many. He started off by deciding that something must be cut out. I grudged the cutting of certain episodes, and grumbled. Then we got to the keys. 'No,' he said, 'We'll have F minor here instead of E minor; you come to it naturally and easily.' No sooner was the alteration made than he found, forsooth, as he always did, that the old key would be better. And the changes he required in the distribution of the parts, and even in the arrangement of the chords! Everything had to be rewritten again and again. I rebelled, and did the work reluctantly. . . . In the end the whole piece was transcribed anew—and how much labour that cost me!"

A despotic teacher, Balakirev was an amazing connoisseur of musical literature, of which he gave an unusually brilliant display at his evenings, when the composers belonging to his circle assembled in his flat. Olenin gives the following description of these gatherings: "Our evenings were held almost regularly on Tuesdays, so far as I remember. They began about 8 o'clock, at which hour Balakirev expected us. I was nearly always the first to arrive. Mily Alekseevich invariably gave us a cordial welcome. It was his custom to bestow a triple embrace on his intimate friends. He always wore a black lustring jacket and trousers of the same material, and on his waistcoat hung a small iron cross. The guests arrived by degrees and we all seated ourselves round an oval table. Usually conversation began with the musical topics of the day. Mily Alekseevich always shone by his wit, which was rather of the popular order. At the same time he was a thorough master of the Russian language and embellished his conversation with shrewd and happy epithets. . . . The discussion was extended to music in general, and then, almost as a matter of course, playing began. What we should play was never suggested beforehand. The rôles were distributed as follows: all the solos, his own and those of other composers, were taken by Mily Alekseevich; S. M. Lyapunov performed his own things; when it was a question of compositions for eight hands, others had to be called upon. I remember that Konstantin Chernov and

Mily Alekseevich Balakirev
(From the drawing by Léon Bakst)

I were chosen, but I generally set my partners such a pace that they dropped me from the ensembles. . . . On the other hand, when somebody was wanted to sing seconds or play an accompaniment (it was not often the case), the task was allotted to me. . . . Of the composers performed Liszt had the priority, then came Chopin and Schumann, *i.e.*, the most pianistic writers. Mily Alekseevich always played them himself, and it was the most enjoyable part of the evening's programme. He was a first-class pianist, and in recalling his playing I can compare it most nearly to Anton Rubinstein's in its extraordinary self-possession, its noble, singing tone, its freedom from affectations of any kind. Mily Alekseevich hated an exaggerated fortissimo and had an even greater detestation of exaggerated pianissimos. Nowadays many pianists try to get every possible orchestral timbre out of the pianoforte. Mily Alekseevich held that the timbre of the instrument is so beautiful and characteristic in itself that there is no necessity to add any artificial tinge to it. His pianoforte always sounded like a pianoforte. It is curious, however, that in his compositions he sometimes indicated 'quasi flauti,' 'quasi tromba,' and yet in his playing he never specially underlined them. His technique was amazing. He played such things as Liszt's Études, 'Dies Irae,' 'Scherzo und Marsch,' etc., as if they were jokes. But the chief feature was his extraordinary penetration of the spirit of the work he was performing. As soon as he sat down to the pianoforte we all became as silent as the grave."

Balakirev had a phenomenal musical memory. He could play whole operas by ear. This enabled him to illustrate his remarks by examples from various composers, as the following quotation from Olenin shows: "We spent not a few evenings in the study of pianoforte passages alone. Mily Alekseevich showed us some that were very fine but pianistically weak; others that were excellent from the point of view of pianism only; others, again, that were superb pianistically and as regards content, ideal in every respect (Chopin, Liszt); or were brilliant but incredibly insipid (Thalberg, Kalkbrenner); or, lastly, were shockingly trivial (Meyer, Herz, and others)." Balakirev was a Russian composer who used Russian folk-themes in his compositions and even formed a collection of Russian folk-songs; nevertheless he did not really understand them, just as he lacked a genuine conception of nature; he was essentially a man of the town. Olenin says of Balakirev's views on Russian folk-song: "Then, as now, a passionate lover and student of Russian song, I was

very curious to see what Balakirev thought about it. I introduced the subject fairly often, but he always seemed to be deaf to my inquisitive questions and never committed himself to a detailed opinion but usually got out of it by answering in monosyllables. I came to the conclusion that Mily Alekseevich valued Russian song so far as it could serve as material for musical development. He was not interested in any of the peculiarities of its structure, such as *podgoloski*.[1] As he had never lived in the country, folk-song had for him no value as a self-sufficing entity. So narrow and restricted an attitude towards the national folk-music on the part of the leader of a school of composers whose banner bore, amongst other expressions, the word 'Nationality,' was to me incomprehensible."

Balakirev's opinions of the composers and musical workers of his time are interesting. Olenin records a number of them in his reminiscences. Liszt was an object of reverence: "Liszt," says Olenin, "occupied the throne at our gatherings. And how Mily Alekseevich played him! In performing his compositions, he seemed to be specially inspired." As for Wagner, "Mily Alekseevich had an intense, all-absorbing hatred for this genius. Everything in him was intolerable—the music itself, with its specific peculiarities, and the very personality of Wagner. He once expressed himself thus: 'For me Wagner's music is as rascally as the Dreyfus affair.' "

Mily Alekseevich simply worshipped Glinka, whom he regarded as the founder of all Russian music. Every measure of Glinka's, every reminiscence of him, was sacred. . . . From Glinka's music he obtained indications of the path by which Russian music was to travel.

"He considered Rimsky-Korsakov unapproachable in the first songs, the musical tableau 'Sadko,' 'Antar,' the 'Serbian Fantasia,' and 'The Maid of Pskov,' and found something to praise in 'The Snow Maiden'; but from 'Christmas Eve Revels' onwards he turned his back on Rimsky-Korsakov's creative work; he did not adopt a severe attitude towards it—he simply did not want to know anything about it.

"He acknowledged Tchaikovsky's immense talent, but this very admission engendered a feeling of exasperation—he expected big things of Tchaikovsky, and in his opinion they were never forthcoming. . . . He said that, with the exception of such masterpieces as 'The Tempest,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' and 'Manfred,'

[1]Folk-polyphony, based on the simultaneous performance of the air of the folk-song and its variants.

there was nothing of Tchaikovsky's that the composer had not spoilt in some way with his own hand."

Balakirev's particular *bête noire* was the famous Russian Mæcenas and music-publisher, Mitrofan Petrovich Belaiev. "There's a man," says Olenin, "whom Mily Alekseevich could not endure. He would not recognize in him any services to Russian art; he considered his patronage the outcome of empty vanity and conceit, and declared that he was corrupting Russian musicians. Everything, positively everything, in this man disgusted Mily Alekseevich. He regarded his concerts as of no importance whatever. . . . He loathed the Friday gatherings at Belaiev's. . . . But his greatest offence in Balakirev's eyes was that he enticed to his house, as it were, Rimsky-Korsakov, Lyadov, Glazunov, and others, not by lofty ideas but by 'money,' by big fees, which seriously lowered the quality of the music of these composers." Balakirev even said of Rimsky-Korsakov that he had "sold his talent for thirty pieces of silver to Satan, who, disastrously for Russian music, had revealed himself in the form of Mitrofan Petrovich Belaiev."

To conclude the character sketch of this very original personality as set forth in Olenin's reminiscences, let me quote the following anecdote. One day Balakirev's servant brought him the visiting-card of an officer in a Guards' regiment, who bore a very famous name. "Mily Alekseevich was surprised. 'This is not for me,' he said to Adrian (the servant). 'Tell him the midwife lives on the next floor above.' The officer, however, insisted, and Mily Alekseevich received him. A very elegant guardsman entered, with a stylish shagreen portfolio under his arm. He had come on the recommendation of so-and-so (another high-sounding name) for advice, and he apologized to Balakirev for troubling him. The latter was perplexed: 'But,' said he, 'I'm quite incompetent in military matters.' 'It's purely a question of music,' replied the guardsman, with a bewitching smile. 'You see, I've composed an opera.' Mily Alekseevich was on his guard: 'An opera? Then you must have studied? But where?' 'Oh yes,' the officer went on. 'I've done a lot of study abroad.' 'That's interesting, very interesting,' replied Mily Alekseevich. 'Nevertheless, I can't be of any use to you; I'm of very little consequence in theatrical circles.' The visitor interrupted him again: 'It's not a matter of staging. I've come to ask your advice as to whom I could commission to write an accompaniment for my opera.' Mily Alekseevich looked steadily at him and said very seriously: 'I think you should apply to Rubinstein and nobody else—he's

a specialist in that line.' " To appreciate the point of this remark one needs to know that Balakirev considered Rubinstein's pieces to be merely good accompaniments and to be lacking in genuine melodies.

Mily Alekseevich took a very great interest in the fortunes of Olenin's sister, Maria Olenina d'Alheim, the well-known performer and admirer of Moussorgsky, who was just beginning her career. From early childhood she had displayed extraordinary musical abilities, and her ear was such that if her brother merely played a song over once or twice, she knew it and could sing it by heart. She shared her brother's interest in the new music, and unconsciously developed into a superb exponent of the works of the new Russian school. When, in 1885, she came to St. Petersburg with her father and brother, it was decided that she should study with the famous Y. P. Platonova, thanks to whom Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" was staged. As is evident from the following quotation from Olenin's reminiscences, his sister's talent made a very deep impression on Platonova. "'I suppose you can sing something? Well, let me hear you,' said Platonova to my sister when the formal presentations were finished. I whispered to her and she began Cui's 'Exhausted by Grief.' I looked at Platonova—she was amazed. 'However do you know that? And how you sing it!' she exclaimed. 'Come along, we'll have some more.' My sister then sang Moussorgsky's 'The Brawler,' something of Balakirev's, and something by Rimsky-Korsakov. Platonova's astonishment and enthusiasm were unbounded. She rushed over and embraced my sister, repeating again and again: 'To think that while all this is ignored here it is familiar to one whose powers have ripened in the depths of the country!' Then she hastened to show us signed portraits of Moussorgsky and others, and the vocal score of 'Boris,' presented to her by the composer, and it was long before she could control the joyous emotions with which she was overcome."

And yet, notwithstanding her brilliant success with Platonova, Olenina d'Alheim did not become her pupil. The fact is, Balakirev insisted that her father should bring her to a party which he had arranged in honour of Tchaikovsky, who was going abroad. Olenin described the affair thus: "On our arrival at Balakirev's my sister immediately became the centre of attention. They questioned her and joked with her, and for everything she had a lively bit of repartee; she talked as freely as if she were in the society to which she was accustomed, and not at a gathering of all the greatest musical forces of Russia. There were present,

besides Belaiev, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Glazunov, Lyadov, Dütsch, Shcherbachev, and all the Stasovs. They made her sing at once and her performance aroused general enthusiasm, part of which, of course, was due to the fact that it was a new and strange experience to hear from the lips of a girl from the Ryazan Government songs (the creations of members of the 'Mighty Band') which were not sung in the capitals. Balakirev and I accompanied her. Stasov was particularly enraptured and kept on exclaiming: 'Splendid, sir! Marvellous, sir!' Then and there it was decided that my sister should study with Aleksandra Nikolaevna Molas.[1] Stasov undertook to arrange everything, and also to induce Platonova to abandon her lessons. . . . At supper my sister sat between Balakirev and Stasov; the latter roared continually, 'Maria Alekseevna, you are our hope!' "

Having taken an interest in M. A. Olenina d'Alheim's future at the outset of her career, Balakirev attentively followed the young singer's subsequent successes. Olenin's reminiscences tell us: "My sister made her début at Moscow on November 13th, 1901. Her success was exceptional, unprecedented. Cui invited her to appear at St. Petersburg at a concert of the Russian Musical Society, of which he was then a director. She was not so successful there as she had been at Moscow, and most of the critics adopted a negative attitude towards her. But this by no means intimidated her, and in January, 1902, she announced a concert of her own. Mily Alekseevich had watched her first appearances keenly and affectionately, and was not a little troubled. When her St. Petersburg concert was advertised he was almost terrified, fearing a complete failure."

Olenin, who was living in the country, made a journey to the capital expressly for this concert, at which he was present incognito. On arriving he went straight to Balakirev and arranged that they should meet at the hall just before the concert and sit together. He then left Balakirev. "I remember," he writes, that on going out into the street I bought a paper and found in it a long, aggressive article on my sister's concert, by Stasov, entitled 'Who will get the upper hand—Moscow or St. Petersburg?' At the time agreed upon Mily Alekseevich met me at the hall of the Credit Society; it was twenty minutes before the concert began, and the place was almost empty. He was dreadfully worried, and said with a groan, 'I know it'll be a failure, and not only Maria Alekseevna but true art as well will suffer.' 'She shouldn't, she shouldn't have risked it,' he repeated over

[1]Sister of Nadezhda Nikolaevna Rimskaya-Korsakova.

and over again in varying tones. The first bell rang and suddenly the audience poured in; within half an hour the hall was filled to overflowing, and there wasn't a vacant seat. You should have seen Mily Alekseevich's delight and excitement, though even then he abused the public in no measured terms for their habit of being late: 'They oughtn't to let them in,' he grumbled. But this was evidently said to himself, out of the abundance of his feeling. After the first three or four numbers there was unanimous applause which became a continuous ovation at the end of the concert. Mily Alekseevich's face was simply radiant with happiness. . . . The success was complete, colossal. The concert, with all the encores, ended about midnight. When he came out, Mily Alekseevich, to my surprise, engaged a cab to drive him to the Liteiny Prospekt, and not to the Kolomenskaya (the street in which he lived). It turned out that he was bent on going to my sister's, to congratulate her. In this we have the whole Balakirev—the leader of the militant 'Mighty Band.' "

To conclude this article, which throws fresh light on the character of Mily Alekseevich Balakirev, that most original personality, I append a further excerpt from Olenin's reminiscences, vividly portraying the no less original figure of Terty Ivanovich Filippov, State Comptroller, friend of Balakirev, and a great lover of Russian folk-song. Olenin's description of his visit to Terty Ivanovich takes us back to the good old days depicted by Gogol in Russia, and by Dickens in England. "Terty Ivanovich organized a sort of choir from amongst the members of his staff," writes Olenin. "A majestic hall-porter opened the door of the Comptrol to us and we were conducted further by footmen in livery. We entered a vast white hall, which presented a very singular picture. Along the walls, on *banquettes*[1] and chairs, sat the officials of the Comptrol, some timidly in a row, others—the seniors—more at their ease. All were in undress uniform. Terty Ivanovich occupied an arm-chair at a special small table, almost in the middle of the hall. At his right and left hand were two chairs. Behind him stood a brisk little doctor. On perceiving us Terty Ivanovich arose, and after embracing each of us three times invited us to be seated; Grushin, a singer of Russian folk-songs, was on his left. A conversation was started on Russian folk-music, its preservation and the means of implanting it afresh in the consciousness of the people. The discussion was very animated and well-sustained. Then Terty Ivanovich turned to his chief clerk and said: 'Well, aren't you going to sing to our

[1]Cushioned chairs without backs.

welcome guests?' The official bowed respectfully and said something to the others. All rose and gave us a very harmonious performance of a song, followed by a second and a third. Suddenly Terty Ivanovich stopped the choir and addressed one of the singers (mentioning him by name) thus: 'There's something wrong with you to-day; you seem to be out of tune.' 'I'm sorry,' replied the culprit. 'I've got a very bad cold, your Excellency.' 'A cold, indeed,' observed Terty Ivanovich. The performance of the choir was ended. Grushin sang. He had a small tenor voice, but belonging essentially to the Russian country-side, he transmitted the very essence of Russian song with unusual fidelity and sincerity. Terty Ivanovich was moved to tears, and then, as if stirred by some bright memory, he intimated that he would sing something himself. And in the barely audible voice of an old man he sang a song with astonishing simplicity and understanding. All this time the little doctor was dancing round him and lecturing him in an undertone. 'Well, gentlemen,' Terty Ivanovich announced, 'the doctor wants to send me to bed. Will you please come into the dining-room.' We rose and made a move to the adjoining apartment, where a cold supper was served. The table was sumptuously spread with wines and *zakuski* (hors-d'oeuvres) of all sorts. As before, they seated themselves according to their rank. After the meal the discussion of the Russia of bygone times was resumed. I remarked, amongst other things, that the Russians were an astonishing people since, though possessing a high level of culture, they destroyed their own spiritual values. In this connection I spoke of a Prince Galitsyn, our Ryazan landlord, who, having inherited an estate in the Kasimov District, issued a decree that in his villages no woman should wear the Russian head-dress. He had lived in England and considered our wonderful national head-dress a barbarous thing. It will easily be understood that the edict was very loosely observed. Then Prince Galitsyn took other measures. He ordered that the head-dresses of all the women should be confiscated, brought to the courtyard of his mansion, and there given to the flames. Terty Ivanovich's indignation on hearing this story was indescribable, and turning to his chief clerk he said: 'Don't you think, Fedor Mikhailovich, that we should pronounce an anathema on this impious Prince Galitsyn?' 'Just as you please, your Excellency,' replied the official. 'Yes, yes, certainly,' said Terty Ivanovich. Then the choir, now slightly the worse for drink, sang to a very old tune an anathema on Galitsyn. After chatting a little while longer Terty Ivanovich

rose, embraced Grushin and myself three times, nodded graciously to the rest, bade us adieu, and retired to his private apartments, accompanied by the doctor. Hardly had he gone when all tongues were loosed as 'the wine-glasses went the rounds of the little table.'[1] When everything had been eaten and drunk the choir of officials dispersed through the numerous rooms of the palace, some of them even carrying bottles in their hands. I recollect that a senior official (his name was Istomin) took Grushin and me into a little study in which was a grand piano, and there we made music for another half-hour. It was late by the time everybody got away."

Olenin's reminiscences of Balakirev, from which these few excerpts are taken, give us a vivid and brilliant portrayal of the figure of the composer and of the surroundings amidst which he lived and worked. There can be no doubt that they will attract attention when published in their entirety; not only do they contain a series of interesting facts and observations, but they are written in the lively and picturesque language characteristic of their author's vivacious and observant nature. Hitherto there has been no exhaustive book on Balakirev. It was supposed that his most intimate friend, Sergei Mikhailovich Lyapunov, to whom all Balakirev's papers were handed, would be his biographer, but he died without accomplishing the work which the history of Russian music expected of him. At the present time those papers are preserved in the Academy of Sciences, Leningrad. After the appearance of Olenin's reminiscences, and similar material concerning Balakirev, one cannot but think that the archives of the latter will attract the attention of students and supply a foundation for the writing of a detailed biography of a composer who developed in his life and work the legacy left by Glinka, and indicated the path to its ultimate realization.

(*Translated by S. W. Pring.*)

[1]A quotation from the opening words of a song from Verstovsky's opera, "Askold's Tomb."

THE ECONOMIC STATUS OF MUSICIANS IN FRANCE UNTIL THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

By J.-G. PROD'HOMME

"THE principal, *dominant fact* which for two centuries past stands out in the history of music and of musicians, is their social *inferiority*," wrote Liszt, underlining the words, in an article dealing with the status of the artist, published in the "Gazette musicale" of Paris, on May 3, 1835. And the great composer, who was then merely a piano virtuoso and a friend of the Saint-Simonians, added, "Another *fact* which one may regard both as the cause and the effect of the social inferiority of musicians, is the *want of faith*—the cheap *egoism* and *commercial greed* of a great many of them."

No doubt the social position of the artist has in a measure changed since Louis-Philippe—and in our own day we have seen one of Liszt's most illustrious emulators become president of the new Polish Republic—yet it was not without long continued efforts, nor without struggles even more bitter than those occurring in many a profession apparently less elevated, yet in reality more favored because more directly useful to the social body collectively. It is our intention to discuss in the following pages the social and material status of the musician in the France of the old régime, considering him in connection with the various branches of his activity.

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The exercise of the musical profession has at all times been divided into three principal branches. A musician may be: a composer, an interpreter, or a teacher (pedagogue, theoretician); that is to say, he may devote himself to the production of musical works, to their execution, or to the practical or theoretical teaching of his art. It is certain that these three branches of activity often have been merged in a single individual, especially at such times when musical composition, not yet having attained the degree of perfection and of diffusion which it has reached in our

own days, did not permit the artist to live on what his works produced.

The important part music played among the ancient Greeks is well known, be it in their ceremonies of religion, be it in their theatres, which last were in some sort a continuation of their cult; or be it in their private life, particularly during the Græco-Roman epoch. The *choregus* was of necessity a citizen of means, able to devote considerable sums to the organization of the public festivals. As a reward he might receive a tripod of honor. In the competitions the musicians were awarded money prizes; certain virtuosi had their statues. A citharist, 398–397 B.C., received eighty-five drachmæ of gold. The exercise of their art having become a trade, the musicians, toward the third and fourth centuries, grouped themselves in Dionysiac associations, in trade corporations, which spread over all the ancient world, and which are mentioned as existing in Rome one hundred and forty-six years before Christ.

And in Rome, Servius Tullius, after having divided the people into voting-units known as "centuries," formed two of these centurial groups of players on instruments. Ever since Numa's days there had been a college of instrumentalists which supplied musicians for the temples, and, in particular, for the public institutions. Titus Livius reports that in the year 415 of the Roman era (339 B.C.), the Senate, during the consulate of Sulpicius Pelicus, sent into Etruria [Tuscany] for the flute-players and the mimes needed to celebrate the four-day scenic games. And the same historian mentions that in 441 (R.E.), during the consulate of Caius Plautinus and Appius Claudius (313 B.C.), there was a veritable musicians' strike, which ended in a victory for the strikers, due to the fact that the Censors had objected to certain privileges they enjoyed, notably the right to take part in the banquets given in the Temple of Jupiter.

From a mundane point of view, on the other hand, we know that the composers who, for example, set the comedies of Terence to music, were slaves. The colleges did not survive Roman civilization; but under an analogous form they reappear some centuries later in the Middle Ages. At the time of the empire, historians tell us how infatuated sovereigns and public were with certain virtuosi: inscriptions were set up to keep green the memory of their exploits; statues were raised in their honor; "the right of franchise and crown of gold were bestowed upon them." Suetonius declares that Vespasian, ordinarily so avaricious, gave 200,000 sesterces to the citharists Terpnus and Dio-

dorus. Private music-lessons from virtuoso teachers were very expensive. An inscription from Teos has revealed that the price paid other educators of youth for lessons was doubled or tripled in the case of a certain citharist. And Cicero, a personage of consular rank and a great lawyer, found himself obliged to reckon with the flutist-singer Tigellinus, who had been lucky enough to please Cæsar. Horace, too, in one of his satires, delivers himself at length with regard to the haughtiness and capriciousness of this Tigellinus, "a native of Sardinia," and one of the familiars of the courts of Cleopatra and of Augustus.

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Among the Gauls, if we are to believe the historian Posidonius of Apamus, the chiefs carried about with them their table companions, called *parasiti*, who chanted their praises. "These men also recite for such as wish to hear them, the lives of illustrious warriors; they are known as bards; and they receive great rewards in gold and in silver." The ancient custom of keeping musicians is once more in honor at the courts of the more or less barbarous kings of the first centuries of the Christian era. After the battle of Tolbiac (496 A.D.), according to Cassiodorus, Theodoric wrote to Clovis to say that he was sending him a very skilful musician, and expressing the hope that the latter might be fortunate enough "to charm His Greatness with the sweet concord of his voice and his instrument."

The *jongleurs*[1] were no more than the successors of these singers who diverted kings and nobles. Their profession appears never to have been one highly regarded. Branded as infamous, together with the actors, by the Church councils, Charlemagne, in two capitularies, dated Aix-la-Chapelle, 789, refused them (as he did heretics, pagans and Jews) the right of legal complaint and—quite in vain—forbade bishops, abbots and abbesses to keep braces of hounds, falcons, bird-catchers or jongleurs (the last brought up the rear of the procession). In the twelfth century King Philip Augustus—no less vainly—tried to banish them from his kingdom. We see them, at the time of the Norman conquest of England, riding at the head of the army, like that "Taillefer ki molt bien cantoit" who was slain in the battle of Hastings, in 1066.

[1]From the Latin *joculator*. The form *jougleur*, which has left vestiges in French in the shape of personal names—Juglar, Jugla, Jougla, etc.—is probably more exact; it is found, incidentally, in the old texts.

The jongleur's profession held its place in the esteem of the great and of the people at large despite all interdictions. And its male and female members, regardless of the disrepute into which they had fallen, ended by obtaining certain privileges. When crossing the bridge known as the Petit-Pont, in Paris, for instance, the jongleur was exempt from toll. (*Livre des métiers d'Étienne Boileau*, 1268.)

In the musical hierarchy, the *trouvère*, at the same time poet and musician, corresponded more or less to the composer of our own day, who does not perform his compositions. He did not sully his hands with money; contrariwise the jongleur, who during the earlier centuries of the French tongue approved himself a poet as well, was above all a performing, miming, dancing, declaming and acrobatic "stunt-pulling" musician, who in the end confined himself to these last-named exercises, like the juggler of to-day.

The *ménestrel* (from the Latin *ministrellus*, a lowly servant) appears somewhat later. He belonged to the last-cited category of musical professionals, and, toward the close of the thirteenth century, became practically identified with the jongleur whom he ended by supplanting. He sang, played, declaimed, etc., as did the jongleur, but was in first instance a musician. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries he was often found in the service of the great lords. Like the jongleur, he lived on "bounty and largesse," at times receiving sumptuous garments, money, a horse; at other times much less, being obliged to content himself with a crust of bread or shelter for the night. There existed then, as in every other age, the honored virtuoso, overwhelmed with gifts, and the gut-scraper on the *vielle* or the *chifonie*, to whom one gave alms.

In the *chansons de geste* there is neither "wedding or festival" without its assisting troupe of jongleurs, who eat, drink, tell a number of tales, and are exceedingly well paid with gifts in the shape of money or raiment, and sometimes both. Yet the real facts of the case were often less brilliant than they are represented to be in these poems, and an anonymous writer, no doubt with more truth, writes:

> Chacun a son donnet perdu:
> Li ménestrel sont esperdu
> Car nul ne lor veut riens donner.
> De don ont esté soutenu:
> Maintenant, sont soubs pié tenu:
> Or voisent [ils vont] aillors sermonner.[1]

[1] *C'est un dict d'avarice.* Mss. in the Paris *Bibliothèque Nationale.*

(Each lost his gift, it was not paid;
The menestrels are all dismayed
For on them none will aught bestow.
Since gifts are what they live upon
Now, seeing they are trampled on,
Elsewhere their tales to tell they go.)

Saint-Louis (King of France), in this same epoch, took pleasure in listening to the minstrels while at table: "When the minstrels of the men of note came in after he had eaten, and brought their viols, he would wait before he heard grace until the minstrel had ended his song." (Joinville's "Chronicle," Marzials trans.)

In Paris the minstrels gathered in the street which bore their name—it disappeared in the nineteenth century, when the rue Rambuteau was cut through—where "they held school," says Guillaume de Metz; and it was there that one went to find jongleurs and jongleresses, and minstrels male and minstrels female when their services were desired.

They were very numerous in the fourteenth century, and, in 1321, formed themselves into a corporate body. Seven years later they founded a hospital and, in 1335, the chapel known as Saint-Julien-des-Ménétriers, under the patronage of Saints Genest and Julien. In 1402 King Charles VI renewed in their favor the letters patent which were confirmed by all his successors. The corporation established branches in the provinces, and the "king of the minstrels" or "king of the violins," reigned in a *de facto* manner over all the musical folk of France, and either directly, or through his lieutenants, levied assessments, dues for initiation into the brotherhoods, etc. Louis XIV accorded the corporation new statutes (1658), and it was during his reign and that of "King" Guillaume Dumanoir—who for the first time saw the "kingdom" disappear—that the minstrels had resounding quarrels with the *Académie de musique* (*Opéra*) and with Lully, in 1673, as well as with the composers, clavicinists, lutenists, etc., who refused to submit to their pretentions. A royal decree of 1695 nonsuited all their claims. The corporation, having lost its head (Dumanoir died in 1697), instituted lawsuits, with the same unsuccess, against the dancing-masters, in 1706, and against the organists, in 1750. By that time—namely since 1741—Louis XV had reëstablished the "kingdom of the violins" in favor of the celebrated violinist Pierre Guignon, a member of the King's Chamber-Music and the Royal Chapel. Yet after a lively "reign," Guignon was compelled to witness: first the suppression of his lieutenants, by a decree of the Council of State, on February 13, 1773; and then

that of his own regal office, which was "extinguished and suppressed" by an edict signed by the King at Versailles, the following month of May. The independent musicians had triumphed over the pretentions of the corporation which had endured for four centuries. Guignon resigned himself with good grace. All the corporations, incidentally, were abolished a short time after, under Louis XVI, by Turgot, in February, 1776, though some of them, like the corporation of the minstrels of Ribaupierre, in Alsace, established toward the end of the twelfth century, continued to exist until 1789.

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Side by side with this brotherhood or, rather, federation of brotherhoods, in which were grouped the free musicians, there were formed in the course of centuries various official, privileged bodies, supported in France by the king and by neighboring princes, like the Duke of Burgundy, in their states. First of all, there was the *chapelle* or *chapelle-musique*, purely religious in origin, which, perhaps, dates back to Clovis; and, in addition, the music of the king's chamber, beginning with Francis I, about 1530; as well as the music of the *Grande-Écurie* (the Royal Stables) a kind of military band. Then, under Louis XIII, appeared the band of the "Four-and-Twenty Violins," and, for a time, under Louis XIV—beginning with the year 1655—that of the "Little Violins," sixteen in number, conducted by Lully.

The positions in these various musical bodies, as one may well believe, were the coveted objects of intrigues, of conspiracies, and of trade and barter of all kinds, as documents in the National Archives reveal.

There was also, beginning in 1669 and especially from 1672 on (with Lully), the *Académie royale de musique*, i.e., the *Opéra*—the only musical institution of the old régime which has survived to our own day—whose artists, veritable functionaries, were pensioned and retired, be it by the *Opéra* itself, by the king, or by the City of Paris, according to the regulations in force. In the days of Louis XIV and of Louis XV the budget of the royal music rose to a sum of several hundreds of thousands of livres, out of an average of two millions of livres dedicated to the king's *menus-plaisirs*, "petty pleasures," in the sense of pocket-money. Such is the amount given by the last intendant of the *menus-plaisirs*, Papillon de la Ferté.

Nevertheless, the social and economic situation of these musicians was not a very brilliant one except, be it understood, when the ruler deigned to interest himself especially in one among them. We will cite a few examples in point.

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Under Louis X, in 1314, the clerks of the Chapel drew three *sous* a day; the minstrels, less favored, each received, as did the butlers, the almoner and the "washerwoman to the royal person," thirteen *deniers parisis* a day, aside from a "provision of oats" for their horses. Under Louis XI, the chaplain received one hundred and twenty livres per year, a chorister, from seventy to a hundred, and the clerks sixty.[1]

At the Burgundian Court, where music was held in high esteem, we see Philip the Bold, in 1367, making a harper, Tomelin, a gift of two livres; and giving three livres to Thomas de Hédincourt and to his "comrades at table and at the gittern (guitare)." A menestrel of the future John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, receives three livres to buy a gittern. In 1385, Baudenet Fresnel of Rheims, a harper, receives from Monseigneur, the Duke of Burgundy, whom he also serves as a *valet de chambre*, the sum of thirty livres to get him a harp, and twenty to buy a horse. A woman singer and three men singers together are allowed four livres; an individual singer, Jehan de Malines, ten livres. But the poor women singers of Paris have to content themselves with one livre, "as an alms." The trade, all in all, however, might prove to be remunerative for the skilful—strangers especially—for in 1368 a cob or pony fetched twelve livres; a horse and a trumpet twenty-seven livres; a cow was worth four livres; six pair of shoes, three livres; and a pair of high, felt-lined boots, one livre, so Michel Brenet tells us in the first chapter of her "Musique et musiciens de la vieille France." Hence an order for four livres was of considerable value, and the man who received ten livres was of necessity an appreciated virtuoso.

[1]*Trans. Note:* The silver *sou* (*solidus*) was a money of account (one pound of silver—22 *solidi*—240 *deniers*), and early in the 14th century appeared as an actual coin in the shape of the *gros* (*grossus denarius* or large groat). The king's *deniers* were known as *deniers parisis* (*monnoie parisis*, royal coinage); for other sovereign lords had their own mints, and the most widespread of French *deniers* were those struck by the Abbey of St. Martin at Tours, the *denier tournois*.

The *livre—livre tournois* or *livre parisis*—was money of account, whose value varied according to time and place, and gradually came to be worth no more than 20 copper *sous* (subdivided into 12 *deniers*). The *livre parisis* was dropped in 1667, and about the middle of the 18th century the *livre* was actually synonomous with the *franc*, or worth approximately 20 cents.

The accounts of the Duke of Burgundy further inform us that during Lent he sent his musicians to study "at the schools," even as far as Germany; and that large sums were devoted to this object: eighty livres in 1369; one hundred and twenty in 1377 (for three minstrels, their valets and their horses); two hundred in 1378; and four hundred in 1386 (for six musicians).

In France we find that toward the end of the century the "clerk of the coffers" of the Duke of Orleans refunded an outlay of ten livres paid the minstrels of the Duke of Bourbon, on March 15, 1392; and that minstrels of the Duke of Bavaria, "by special act of grace," received ten écus of gold on August 21, 1396. At Nantes, on October 4, 1399, Christopher Ducrot, master of music and "indiciaire" of the Duchess Anne of Brittany, gave his receipt for sixty-two écus, the amount of his wages for six months.

In the century following, the treasurer of the Duke of Orleans and of Milan, on June 18, 1450, pays twenty-seven sous and six deniers to certain minstrels who have played before the Duke and the Duchess. The first chorister of the Chapel of King Louis XI, from 1480 to 1483, receives one hundred and eighty livres per annum, the other singers and clerks from one hundred and twenty to sixty livres each. (Though the livre was worth one dollar at the time, its real value was six or seven times the value of the dollar to-day.) The queen, Charlotte of Savoy, had her own particular chapel, whose singers—between 1462 and 1479—drew seventy-two livres per year. The salaries of one hundred and twenty livres for singers, and one hundred and ten for clerks, remained the same under Charles VIII and Louis XII. Under King Francis I were organized the King's Chamber Music and the band known as the music of the *Grande-Écurie*, which continued to exist until the eighteenth century. From the reign of Francis on there is abundant information to show what was spent on the official musicians from year to year. The illustrious lutist Albert de Rippe received a salary of four hundred and fifty livres, which was raised to six hundred. Loaded with honors by the king and his successor, he died as the proprietor of various lands and lordships, leaving a considerable estate, amounting to more than six thousand *livres tournois*. Independently of his six hundred livres per year of salary, he was the recipient of numerous gifts from the king. Similar exceptions to the rule are found again and again, in almost every reign, up to the end of the old régime.

The wages paid the Court musicians hardly vary for two centuries: as a rule, instrumental players or singers, from Louis

XIII to Louis XVI, received from six to seven hundred livres per year; and the superintendent (or each of the superintendents) nine hundred livres; yet that, as we would say to-day, was "the minimum wage." The events which were controlled by the intendant of the *menus-plaisirs:* coronations, marriages, births, funeral ceremonies, comedies, concerts, voyages—to Fontainebleau and to Compiègne, frequent under Louis XV—resulted in the distribution of many millions among all the officially designated employees of the Court. We find, for example, at the coronation of Louis XIV, in 1655, that the singers extraordinary received one hundred and fifty livres for their services at Rheims. Seven years before, an "ordinary" of the Duke of Orleans' Music had received one hundred and fifty *livres tournois* for playing at Court for three months. The "Four-and-Twenty Violins" each got four livres a day, plus their gratifications in kind: bread and wine, or their equivalent in money. A viol-player, at the same epoch, received a little less than one hundred livres per month; while a lute-master to the Dauphin, however, got only fifty livres for three months (August, 1671). As master of the King's Chamber Music, Lambert, Lully's father-in-law, had assigned to him, in 1670, the sum of two thousand four hundred and six livres for a year; and in addition he enjoyed a salary of seven hundred and twenty livres as one of the singers of that body.

These cumulative offices whose survivance is disputed by letters-patent, are at times genuine sinecures, and in some cases end by producing considerable revenues; yet it is only just to add that, in general, salaries and pensions are only paid after months and years of delay; the treasury cannot cope with them, and during the old régime, that punctuality which, according to the saying is "the politeness of kings," does not seem to have prevailed in financial matter. The musicians' pensions, as a rule, are from four hundred to six hundred livres; one of the violinists of the King's Music, a certain Huguenot, after *fifty-two* years of service, obtains a pension of four hundred livres, on August 21, 1711. And the famous organist Nivers, born in 1614, is over ninety when he is awarded his pension of eight hundred livres on June 23, 1708. The actors, actresses and symphonists (that is orchestral musicians), of the *Opéra* are better treated, with pensions varying from a maximum of a thousand or fifteen hundred livres to a minimum of three hundred, paid by the theatre, to say nothing of other pensions. A few examples follow:

The celebrated clavecinist Danglebert, as a member of the King's Chamber Music, received a salary of six hundred livres,

and in addition nine hundred for subsistence, thirteen for a mount, and three hundred and seventy for the maintenance of his spinet-bearer. (See *État de France de 1692.*) At the same period the *violon du Cabinet*, Le Peintre, received a gratification of six hundred livres from the Dauphin, four hundred from the Royal Treasury and "various other gratifications."

Among those most favored by fortune, Lully ranks first. Not alone owing to the king's favors, but as a result of skilful speculation, to say nothing of his exploitation of the *Opéra*, he was able to leave several millions to his family. Before his day a certain master of the chapel of Louis XIII had willed one hundred and fifty-eight thousand livres to the Paris Hôtel-Dieu, in 1611.

Lalande, who succeeded Lully as superintendent of the King's Music, and who also possessed cumulatively the two appointments of master of the King's Chamber Music, the two appointments of composer, and the four appointments of Master of the King's Chapel, plus his pensions, enjoyed a revenue of some twenty thousand livres toward the end of the reign of Louis XIV. In 1726 Destouches paid Lalande's daughter ten thousand livres, as the purchase price of the "survival" of the superintendency of the King's Chamber Music (Destouches himself, since 1722, had been in receipt of two thousand livres by way of gratification as master of the King's Chamber Music). The amount in itself proves what fortunes these much disputed Court charges represented.

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The organist, then as in our own day, was not the most favored, and made little more than a mere violinist. Gabriel Nivers, almost a centenarian when he died, received six hundred livres for his services at Saint-Cyr; and Clérambault succeeded him on the same footing. The latter also played the organ at the Church of the Jacobins in the rue Saint-Jacques, in Paris, for a wage of sixty livres per year. It is needless to add that the publication of Clérambault's charming cantatas, which were so successful, did not net him anything. Yet an "Idylle de Saint-Cyr," on the other hand, in 1745, brought him a gratification of one hundred and ninety-two livres. Dandrieu, an organist and clavecinist no less famous, in 1704, received four hundred livres at the Saint-Merry Church, of which he turned over one hundred livres to Moyeux, his predecessor, who was ill and in want. Beginning with 1725 the church allowed Dandrieu a "heated

room in the beadle's house." In 1721, the position of organist at the King's Chapel brought him an additional hundred livres a year.

Marchand, son of the great Marchand, received in 1735 the amount of two hundred and fifty-five livres for eighty-five concerts given at Versailles and at Compiègne, i.e., three livres for each trip; it is true, on the other hand, that his expenses were paid. Dornel, another delightful clavecinist, contented himself with the three hundred livres per year he received at Saint-Gervais (1719).

As compared with these unfortunate kneaders of the keyboard, let us call attention to some better paid virtuosos. Aubert, for example, the first violin at the *Opéra*, receives six hundred livres in 1727 and, finally, in 1750, eight hundred livres for his services in that house, and is pensioned off with four hundred livres: this was the usual allowance. But he is also the intendant of the music of "Monsieur le Duc," which brings him in twelve hundred livres, while Belleville, a violinist of the same orchestra, gets only four hundred livres. Guignon, the last "king of the violins," travelling with Mondonville, draws down, for three concerts at the city hall of Lyons, the sum of nine hundred livres plus—probably according to an ancient custom—a bottle of wine and a loaf of bread for every concert. In 1745 he is awarded a pension of a thousand livres, raised to eleven hundred in 1747. Besides, at Court, the charge of "player on the serpent," fallen into disuse, is worth four hundred livres to him. From 1746 on he is teacher of the viol to Madame Adélaïde (sister of Louis XV) and to the Dauphin, and in the selfsame year receives a gratification of two thousand six hundred livres. In 1760 he draws thirteen hundred and fifty livres as a musician of the King's Chapel. On the suppression of the "Four-and-Twenty Violins," in 1761, his pension is augmented by six hundred livres, and totals four thousand one hundred and fifty livres.

We may take as a final example a musician who passed through all those vicissitudes which marked the end of the eighteenth century in France; and his case, incidentally, is not a unique one. The violinist Guénin, born in 1744, from 1777 on received fifteen hundred livres per year as intendant of the music of the Prince of Conti; plus an indemnification of four hundred and fifty livres because he was not lodged at the Palais-Bourbon, the Prince's residence, which, as is well known, is now the seat of the Chamber of Deputies. Adjunct of the first violin at the *Opéra* in 1780, with a salary of twelve hundred livres, his allowance, when the

Revolution at last broke out in 1790, amounted to two thousand livres. At the *École royale de musique*, founded in 1784, he received a thousand livres per annum; the King's Music guaranteed him another thousand. In 1795, he drew fifteen hundred livres at the *École de musique*, become the *Conservatoire;* but the reorganization of the institution in 1800 left him no more than six hundred livres of income. None of the pensions he had enjoyed during the old régime remained to help him exist. He retired to Marseilles, and attached himself to Charles IV, King of Spain. The Empire was swept away. In 1814 Louis XVIII allowed him to join his "music," with fifteen hundred francs per year at first, and later, in 1816, twelve hundred. This great violinist, whom Cherubini called "the unageable," did not die until 1835, at the age of ninety-one, having fortunately found a place of refuge in his old age in the home of his daughter and son-in-law at Étampes.

Side by side with these allowances and gratifications, which the Revolution so brutally did away with, we might recall some of the "cachets," or "orders" of payment secured by foreign artists called to Court or invited thither when they happened to be in residence in France. Let us mention two of the most illustrious of them: one was the male soprano Caffarelli, come to France at the request of the Dauphiness, Marie-Josèphe of Saxony, in 1753, who cost the treasury of the *menus-plaisirs* more than eight thousand livres, independently of the seventy-five livres he received per diem, and the establishment "which had been assured him at Versailles." And in 1764, the "Sieur Mozard" received from the same *menus-plaisirs* "the sum of twelve hundred livres for having had music played by his children in the presence of the royal family." In addition the King's Household presented little Wolfgang with a gold snuff-box. The same Wolfgang, on his return to Paris in 1778, played anything but the part attributed to him by M. Sacha Guitry in a recent play for which Reynaldo Hahn wrote the music. Finding it difficult to make both ends meet, he no longer gave exhibitions at twelve hundred livres per exhibition, but lessons whose "cachet" amounted only to three livres; "which is what everybody pays here," he wrote his father, disillusioned like so many others who had undertaken to conquer Paris. . . . The ballet which he *gave*—this is the right word and he gave it anonymously, into the bargain—at the *Opéra*, and the symphonies performed at the *Concerts spirituels* at the Tuileries, did not net him a single sou. It is true that the question of giving him a position as organist at Versailles, with a salary of two

thousand livres for six months' service, came up, but it led to nothing.

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The honoraria or "royalties" paid in proportion to the receipts in theatres and at concerts, are a post-Revolutionary innovation. The composer often identifying himself with the performer himself, the author with the actor, or with the director of the performance (as was the case with Molière and Lully, for example), especially in former, less sophisticated days, there was, quite naturally, no commercial value attached to his artistic creation, properly so-called. In the long run, however, it came to be recognized, in its turn creating a proprietory right, the *author's right.* For the composer as well as for the author of dramatic works, this right and those which may derive from it are in essence divided into a right of publication and the right of execution or of performance.

The first of these rights was recognized at a quite early date, that is to say, after the invention of printing. In the sixteenth century we find a contract between the lutenist Guillaume Morlaye, the pupil of Albert de Rippe and editor of his posthumous compositions, and the publisher Michel Faizandat (April 19, 1552), relative to the publication of the illustrious "Albert's" works. Faizandat engaged to print twelve hundred copies "and no more," and to pay the cost of printing. He was to sell half of the "books" on the author's account; in other words, he gave over half the gross receipts to him. The edition exhausted, Morlaye reëntered into his ownership of the work. It is clear that these conditions of publication are infinitely more liberal than those of our own day.

A century and a half later, Destouches negotiated with the publisher Ballard, under conditions already somewhat more favorable—according to the point of view—for the publication of his opera "Callirhoé" (October 18, 1712): Ballard was to print six hundred copies, keeping two hundred for his expenses, and was to furnish Destouches with a hundred "to serve as presentation copies, while for the three hundred copies remaining he would pay three livres, ten sols, as and when he sold them." The same conditions were to be observed with regard to four hundred copies sold of eventual following editions. Thus the author and editor formed a "society," in which the first, in exchange for his work—the score was priced at eight livres—received approximately forty-four per cent. on one-half or two-thirds of the edition.

Without entering upon further details we may add that, under the old régime, the author or his representative had to obtain a "license," which he ceded to the publisher. The Ballard family for two and a half centuries—from 1552 to the Revolution—had the license for music-printing in France, a fact which, be it said in passing, contributed to the decadence of this kind of reproduction. Engraving, however, which came into favor in the eighteenth century, escaped this monopolization. The duration of engraving licenses—the first, secured by Attaignant, dates from 1529—varied from three to twenty years; the majority of them ran for six, nine or twelve years. This license, says Michel Brenet, whose erudite researches have made the practices of the old music publishing industry known to us, was a favor which the fiscal authorities knew to exploit. In 1701 they demanded from five to two hundred and forty livres for an edition of fifteen hundred copies; and later there was "the stamp on music" tax, established under Louis XVI, in 1786, with the object of "stopping the circulation of spurious editions." Every composition placed on sale was stamped, and the proceeds, as well as those of the confiscations, were allocated to the support of the *École royale de déclamation et de chant*, the future *Conservatoire*, established in 1784. The *Conservatoire* in turn benefited by this impost: a report of the commissions of public instruction, on the 6th Ventôse of the Year VIII, calls to mind that "the public treasury profits from the proceeds of the stamp on all music-prints, and this revenue, after the success of the *Conservatoire*, may become a considerable one, when our relations are reëstablished with those powers who have had the blindness and the barbarity to seek to destroy us while at the same time envying the productions of the territory and the genius of France." We can still find this stamp on old music of the time of the Restoration and the reign of Louis-Philippe.

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The price of the music itself, as a rule, amounted to six livres for a collection of six sonatas, and that of the operas had risen from eight livres at the beginning of the century to twenty-four livres, "en blanc," that is to say, unbound. The composer's proceeds from the sale of a collection, or of an opera of which an edition of some five or six hundred copies was published, therefore, was not so very large, even though he always were paid what was due him—which was rare where chamber-music compositions

were concerned. Hence the composer had no other resource than to exercise his trade as an instrumental player, a music-master or a copyist, like Jean-Jacques Rousseau; or to try and secure employment as an organist "in ordinary" with the King's Music; or as a "symphonist" in the orchestra of the *Opéra* or of some other theatre, if he did not want to be reduced to begging his bread.

It was this precarious situation, this position of "inferiority," to use Liszt's word, and their absolute dependence on the good will of patrons and of generous dedicatees, which led dramatic authors and composers to insist upon participation in the receipts of performances. In Lully's day the question did not come up, because he was the absolute ruler of the *Académie royale de musique*, whose needs he supplied by his own sole effort. He gave one opera each year, for whose poem he paid Quinault four thousand livres. Campra, so the brothers Parfait, historiographers of the *Opera*, tell us, was the first to obtain honoraria with his ballet "L'Europe galante," in 1697, which the regulations of January 11, 1713, distributed in the following manner: the librettist and the composer received a hundred livres for each of the first ten performances; then fifty livres for each of the twenty following ones, "provided, nevertheless, that the said compositions be played without interruption." Revivals were not figured and rarely, counting from the initial "staging" of a work, did the thirty performances materialize which allowed the authors to obtain the maximum, or two thousand livres. The following year (November 19, 1714), a new regulation taxed ballets, under the same conditions, to the extent of sixty to thirty livres only. This method of remuneration was in force at the *Opéra* up to the middle of the nineteenth century; it was not until 1816 that five hundred francs per performance were allocated to the authors of a five-act opera; and four hundred beginning with its forty-first repetition. The tariff on a one- or two-act opera was two hundred or two hundred and forty francs; then one hundred and sixty or one hundred and forty, beginning with the forty-first repetition. The account-books of the *Opéra* show us that Meyerbeer contented himself with 266.66 francs per evening, and his librettist, Scribe, with one-half that amount, or one-third of the total—133.33 francs.

Foreign musicians—Gluck, Piccinni, Sacchini, Salieri—drawn to France in the time of Louis XVI, profited by special conditions which might well excite the envy of their French colleagues. Gluck, who had made twelve thousand livres with his "Iphigénie en Tauride," plus four thousand livres by way of gratification, and other little emoluments, demanded twenty thousand—though

he contented himself with half that sum—for his "Écho et Narcisse," which was not a success. Piccinni, his rival, who claimed that he received fifteen thousand livres per year at the Neapolitan Court, would not consent to come to Paris except for a *pension* (fee) of six thousand livres from the Court, independently of any benefits which he might secure from the *Opéra* and the publishers. In 1783, if we may believe him, he thus made eighteen thousand livres, without counting the proceeds of the sale of three opera scores, and the pension of six thousand livres paid him by the financier La Borde for the musical education of his daughters. Salieri obtained twenty thousand livres for three operas and received a pension of six thousand; the *Opéra* acquired his score of "Les Danaïdes" for ten thousand livres, plus two thousand more to cover the costs of his journey from Vienna to Paris. Besides, the publisher Deslauriers paid him twelve hundred livres for the score, on condition that the name of Gluck—for Gluck was reputed to be the composer of "Les Danaïdes"—be carried on the play-bills until the opera had been thirteen times performed. At the end of the century, in 1799—on the sixth Floréal of the Year VII—the same Deslauriers, "paper merchant," as he is termed in the record, signed an agreement with the younger Berton, which gave him proprietary rights in the opera "Montano et Stéphanie," with the right of arrangement "for such instruments as he might deem fit," in return for only one thousand livres; paid, incidentally, as follows: Three hundred livres cash in hand; a receipt for one hundred and fifty-five livres already paid Berton; and copies of scores of the music, at his own option, less one-quarter of the price, to the amount of five hundred and forty-five livres! This "paper merchant" drove a better bargain with the French composer than he did with a Gluck or a Salieri.

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The performance of symphonic or chamber-music does not, under the ancient law, appear to have been regularly remunerated. Yet at times composers advanced quite justified claims, since, without new music, it was very difficult to make concerts attractive. Thus we see Mondonville, from 1758 to 1762, receive from the *Concert spirituel* of the Tuileries a fee of twelve hundred livres for his motets, which were the great drawing-card for the music-lovers—and for playing the violin. In 1762, Mondonville having retired, he refused fifteen hundred livres for these same motets, which were little oratorios, and carried his scores off with him.

But ten years later he changed his mind, moved thereto by the respectable sum of twenty-seven thousand livres for nine years. He died on October 8, 1772, the same year, incidentally leaving this inheritance to his widow, who was in addition the recipient of a pension of six hundred livres from the Royal Treasury.

We might mention another analogous case, toward the end of the century. In 1784 the *Concert de la Loge Olympique* ordered half-a-dozen symphonies from Haydn, at six hundred livres apiece. Haydn accepted the order and, as is known, composed the six Olympic Lodge symphonies. A little later, on two different occasions, he was called to England, and these trips brought him a small fortune.

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It was not until 1777, thanks to Beaumarchais, that the relations between the stage in general and the authors were put on a regular basis. That year, on the occasion of the performance of "Le Barbier de Séville," which caused a scandal, Figaro's creator—an enterprising man, as every one knows—assembled his colleagues to determine the conditions of literary and artistic ownership, thus laying the earliest foundation for a society of authors and composers. Thirteen years later, these addressed a petition to the National Assembly, which on January 13–19, 1791, passed a law, completed by the statute of the following February 19, and the law of August 30, 1792. Literary and artistic property rights were created. Very timidly at first, the legislator assigned to the author and then to his heirs, for a period of five years only, the right to authorize or to forbid the performance of his works, and in consequence, the right to derive a profit from them. Analogous rights have been recognized with regard to authors and composers from that time on, and have been embodied in all the laws dealing with the subject; and the life of their rights has been extended to a term of fifty years, after the author's death, when they fall into "the public domain."

The Revolution brought with it a change of conditions for the artist-musician as well as for the composer. Salaries, pensions, allowances, even lessons, were ruthlessly suppressed. Those only were able to live—and with what difficulty!—who were employed in the theatres, very numerous since the decree of 1791 had made them free, if not prosperous, since prosperity cannot be established by decree. In Paris the theatres sprang up in every quarter, like the "movies" of our own day; and from fourteen their number

had increased to thirty-three by 1791, each year witnessing the opening of new houses, until a Napoleonic decree of August 8, 1807, reduced them to eight. On the other hand, the bands of the National Guard, embryo of the *Conservatoire*, and the civic fêtes, frequent during a whole decade, gave employment and a measure of subsistence to musicians. The Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, in part, up to 1830, reëstablished the customs of the old Court, but never with the same prodigality. Salaries having varied but little in spite of monetary changes, those formerly rich no longer enjoying their olden luxury, and those newly enriched not having the same taste for patronage, the musician's life also underwent a change. Teaching became his great resource during the nineteenth century, until quite recently, when syndicalism has made it possible for him to secure a salary in keeping with his knowledge and his professional education. As to the composer, protected by laws which accord him his proportionate "right" of receipts, his material situation depends solely on the greater or lesser meed of success which the public, now his only master, concedes his works.

(*Translated by Frederick H. Martens*)

THE SECRET OF PAGANINI'S TECHNIQUE

By EDGAR ISTEL

Ognun' a suoi segreti.
(Everyone has his secrets.)
—*Paganini.*

WHEN we scan the almost innumerable host of the great violinists of all nationalities, our gaze is involuntarily attracted by one strangely compelling figure; among the crowd of artists interesting through artistry alone there stands out, unique of his kind, the man rightly called the King of Violinists, the "wizard" Paganini.

Worshipped by his contemporaries, yet regarded with secret awe and immeshed in a maze of legends, his secret is to-day, nearly one hundred years after his death, still unexplored in its last marvellous recesses, whereas he himself was so astonishingly successful in unveiling technical subtleties theretofore undiscovered, that no one has since then been able to devise a single outstanding novelty in violin-playing. Paganini was and still is the Sphinx whose riddle his own and later generations have vainly striven to solve with finality. However, we shall find it possible by dint of a searching study, conducted along artistic lines, of our main sources of information concerning Paganini, to obtain a very realistic idea of the style and scope of his technique, and therewith to press on into his fabulous realm. In the following I shall keep strictly to authentic statements respecting this unparalleled phenomenon, and discard everything that more or less imaginative "biographers," unsustained by actual facts, have told us about Paganini. And thereby it will be shown that the reality is far more romantic and fantastic than many have dreamt of in their philosophy.

It is difficult, of course, to give the non-violinist a clear notion what we have to deal with, but I shall do my best to facilitate a general understanding of the matter. Even so, only he can rightly judge of Paganini who has himself stood on the stage, violin in hand, delivered up unconditionally to the mercies of the dæmons dwelling in the four enchanted strings, while a thousand eyes and ears are appraising the more or less deftly-fingered "virtuoso." Only he who knows how immeasurably difficult even

the simplest detail of violin-playing is (in comparison wherewith all pianistic difficulties are mere child's play), can arrive at an approximate idea of what the phenomenon, Paganini, means in the passing show of this world. And this should be understood, above all, by violinists in their formative period, before they venture to accost a Sphinx to whom hecatombs of victims have been senselessly sacrificed.

. . . On the stage of the Hamburg *Komödienhaus* there appeared a sombre figure that seemed as if arisen from the nether regions. It was Paganini, in his black dress suit; the black coat and black vest of a barbarous cut, peradventure in the fashion prescribed by the infernal etiquette of Proserpine's court; the black pantaloons draped flabbily around the wasted legs. The long arms looked still longer as he came on holding in one hand his violin and in the other his bow, hanging down almost to the floor, and bowed to the audience with unheard-of elaborations. In the angular bendings of his body there lay a ghastly suggestion of woodenness, together with a clownish animality, that made this entrance-scene strangely provocative of laughter; but his face, still more lividly corpselike in the glaring illumination of the orchestra, took on such an imploring, meekly idiotic expression, that a shuddering sympathy repressed the impulse to laugh. Is this imploring look that of one sick unto death, or does it mask the mockery of a shrewd miser?[1] . . . But all such questioning was incontinently silenced when the marvellous master set the violin beneath his chin and began to play.

And now the poet—none less than Heinrich Heine (in "Florentinische Nächte," 1836)—seeks, through the medium of his poetic imagination, to conjure up, in "a moving row of magic shadow-shapes," the pictures that Paganini's fabulous and, to his mind, incomparable violin-playing brought before his mental vision; romantic fantasies wherein Paganini himself with his violin again and again figures as the protagonist.

Give imagination its full due:—but what is the historic truth about this playing, already become legendary? At a very early date the wildest fairy-tales were told about Paganini's unheard-of mastery of the G-string; it was said that Paganini had committed a murder and, in his prison-cell, had begged for his violin, which was given him—but with only one string, to prevent him from hanging himself with the aid of several! The real fact, as derived from Paganini's own lips, and known to but few, bears quite another aspect. (It was during his stay at Lucca, where he was held by tender ties, and from 1805 to 1813 acted as chamber-virtuoso and court conductor to Princess Maria Anna Elise, the sister of Napoleon I.)

[1] "Signor Paganiente" (Mr. Paynothing) was the Italians' jocular nickname for Paganini, whose miserliness was proverbial.

I was playing at Lucca when the reigning family attended the theatre, although the Princess did not always appear or remain to the end because the harmonics of my violin too strongly affected her nerves. Contrariwise, another charming lady, who felt drawn to me, and whom I had long admired, was never absent. Our mutual inclination was gradually intensified, but had to be withheld from observation, whereby it gained in depth of feeling and engaging intercourse. One day I promised to surprise her at the next concert with a musical conceit that should have reference to our relation. At the same time I announced at court a whimsical novelty which I entitled "Love-scene." [This piece is unfortunately lost.] This unusual announcement aroused eager expectancy; finally I appeared with my violin, from which I had removed the two middle strings, so that only E and G remained. I let the higher represent the maiden, the lower the man, and began to perform a sort of dialogue wherein should be lightly sketched the quarrels and reconciliations of a pair of lovers. Now the strings had to chide, and now to sigh; they had to whisper, to moan, to frisk, to rejoice and, at the end, to exult. And at the final reconciliation the newly united pair perform a *pas de deux*, that closes with a brilliant coda. This musical scene was much applauded; the lady to whom the whole was addressed, rewarded me with tender looks. But the Princess overwhelmed me with praise, and closed by saying: "Since you can perform such marvels on two strings, would it not be possible to let us hear something on one?" I instantly assented; the idea fired my imagination, and as the Emperor's birthday was due a few weeks later, I wrote a sonata, "Napoleon," for the G-string,[1] which I played before the assembled court with great applause. This was the first and effective impulse to my fondness for the G-string; there was a growing demand for more such performances, and one day taught the next, so that my skill and confidence continually increased.

In point of fact, Paganini could soon command with facility (by the aid of the harmonic tones) no less than three and a half octaves on this single string. What might appear to the unprofessional a mere "trick of the trade" assumed, under his fingers, an expression of consummate artistry. For the reason that the vibrations did not proceed from strings of different thickness, but from a single string, the strains of the violin were blended in the tender unity of a picturesque ground-color. The bright natural tone of the violin (Paganini preferred to play on a Guarnerius that had been presented him, and is still treasured in Genoa) vanishes completely, and a new instrument, as it were, is created, whose soft, melting tones only remotely resemble the viola or violoncello. One heard, moreover, as a contemporary critic expresses it,

[1]Unprinted. A facsimile of the autograph is in A. Weissmann's luxuriously embellished work "Der Virtuose" (Berlin, 1918), where we also find a portrait, evidently very true to nature, of the aging, infirm Paganini. Here we note most distinctly his physical abnormality, the altogether remarkable manner of holding the violin and the bow.

the wistful sliding and binding of the tones that is possible in so thrilling a style on only one string. Besides, the master loses but little through such volutary restriction; for he takes the intervals, up to leaps of octaves, with such swiftness and precision, that one seems to hear passages in double-stops.

How astonishing not only Paganini's fleetness of finger but also the delicacy of his hearing was, is proved by an occurrence related by the musician Luigi Pichianti, that would seem incredible in the case of any other than Paganini. He had an engagement to play a Haydn sonata together with a lady at a social gathering, arrived unusually late, and refused to tune his violin before beginning, not wishing to keep the company waiting longer. After the sonata, which Paganini played ravishingly, embellishing it with luxuriant arabesques of his own devising, was ended, Pichianti compared the "A" (chamber-pitch) of the piano with that of the violin, and found that they differed by a whole tone! By means of an original system of fingering, conjoined with a nervous sensitiveness in reaching for and touching the intervals, he had so effectually counteracted the inequality in tuning that no one surmised it.

Indeed, he was hardly ever seen to tune the instrument, and none the less the accuracy of his playing was unsurpassable. His closest observer, the Frankfort Kapellmeister K. W. F. Guhr (1787–1848), who wrote in 1831 "Über Paganini's Kunst, die Violine zu spielen," after long study demonstrated that the tuning of Paganini's instrument was wholly *sui generis*. He usually tuned up all the strings by a semitone (the G-string occasionally by a minor third). Before he had his G-string wound, he stretched it on his violin, but neither higher nor lower in pitch than his purpose required, that is, either in G, or in A-flat, or in B-flat; however, both string and wire were thinner for the B-flat pitch. Paganini changed strings to suit the occasion, and the strings were held true to pitch by precautionary measures taken by him. The notion that he tuned or untuned the violin while playing (entertained at first by Guhr himself) may therefore (so Guhr asserts) be dismissed as mythical, although affirmed elsewhere.

Thenceforward Paganini was able to make the violin perform the wildest antics. He avenged himself in the drollest fashion on certain malcontents who hissed a lady-singer who assisted at a concert of his in Ferrara; at the close he announced that he would imitate the voices of various animals on the violin, and simulated the twittering of birds, the crowing of the cock, the mewing of the cat, the bark of the dog, etc. Finally he imitated the "he-haw"

of the ass, and shouted to the audience, "That is for the one who hissed!" Only with difficulty did he escape severe ill-treatment at the hands of the enraged auditors, who sought to mob him. Later he learned how incautiously he had acted; for the inhabitants of Ferrara were regarded as blockheads by the countryfolk round about, and when a villager came home from Ferrara he commonly replied to the question, whence he came, with "He-haw!"

But Paganini could also perform incredible feats in serious improvisation. One day the French violinist Lafont, his rival, proposed a trial of skill in the form of a joint concert, and they agreed upon a concerto for two violins by Kreutzer (the composer to whom Beethoven's famous sonata is dedicated). Paganini, to be sure, kept strictly to the notes in all passages where the two solo violins played together; but in the soli for his own instrument he followed up in double-stops (octaves, thirds and sixths) what his rival had just played in single tones, and passages that the latter had performed in a moderate tempo were repeated by Paganini with a pyrotechnic shower of grace-notes.

A sublime supremacy, coupled with flawless accuracy; passages in octaves and tenths at lightning speed, runs in sixteenth-notes in which a pizzicato note alternated with one *coll' arco*, and every tone so distinct and clean that the hearer did not miss a single nuance; a swift tuning up or down of the strings without interruption in the most difficult bravura pieces:—and all this, which under other conditions might smack of charlatanism, performed with such inimitable mastership, that one is transported by astonishment and speechless admiration.

Thus runs a contemporary report; but our informant adds:

In the Adagio the artist seemed as if transformed by magic; no trace remained of the preceding *tours de force;* a soulful singer in lofty legato style and of tender simplicity, he drew forth celestial tones that came from the heart and penetrated the heart.

Indeed, Paganini gave his first biographer (Julius Max Schottky, "Paganinis Leben und Treiben als Künstler und Mensch, mit unparteiischer Berücksichtigung der Meinungen seiner Anhänger und Gegner"; Prague, 1830), as a motto for the story of his life, the words, "Bisogna forte sentire para far sentire." (One must feel strongly, to make others feel.)—To Schottky we likewise owe a graphic description of Paganini's appearance in Prague, supplementing Heine's relation:

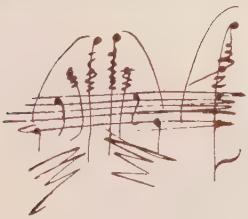
He is so thin, that one could hardly be thinner; then he has a pale yellow complexion, a large, prominent Roman nose, and long, bony fingers. He looks as if he were barely held together by his clothes, and

when he makes his bows his body moves in such a strange way as to make one fear that at any moment the legs and body may part company and the whole figure collapse into a heap of bones. While playing he advances his right foot and, when the passages grow livelier, beats time with it with a vehemence bordering on the laughable, but without the least change in the apathetic expression of his face, except that in response to thunderous applause it is distorted by a grotesque smile, the lips slowly shifting aside in the strangest fashion, and the eyes blinking hither and yon with a self-complacent air, yet with a dash of good-humor. In difficult passages his frame forms a sort of triangle, the body being excessively bent inward, while the head and right foot are thrown forward. From his instrument one hears, besides the tones peculiar to the violin, veritable nature-sounds, like the simple songs of birds, or the warbling of the nightingale, or the silvery chime of bells, now flute-like and dying away, and again a stormy flood of torrential double-stops that seem to dominate the entire orchestra.

Of essential importance in these things were, of course, the instruments wielded by the master. He possessed quite a number of genuine Cremonese violins, one of which, a Stradivarius, his most cherished possession, he valued at eight thousand gulden at the lowest,[1] as its tone was exceptionally sonorous and of a timbre unparalleled in emotional appeal. Paganini maintained that this instrument was the king of all violins: "Its tone is almost that of a violoncello, so marked is its intensity. Beside it I place my most highly prized double-bass of the finest tone; in Milan I left behind me an exquisite Amati and a Guarnerius which, though small, has a tone of charming sweetness." However, his favorite violin was the one mentioned above, a Guarneri del Gesù of the year 1741.

Now, considered from a strictly technical standpoint, how did the "wizard" manipulate these instruments? "Ognun' a suoi segreti" was the stereotyped reply wherewith Paganini always met the indiscreet inquiries of Guhr, who had made up his mind to hand down to posterity an exact description of Paganini's technique. To-day it is clear that even Guhr, despite unremitting, intent observation, was able to unveil only a part of the secret; Paganini himself, who lived for ten years after the publication of Guhr's book, took occasion to register the fact that no one had yet been able to solve the baffling riddle of his playing. At the same time he repeatedly declared that there was a kind of magic formula, a secret discovered by and known only to himself, that enabled a violinist to attain in a brief time to the height of finger-

[1]The purchasing value of money was then very high, and quite out of proportion to that of our own time. Moreover, we know that, according to Paganini's statement, three thousand eight hundred francs were paid for Viotti's Strad in the year 1824.



Nicolò Paganini

dexterity. Shortly before his death the "Gazette musicale" of Jan. 23, 1840, observed:

He is always talking about a new violin-method that he intends to publish, which would considerably shorten the time needed for technical study, and would, moreover, make it possible to acquire greater perfection of intonation than has any other violinist. Be that as it may, it is the publisher's affair to extort this secret from him, and I think he would be repaid for his pains.

That these remarks were not merely a business trick of the covetous Paganini, who aimed at leaving his only son, whom he idolized, an immense fortune, is shown by a statement from his friend and biographer Schottky, set down ten years earlier:

In his conversations with me Paganini very often said that sometime, when he had done with touring and retired, so to speak, to a life of leisure, he was going to make known a secret to be learned in no conservatory, that would insure to any youth possessing it the ability to train himself in three years at most to a pitch of perfection otherwise not attainable in general in fewer than ten years. I asked him repeatedly if he were not jesting, and he would answer: "I swear to you that I am telling the truth, and authorize you to mention it explicitly in my biography. There is only one person, Gaetano Ciandelli of Naples, now about twenty-four years of age, who knows my secret. He had formerly been a very mediocre player on the violoncello. As I took an interest in the young man, I communicated my discovery to him, with such beneficial effect that within three days he became an entirely different person, and people were lost in amazement over the sudden reformation of his playing. Whereas his tone had been so rasping that one's ears ached, and his bowing that of the veriest novice, the tones were now pure, full and sweet; the stroke of his bow was under perfect control, and made the profoundest impression on his astonished hearers."

No one will find it hard to believe [continues Schottky] that I shook my head skeptically at this declaration, which passes my understanding, at least. Still, as Paganini continually tried to assure me that his assertions were seriously meant, I told him that I proposed to submit this story to the judgment of the public, and received his full consent to do so. Indeed, to clinch the matter, he himself wrote the following lines: "Gaetano Ciandelli di Napoli per la magia communicatagli da Paganini divenne primo violoncello dei R. R. Teatri colà e potrebbe essere il primo d'Europa." (Gaetano Ciandelli of Naples became by reason of the secret communicated to him by Paganini the first violoncellist at the Royal Theatres in that city and could be the first in Europe.)

But still another and more widely known artist had the inestimable good fortune to be instructed by Paganini. Camillo Sivori (b. Genoa, 1815, d. there 1894) could boast of being the sole violin-pupil of the master. Regarding this Paganini said:

This young man, whose ear was certainly the most sensitive in the world, was hardly seven years old when I gave him his first lessons on the scale. Within three days he already played several pieces, and everybody exclaimed, "Paganini has performed a miracle!" For after only two weeks he began playing in public. My secret—if I may call it so—may be expected to enlighten violinists as to the means of realizing the nature of the instrument more readily than was hitherto the case; the instrument shows itself full of latent possibilities hardly suspected before. Not to chance, but to serious study do I owe this discovery, whose application will do away with the necessity of practising four or five hours daily. It must supersede the accepted method of teaching, whose main object seems to be to make difficulties rather than to instruct. But I must warn against the mistake of seeking this secret, whose utilization requires brains, in my system of tuning or (still less) in my bowing alone.

It would appear, however, that Sivori lacked precisely the "brains" demanded by Paganini; for, although the greatest master of the violin ever known had imparted his secret to him, he cannot be numbered among the most eminent violinists. A thoroughly competent judge, Joseph von Wasielewski, author of the book "Die Violine und ihre Meister," himself heard Sivori play, and criticizes him thus:

Whereas Paganini grasps the unheard-of with mighty fist and, bursting all fetters, presents it to our fascinated senses in his own dæmonic fashion, Sivori indulges in experiments whose unfruitful nature either leaves us indifferent or can at most excite a feeling of regret in view of his obvious artistic aberrancy.

Herein is again manifested the truth of Goethe's dictum, that the "supreme happiness of the children of earth" is the personality alone, and that the mere matter-of-fact handing over of a technical secret makes no new Paganini.

Whatever may be thought concerning the value of hist secret, one thing is certain; no one ever overheard Paganini practise. It has even been related that a wealthy admirer, who was bent upon fathoming the mystery of Paganini's playing, followed him for weeks on his travels and regularly occupied an adjoining room, but never succeeded in hearing even a single note. Just once he happened to see Paganini take up his violin and carry out a few noiseless fingerings on it—nothing more! So it can scarcely be doubted that Paganini had an original method for utilizing his natural endowments, which enabled him in a comparatively short time and without wasting time and strength to arrive at remarkable results in finger-training:—a system which, when applied to factory work, is now famed the

world over as the American "Taylor System" [Taylor himself calls it "scientific management"]. Now, since in Paganini's case we evidently have to deal (as he himself said) with laws of general application, which are grounded, on the one hand, in the nature of the violin, and on the other in the idiosyncrasies of human nature, it should be possible to rediscover his secret. There is only one difficulty to be overcome:—Paganini was manifestly self-taught in essentials; consequently it was in a wholly natural manner (like a child, as it were, "in play") that he explored the hidden technical resources of the instrument, without the technical advice of some teacher clinging to a false "tradition." However, it may be taken for granted that any budding violinistic talent not endowed with the exceptional genius of a Paganini will go sadly astray without the guidance of an intelligent teacher.

To the highly interesting disclosures of a physician we are indebted for a knowledge of the fact, that Paganini's playing was not evolved solely from his discovery of secrets regarding the violin, but was also more especially the outcome of his individual physical equipment. Goethe, in a letter to Zelter (June 9, 1831), had early called attention to an essay by Dr. Bennati, "Notice physiologique sur Paganini," in the "Revue de Paris" (1831):

> A remarkable article about Paganini is by a physician who knew and treated him for several years; he most ingeniously sets forth, how the musical talent of this remarkable man was urged, directed, even finally conditioned by the formation of his body and the proportions of his limbs, to achieve the incredible, nay, the impossible. This he traces back, *pour nous autres*, to the conclusion that the organism, in its various aspects, engenders the singular manifestations of living beings. And here I will record one of the most pregnant sayings bequeathed us by our forefathers:
>
> "The animals are instructed by their organs."
>
> If we consider how much of the animal remains in Man, and that he possesses the faculty to instruct his organs, we shall willingly return again and again to these reflections.

Thus far Goethe, who penetrates with the eye of genius to the core of Paganini's mystery. Bennati, to whom we owe this deep insight into Paganini's physical individuality, sets out from the opinion that the perfection of the famous violinist was less the fruit of long practice (as is often asserted) than an outgrowth of his peculiar physique.

In order that Paganini should become what he is to-day, it was necessary that his genius should be associated with organs of most delicate sensibility. His brain might have enabled him to become a

great composer; but without his astonishing rhythmic sense, and the build of his body, the shoulders, arms and hands, he could never have grown into this incomparable virtuoso.

Bennati asserts that for ten years he was on terms of friendly intimacy with Paganini, and had treated him medically for months at a time, so that no physiological aspect of his life could continue unknown to the physician. He had thus assured himself that the mechanism of his playing was grounded in the structure of his body and limbs, and that therein resided, in the main, the secret of which Paganini boasted, even to the physician. Most interesting, especially when compared with the reports of Heine and Schottky, is the description of Paganini's personality given by Bennati:

Paganini is pale, slender, and of medium height. He is only forty-seven years old, but his leanness, and the absence of teeth, which causes his lips to sink in and his chin to protrude unnaturally, make him look much older. His full-formed head, set upon a long, thin neck, seems at first sight quite disproportionate to his spare limbs. A high, broad, angular forehead, a strongly individualized Roman nose, well-arched eyebrows, a shrewdly malicious mouth with a certain resemblance to Voltaire's, large, outstanding ears, long black hair hanging down in disorder over the shoulders, and sharply contrasting with the pallid complexion—all this lends Paganini an unusual appearance which in a measure impresses one as a reflection of the originality of his genius.

From the detailed history, interesting only to the medical profession, of Paganini's ailments we note merely the statement that the mobility and impressionability of his nervous system were extraordinary. All disorders that supervened were complicated with singular phenomena arising from this source. For us, however, the following observations by Bennati are of the highest significance:

In considering every violinist, two matters must be distinguished; the first, that may be imitated, is their Method, for this attaches only to the mentality; the second, dangerous and often ludicrous when one tries to copy it, is their Style, which almost invariably is adapted to their individuality. The reason is plain enough; either the temperament or the occupation of the artist, or both together, have familiarized his members with adjustments and a specific mannerism that cannot be imparted to them at pleasure. This exactly fits Paganini's case. Merely observe the way he holds and lays down the bow, the position into which he sometimes carries his arm, and then name another artist who can imitate him. Who, for instance, in order to produce certain effects, can almost cross elbows over his chest? And could anyone, by the way, do so if he, instead of being as thin as Paganini, were as stout as his countryman Rossini? In whom, excepting Paganini, do we find that natural

conformation so favorable to his playing, namely, the left shoulder higher by an inch than the right, so that when he stands upright and lets his arms hang down, the right side looks much longer than the left? And the elasticity of the capsular tendinous ligaments of both shoulders, the slackening of the ligaments that connect the wrist with the forearm, the wrist with the palm of the hand, and the various joints with one another—who has all this and, therewith, corresponding capabilities of Paganini? His hand is no larger than normal, but by virtue of the elasticity possessed by all its parts, its stretching-capacity is doubled. Thus, without shifting the position of his hand, he can bend the tip-joints of the fingers of the left hand, that touch the strings, in an extraordinary fashion, so that, without shifting the hand, they are turned aside and away from the natural movement of the joints; and he does it easily, swiftly, and surely. It may be objected, that this physical proficiency has been developed only by dint of long practice. Possibly; but at all events it will be admitted that Nature must have moulded him wondrously to enable him to attain this result. . . . All the advantages bestowed on him by Nature meant, for him, what the vocal organ means for a singer.

Unquestionably, his ear is peculiarly adapted for extremely exact reception of tones, and a connection subsists between the exterior characteristics and the interior construction of the ear. Touching this point we must note a phenomenon whence deductions may be drawn at discretion:—namely, that Paganini's cerebellum is enormous. Seldom, too, does one see such prominent occipital convolutions; and it is equally impossible to find a more delicate sense of hearing. He even hears whispered conversation at a very great distance, and the sensitiveness of his tympanum is so acute that he actually feels pain when loud talking goes on near him or on either side. The impression is by far stronger on the left ear, the one nearest the violin while playing. Indeed, his ears are admirably formed for the reception of sound-waves; the shell broad and deep, with sharply marked projections, and all the lines deeply indented. It would be impossible to meet with a roomier ear, or one better proportioned in all its parts and more markedly developed. . . . The keenness of Paganini's hearing surpasses all conception. Amidst the deafening agitation of the percussion instruments in the full orchestra, the slightest touch of the finger suffices him for tuning his violin; and under the same conditions he notices, with equal certainty, when one of the softer-toned instruments is out of tune, and this at an incredible distance. He has often shown this perfection of his musical faculty in an amazing manner by playing correctly on a violin that was out of tune.

Music possesses Paganini wholly. He may be feeling ever so ill or wretched, yet the first stroke of his bow is like an electric spark that lends him new life; his every nerve vibrates with the strings of his violin, and his understanding can now only translate his soul-impulses into music; he and his violin are then one. For two hours he lives only in his violin; therein his spirit abides and thence extends sovereign sway, so that Paganini's fingers, controlled by its overmastering influence, compel it to reveal all those magical tones that lie hidden in the depths of its nature.

This medical opinion explains why Paganini was inimitable and will always remain so. Externals might be caught; one might even facilitate one's playing by learning certain purely technical "secrets" of his; but what was essential, peculiarly individual, in his mental and physical make-up, was laid with him into the grave. It is regrettable, none the less, that a good many technical devices in artistic fingering and bowing were probably lost because Paganini never consummated his plan of founding a conservatory or of writing a violin-method. And as neither of his two pupils betrayed the "secret," we now have to rely in the main on what the Frankfort Kapellmeister Guhr discovered by his external observation of Paganini's artistry, and chronicled for our benefit. As Guhr, an admirable violinist, is said to have very closely approached his great prototype in point of technical dexterity, his statements may be regarded as especially valuable.

Guhr starts by saying that the other great violinists of that time, like Rode, Kreutzer, Baillot and Spohr, were directly descended from the important Italian masters of the past—Corelli, Tartini, Viotti—and therefore remain unsurpassed in their style. But on comparing their playing with Paganini's, one arrives at the conviction that he had opened an entirely new path. Paganini exercised a dæmonic power over his instrument. Through his irresistible technical skill he permits phantasy to soar untrammeled, and so can draw from his instrument the divine accents of the human voice. Altogether, Paganini was able to bring forth effects never before dreamt of; indeed, words are wanting to describe what one has just heard.

According to Guhr, Paganini's playing differed technically from that of all other violinists in the following six points:

(1) Through the peculiar tuning of the instrument.

(2) Through his peculiar bowing.

(3) Through the mingling and combining of tones played by the bow with pizzicato tones by the left hand.

(4) Through the frequent employment of the natural and artificial harmonics.

(5) Through performance on the G-string alone.

(6) Through polyphonic playing that deceptively imitated several instruments.

Touching these points we should add, that one often noticed how Paganini liked to change the tuning of his violin into the flat keys. Besides abnormally tuning up the G-string to B♭, and the others to E♭–B♭–F, he affected the tuning A♭–E♭–B♭–F (thus raising each string by a semitone). By the aid of

this *scordatura* he could, for instance, let the orchestra play a piece in E♭-major (the wind then being very colorful, and the strings less so), while to him (by means of thus raising the strings by a semitone, so that he could finger the instrument as if playing in D-major) his own violin sounded with an intensity of color that made it stand out above the orchestral violins playing really in E♭-major. It is, therefore, incorrect to say that he played in D-major while the orchestra was playing in E♭-major, for in reality he too was playing in E♭-major, although to do so he applied the fingering for D-major and accordingly wrote the solo violin-part, sounding in E♭-major, in D-major. He simply treated the solo violin as a transposing instrument, like those wind-instruments whose parts do not sound as written.

In a report from Erfurt in 1829 we find an interesting contradiction of Guhr's statement; it reads:

> The frequent audible retuning of the G-string shows the great confidence of the master in his wonderfully keen hearing and self-taught fingerings. In order to employ the harmonics in the remotest keys, he, in a second, attunes his strings to another key in an almost inexplicable manner.

This *scordatura*, which, by the way, was applied to the lute as early as the sixteenth century, was certainly not invented by Paganini, although he raised it to a system. He used it only occasionally, however, employing the ordinary accordatura at other times.

Concerning Paganini's bowing Guhr writes that it was peculiarly remarkable by reason of the springing movement he imparted to it in passages. His staccato had nothing in common with that usually so called; he threw the bow upon the string and ran through the scale with incredible rapidity, the tones rolling along. His bowings were amazing in their diversity; Guhr had never heard with such distinctness, and without the slightest dislocation in rhythm, the marking of the "weak" beats in the swiftest tempo. "With what power did the master then endow his long drawn-out bow, and in the Adagio how did he breathe his tones, as it were, over the instrument." Ofttimes Paganini directly reversed the traditional rules of the school, playing the up-beats usually with down-bow, and the down-beats with up-bow. And the way he held the violin and guided the bow differed from the style generally taught. He was prone to hold his right arm close to his side, only somewhat raising the forearm in vigorous arpeggios, which he performed with the lower part of the bow. His left

shoulder was bent very far forward. Singular, too, was his apparently careless, unconventional fashion of holding and guiding the bow, somewhat as one would handle a switch while out walking. He brought out a most unusual staccato-effect by a sort of "whipping" with the bow; the bow, "thrown" (as Guhr expresses it) onto the string, kept on bounding up and down by its own elasticity while the arm advanced, much as a flat stone skips when thrown across the water.

The combination of bowed tones with the pizzicato is an effect that was known, to be sure, before Paganini, but was brought by him to a pitch of perfection. The chief difficulty, that of making the D- and G-strings sound, he circumvented by using very thin strings. Consequently, his artistic feats cannot be duplicated on thicker strings; in this particular accomplishment Paganini is most difficult of technical imitation.

The extended use of the harmonics, which had been employed before Paganini only by musical jesters or charlatans, is one of the most remarkable achievements of Paganinian technique. Herein he possessed a weird skill; chromatic scales ascending or descending, trills and double-trills, entire passages on strings, all were performed with the utmost ease. It is said that he now and then smuggled a natural tone in between the harmonics, but played it so artfully that the difference could hardly be noticed even by an expert.

To end with, Guhr explains some singular artistic feats. Paganini was enabled, by the elasticity of his hand, to take in one bow four C's, or four D's, or four E♭'s, in the octave across the four strings, by pressing the four strings with the first, second, third and fourth fingers. He could bring the thumb of his left hand over the middle of the fingerboard in such a way that he could play, at pleasure, in the first three positions without the "extension."

The composer Paganini was simply the faithful reflection of the virtuoso, to whom the composer was bound to furnish whatsoever the virtuoso needed for displaying his magical art. Hence, from 1832 onward, Paganini performed almost exclusively his own works; when he played others, he decked them with improvised ornamentation. He was, indeed, the greatest improvisor that music has ever known, and this trait likewise characterizes his compositions. He once remarked to his impresario, Harrys:

> I have my individual method; to it I adapt my compositions. Were I to play other works, I should have to adapt them to suit myself.

And so I prefer to write a piece myself, that assures full freedom for my musical feeling.

His highly individualized style of composition also gave Paganini a chance to make a great show of secrecy with his works. During his lifetime no one else ever saw a copy of his solo violin-part. He always played by heart; for rehearsals he distributed only the orchestral parts and had them collected immediately after the performance, so that no unauthorized person could copy them. Artistic and financial considerations probably had an equal share in this procedure. Be this as it may, his contemporaries already complained that the few compositions which Paganini published did not conform to his mode of playing them, and editions were demanded with precise directions for performance *à la* Paganini. It appears that he really intended to publish such editions before his death, and it is to be regretted that he failed to carry out his intention. Later masters have taken pains to reduce the difficulties by means of careful directions—with how near an approach to accuracy we shall not venture to decide. At all events it would seem clear, from the above, that Paganini's playing is absolutely inimitable for anyone whose physical constitution is not similar to his.

The attitude of the modern violinist with regard to Paganini can hardly be better summed up than by the words of Joseph Joachim in the introduction to A. Bachmann's work in French, "Les grands Violinistes du passé":

Paganini's influence on the technique of the violin is of a twofold nature: on the one hand, it signifies a great advance, for it is Paganini's imperishable distinction that he infinitely augmented the resources of the instrument, both by perfecting the technique of the left hand and by novel bowings. The impression made by Paganini on his contemporaries would not have been so extraordinary, had he not also possessed an individuality of true genius and extraordinary musical gifts, to which many of his compositions, especially the Twenty-four Caprices, bear witness. These are, in truth, of most highly original mastership in technique and composition.

On the other hand, Paganini, through no fault of his own, exercised a disastrous influence; for many ambitious young violinists, fascinated and beguiled by his unheard-of triumphs, fancied they could win equal fame merely by imitating his amazing technique. Even before they had laid a sound and stable basis for the most indispensable requirements of a euphonious style, they attempted purely technical *tours de force* with unnatural contortions of arms and fingers, and neglected purity and beauty of tone and intonation, thus violating the universally applicable rules of the "grand style." They lost sight of material and essential matters, and the disastrous consequences are to-day still apparent in

a vast number of violinists. What with Paganini was only the means to an end, was for them an end in itself, and so became a monstrosity, a caricature. For this, Paganini cannot be held responsible, for he would play the simplest romance in a style that demonstrated his artistic greatness. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, whom I, in my youth, questioned concerning Paganini, told me that Paganini had profoundly moved him by his execution of simple melodies.

This is the truth about Paganini's ultimate secret, and every young violinist should take it to heart before venturing on the study of the perennially seductive art-works of the wizard, Paganini.

(*Translated by Theodore Baker.*)

BRETON FOLK-SONGS

By VIRGINIA STEARNS BEEDE

THERE seems to be something eternally new and fresh about French folk-songs—something that appeals to the most fickle of æsthetic senses. This enduring quality is due, perhaps, to the obscure and problematical nature of their origins. One is continually hoping to pierce the veil that shrouds the history of these charming creations, hardly knowing that a part of their charm lies in their very remoteness. They have the fascination of very old houses whose occupants are long forgotten but in whose musty attics treasures of the past give forth a vague aroma of dust and lavender, and send one on a sentimental journey of imaginative exploration.

So far it is fairly well established that folk-songs are essentially the property and creation of the people. Whether they are a collective work or the fruit of individual inspiration is difficult to determine. The theory most generally held to-day is expressed as definitely as possible, I believe, by Tiersot, who says:

> Created by some unknown poet-musician—obscure rhapsodist, bard, ignorant of the secrets taught by the masters, but imbued with the profound feeling of inexhaustible nature—thus created, the song, hardly escaped from his lips, goes—flies—passing from mouth to mouth, traversing time and space by the sole means of oral tradition without the aid of any notation whatever. This tradition sometimes lasts indefinitely, not without being altered by additions and variations. Such and such a folk-song which lulled us to sleep in our infancy, or which we hear sung by an illiterate peasant, may have a far distant origin and be like the feeble echo of a retreating antiquity.[1]

Despite the still obvious differences in customs, manners, language even, in the various French provinces, one finds that their folk-songs are generally quite similar—the same music with textual variants, or *vice versa*, according to the district. "It is the same with most of our songs as with legends and fairy-tales," says Striffling, "one finds them everywhere, they travel in every direction, transmitting and propagating themselves with a strange rapidity. Consequently their birthplace usually escapes our knowledge." However, there are certain provinces, all of which,

[1] *L'Histoire de la Chanson Populaire*, Preface, p. v.

curiously enough, are those retaining to some extent their primitive language, where one finds poetical and musical expression peculiar only to them. Flanders, Brittany, the Pays Basque, Alsace, and in a small degree, Béarn and Provence are in this category.

Lovers of Brittany are already lamenting the decline of its invincible sturdiness, its fairy-like, romanesque traditions, its picturesque costuming, and, most of all, its deep-rooted faith. Like provincials, however isolated, all over the world, the Bretons are being weaned away from the bosom of their ancestors to the new world of progress and materialism. It is still possible, of course, to see Brittany in its untouched simplicity. There are regions, particularly in the south, in Finistère and Morbihan and Cornouailles where age-old religious and nuptial fêtes are held, and where the traditional costumes are still worn. But it becomes increasingly apparent that a comprehensive idea of the Breton temperament must be sought in Brittany's literature and music—her two outstanding arts. *Tristan et Iseult*, the *Lais de Marie de France*, the *Légende du Roi Arthur*, live between the covers of book-bindings and, it is true, afford the understanding reader a beautiful if somewhat idealized conception of this singularly abstract people. It is in their folk-song, however, that one approaches them both in spirit and in reality, for in the words of Gaston Paris, as quoted by Tiersot, "the delicate stream that slipped out in the time of Jeanne d'Arc still flows and one loves to drink from the hollow of one's hand a few drops of its limpid water which sparkles brightly in the sun amidst the grasses and pebbles." Indeed, Tom Taylor, in his "Ballads and Songs of Brittany," goes so far as to say that for the mass of the people, in Brittany, "song has been the sole means of their preservation."

The reasons for the relatively great lack of amalgamation of Breton folk-songs with those of any other province, may be summed up, I believe, under three headings. In the first place, largely because of her geographical location, which isolates her to some extent from the rest of France, Brittany was not so much affected by foreign invasions. The Roman domination never had either the opportunity or the force to smother in Brittany the old Celtic spirit, which still exists even to-day; the Germanic tribes never penetrated into Brittany, and although it has been suggested that Breton soldiers came into contact with them during certain excursions into France, it is not likely that the Germanic influence was appreciably felt by them. Anatole Le Braz has emphasized the idea that after the conquest of England in 1066, the

Bretons, who took an active part in it were drawn into the Anglo-Norman orbit. "The aristocracy," says M. Le Braz, "became exclusively French in language and culture. The dukes of the race of Hoël no longer understood Breton." This would indicate a tremendous Norman influence tending to destroy the Breton temperament. But it is worth noting that the word "aristocracy" is used, permitting us to assume that the people were not much affected by this revolutionizing event. And indeed, M. Le Braz goes on to say that "the country squires, the lower clergy, the shopkeepers, along with the common people were the only ones to speak Breton habitually." It is evident from this that the Norman conquest, though perhaps affecting "la musique savante" of Brittany, could not have touched her folk-song.

But even if Brittany had been overrun with alien tribes, there is that in the Breton nature which would doubtless have prevented complete submersion of her characteristics. The French almost invariably speak of the Bretons as being "entêtés." They are as stubborn as the land they cultivate and the rocks that guard their coasts against the onslaught of the sea's fury. One feels quite safe in saying that foreign conquerors would have had about as much success in eradicating native Breton characteristics as the Babylonians had in changing the religion of their "stiff-necked" captives. Like the Jews, the Bretons would have rebuilt their fallen temples. In my opinion this stolid tenacity, so fundamentally a part of their make-up, is the biggest factor in such preservation of their national traits as does subsist among the people, and, particularly, as we have said, in their folk-songs.

The third factor in the preservation of these songs arises from the intensely religious character of the people. The Bretons are all great mystics, for whom the supernatural is more real than reality. When the new *curé* arrived at the parish church in Carnac about three years ago, he demanded matches instead of the traditional flint, with which to light the "sacred fire" at the altar. The parishioners lifted their hands in horror and said, "But then it would not be a sacred fire!" And this was not far from the truth!

If their pre-Christian religion still retains such a hold on them, it is only natural that their present faith should be immutable. With the exception of numerous and obvious traces of Druidism and ancient paganism, the Catholic faith has been immune, in Brittany, from contact with other religions, and no foreign influence has crept into the liturgy. Religious upheavals such as the Protestant Methodism of Wales or the war of religion

and races in Ireland never, in Brittany, checked the even course of Catholic music. The reciprocal influence of folk-song and church music has been noted in all countries and, since, in Brittany, the latter has remained especially pure, it never altered the character of the former, whether Breton folk-songs have their source in church music or were merely relatively similar to it.

The great mass of these *chansons populaires* may not, of course, be really ancient. Apropos of this M. Tiersot says:

> Since the Breton song has a physiognomy quite different from that of the French song, it naturally follows that it comes from another source and is connected with other traditions. And traditions in this country are so tenacious that one may consider these particular ones as very old. Consequently, a certain Breton melody, composed in our century, may have conserved the features of her country's oldest songs. It is the same with the costuming. The clothes our peasants wear are made of modern materials, but they have kept the cut and appearance of those of very ancient times and one may even use them as examples of the primitive costume.

We have tried to give the reasons why Brittany, more than most French provinces has at least retained the "cut and appearance" of her oldest folk-songs. We will now have to show in what respects this conservation is noticeable.

The most striking affirmation of the survival of old musical forms is the frequent affinity of folk-songs with plain song and with the ancient Greek modes. This relationship is seen in most French provinces as well as in other countries—Sweden, Russia, and, of course, Wales, Ireland and Scotland. Modal melodies are peculiar to Aryan countries, according to M. Bourgault-Ducoudray,[1] and his theory concerning their origin is based, as we shall see, on this assertion.

> Numerous collections of the folk-melodies of these different countries allow us to note in every case, from the modal and rhythmic point of view, an evident family resemblance. It seems proven to-day that identical characteristics are found in the primitive music of all the people who make up the Indo-European group—that is, the people of the Aryan race. If this be so, is not one led to conclude that a foundation of musical knowledge already existed in the common cradle of all the branches of this race and that it was transmitted to them before their dispersion?

M. Bourgault-Ducoudray rejects all other explanations of the presence of Greek modes in Breton folk-music, and insists that musical germs existed long before liturgical chants (the traditional transmitters of Greek modes) came into existence. "If the Bretons

[1] *Mélodies Populaire de Basse-Bretagne*, p. 14.

had creative genius in the Middle Ages, as the great renown of the twelfth century Breton *lais* proves to us—if they have it still to-day, as their folk-music indicates, it is because they have had it from all time." A national music is not one of those things which a people cares to receive at second hand. In opposition to this ingenious hypothesis we have the theory that modal tunes were introduced into the peoples' art through church music. Considering the unusually intimate association of the Bretons with the Church, it does not seem unlikely that whatever musical tendencies the Bretons possessed may have been suggested or transformed by continued hearing of liturgical chants. Gevaert tells us in his "Musique de l'Antiquité" that "the teacher's example, the ear, and practice sufficed to acquire the knowledge and skill in modes and rhythms." "I knew in my youth," he says, "an illiterate peasant who not only sang correctly the usual bits of the church service, but also indicated without error the pitch (gregorian) of any particular chant." The difficulties attached to the transmission from the Church to the mouths of the peasants do not seem, therefore, to have been very great. We know, furthermore, that Gregorian chant was not only heard in the churches but was taught also in the *Séminaires*, and possibly among the people. Tréguier was at one time "an entirely ecclesiastical town, unfamiliar with commerce and industry—where that which the layman calls *chimère* passes for the sole reality."[1]

It may be argued against this theory that Ireland, Scotland, and Wales also possess modal melodies which are not so easily traced to the Church. But, as in the case of theories themselves, this argument is entirely conjectural, for one immediately comes upon such a statement as this by Tiersot: "Between the Breton melodies and those of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland that we have studied, there are no resemblances appreciable enough for one to recognize in them, with absolute certainty, common traits which would indicate a unique and primitive type."

Another conjecture as to the origins of these pseudo-Greek, or pseudo-liturgical songs is that the instruments employed in ancient times did not permit the use of the present diatonic scales. To discuss this idea would necessitate a detailed study of ancient and medieval instruments and their use, and I will limit myself to one or two quotations which may illustrate the point. Bouchor, in his "Anthologie de la Chanson Populaire," says,

[1]Renan: *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*, p. 6.

Brinley Richards notes that the character of the melodies in a given country is closely allied with the musical instrument familiar to its inhabitants. The custom of using a flageolet, or a primitive hautboy, which permitted with difficulty the use of half-tones and, consequently, of certain notes in the scale, led, for example, to the composing—even for song—of tunes that included neither the fourth nor the seventh degrees of the major scale.

Gevaert, in speaking of ancient music, says, "It is most remarkable, indeed, that all the Latin hymns and nine-tenths of the anthems are conceived in the three usual modes of the zither: Hypodorian, Hypophrygian and Dorian." So there appears to have been indeed a close connection between the music and the instrument, but whether the former was responsible for the latter, or *vice versa*, cannot be determined. It is generally conceded that the ancient harp was the instrument of the old Celtic race, and the predominance of the major key, in most nations, would indicate that the harp[1] was not responsible for the presence of Greek and church modes, unless, of course, the melodies in our present diatonic system (major and minor) are of later origin.

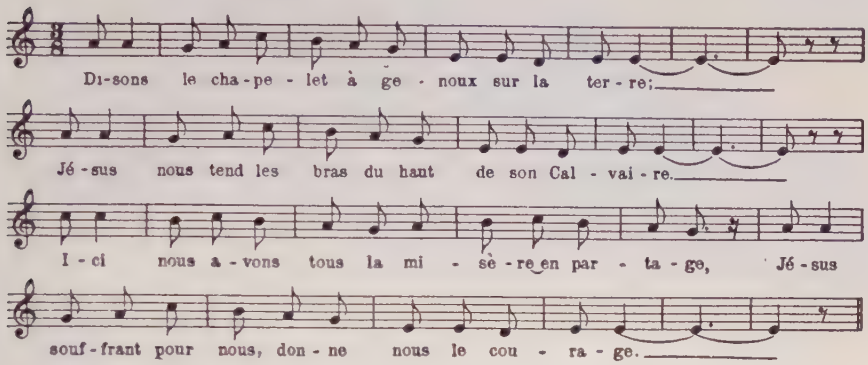
The question hangs principally, it seems, on the first two hypotheses: that the modal system was the original and hereditary musical form of Brittany (tunes in the major being subsequent corruptions), or that this system crept into whatever forms existed, with the advent of plain song.

The two modes most commonly found in Brittany, are, according to Bourgault-Ducoudray, the Hypodorian and the Hypophrygian—"precisely these," he points out, "which, in ancient times, characterized the cult of those gods who inspired all music, Apollo and Bacchus." M. Bourgault-Ducoudray associates the former of these with the northern part of Brittany, "where nature is sadder and colder, the race graver and more meditative." The latter he relegates to the South, particularly to Cornouailles, where, says Tom Taylor, "a parallel to the mingled joyousness and pathos of the Irish temperament is to be found." It would be difficult to make any such classifications without being thoroughly familiar with the songs in their native environment. I think one can safely say, however, that in general, the Greek modes, wherever they are found in these songs, suggest a certain profound detachment, whether sad or gay, that is typical of the whole Breton temperament.[2] One feels that Loti's *mélopée faite de somnolence, de santé et de vague mélancholie*" must have been sung

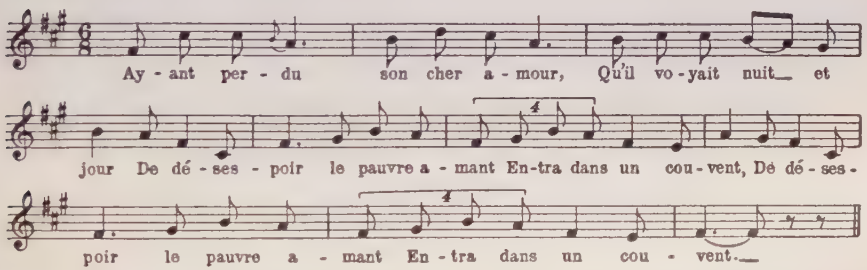
[1]The harp was indeed tuned in the major keys; G, and sometimes D and E.

[2]It is true that the gayer tunes are generally in the major.

in an ancient mode. It might have been in the Dorian: "Disons le Chapelet," for example, in Bourgault-Ducoudray's collection:



Or it might have been in the Hypodorian: "Celui qui alla voir sa maîtresse en Enfer" (*ibidem*)—a little less inspirational (or perhaps more so, morally speaking):

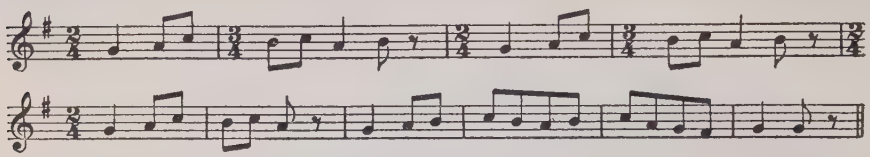


Voulant la voir comme autrefois,
Entendre encore sa voix,
Il se présente à Lucifer
Pour visiter l'Enfer,
Il se présente à Lucifer
Pour visiter l'Enfer.

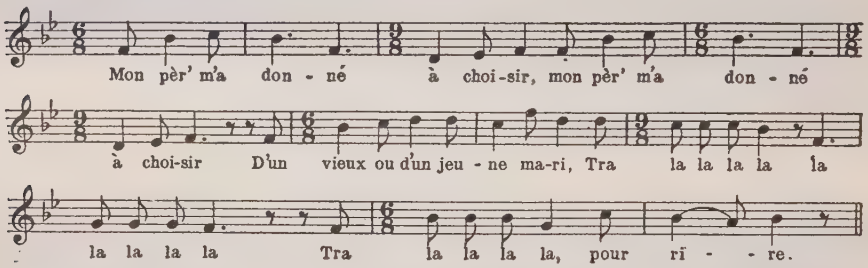
Il l'aperçoit au sombre lieu
Sur un siège de feu!
"Puis-je apaiser votre tourment
En jeunant constamment?"
"Puis-je apaiser votre tourment
En jeunant constamment?"

Messe, oraisons, rien n'y ferait,
Je brûle pour jamais.
Dis à mes soeurs mon sort cruel,
Pour un pêché mortel,
Dis à mes soeurs mon sort cruel,
Pour un pêché mortel.

In addition to the ancient modes, irregular rhythms, indicative, according to some critics, of a further alliance with ancient Greek music, suggest a characteristic ignorance of musical rules, or a desire to emphasize the poetic sentiment. In many cases the melody is subordinate to the words. "It is from the measure of Breton verse that Breton melody takes its compass." A striking specimen of this irregularity is seen in the following example:[1]



The interdependent relation of the music to the words is apparent in the verses of the "Ronde des Filles de Quimperlé," as printed in the Champfleury-Weckerlin collection.



D'un vieux ou d'un jeune,
Devinez lequel j'ai pris.
Tra la la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la pour rire.

Devinez lequel j'ai pris,
Le jeune laissé, le vieux j'ai pris.
Tra la la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la pour rire.

Le jeune laissé, le vieux j'ai pris,
Je voudrais qu'il vienne un édit.
Tra la la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la pour rire.

Je voudrais qu'il vienne un édit
D'écorcher tous les vieux maris.
Tra la la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la pour rire.

D'écorcher tous les vieux maris,
J'écorcherais le mien aussi.
Tra la la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la pour rire.

J'écorcherais le mien aussi,
J'irais vend' sa peau à Paris.
Tra la la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la pour rire.

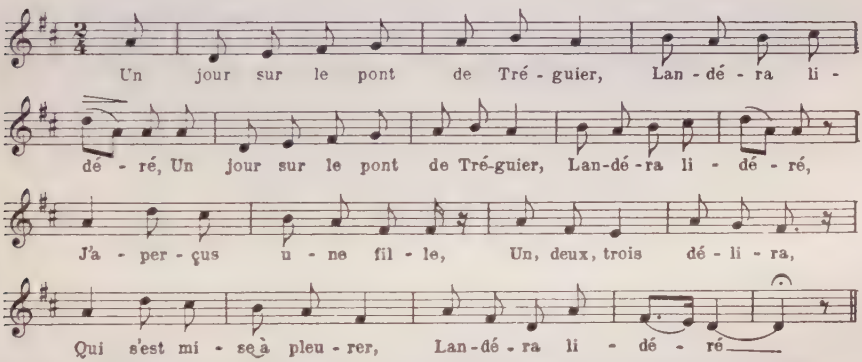
J'irais vend' sa peau à Paris,
Pour retourner dans mon pays.
Tra la la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la pour rire.

Pour retourner dans mon pays,
Ou je prendrais jeune et joli.
Tra la la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la pour rire.

The theoretical influence of *la race, le milieu et le moment* finds as good a practical illustration in Breton folk-music as it does in Villemain's interpretation of 18th century literature. The

[1]Charles Guef: Breton Music, The Musical Quarterly, Vol. 4, p. 403(b).

various types of song all have something in common with the Celtic nature, with the peasant class, and with the Celtic spirit. It would be interesting (and doubtless most gratifying to the slightly *passé* shades of Taine) to develop this observation, but we will confine ourselves to giving a few musical examples in the hope that they will be more efficacious than words in describing the Bretons. One notable thing in this music in general is its variety of mood. Despite the reserve of the Bretons, their sensibility is keen and their emotions are vibrant. As Le Braz puts it in his Preface to "Chansons de chez nous," there is something excessive "in these vehement natures of such fiery passion, and such fickle will, natures capable alike of the worst brutality and of the most exquisite tenderness, which waver, for less than nothing, between extreme rebellion and extreme docility." Bourgault-Ducoudray points out an example of this vacillation of mood in one of the songs in his collection entitled, "Un Jour sur le Pont de Tréguier." The melody is gay, the words sinister and gloomy.



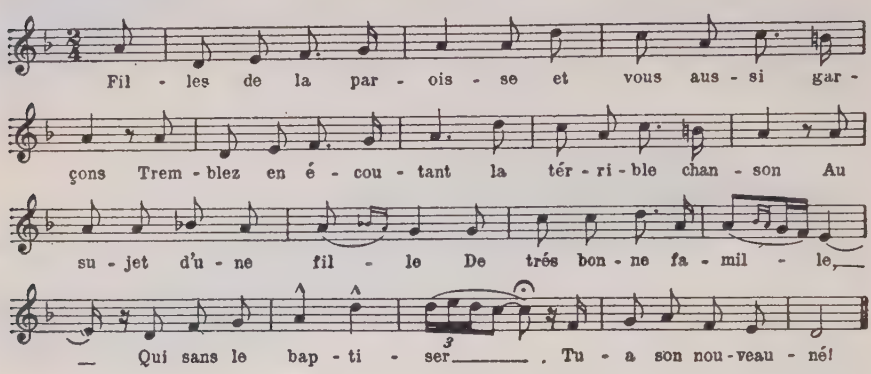
Ma fille, pourquoi donc pleurer,
Landéra lidéré,
Ma fille, pourquoi donc pleurer,
Landéra lidéré?
Je pleure après ma bague,
Un, deux, trois lidéré,
Que j'ai laissé tomber,
Landéra lidéré.

Et que voudras tu me donner,
Landéra lidéré,
Et que voudras tu me donner,
Landéra lidéré?
Si je te la rapportrai?
Un, deux, trois lidéré,
Je te donne un baiser,
Landéra lidéré.

Au premier coup qu'il a plongé,
Landéra lidéré,
Au premier coup qu'il a plongé,
Landéra lidéré,
Il voit l'anneau qui brille,
Un, deux, trois lidéré,
Au second l'a touché,
Landéra lidéré.

Pour le faire encore plonger,
Landéra lidéré,
Pour le faire encore plonger,
Landéra lidéré,
Elle fait un sourire,
Un, deux, trois lidéré,
Il n'est point remonté,
Landéra lidéré.

One of the oldest types of folk-songs is the *Complainte*, a tragic tale sung in simple and realistic language. "La Complainte d'une Méchante," as found in Bourgault-Ducoudray, seems to me particularly Breton in conception.



Pour rapporter la bèche
Elle rentre au logis,
En voyant sa paleur
Son père est tout surpris.
Mais quelle fût sa rage,
Le jour ou dans l'herbage
Il trouva sa jument
Qui déterait l'enfant.

Le père prend sa hache
Et veut la mettre à mort,
Mais la fille s'enfuit
En emportant le corps.

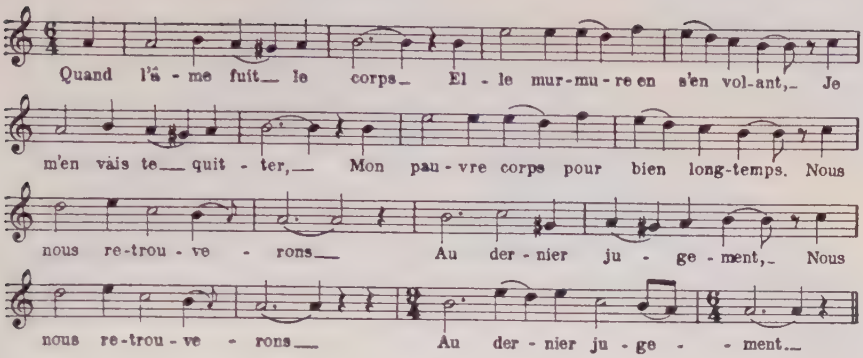
Au juge elle déclare
Sa conduite barbare,
Et montrant son enfant
Demande un châtiment.
D'abord je restais sage
Et vécus saintement,
Mais je fus débauchée
A l'âge de seize ans.

Filles bien renommées
N'allez à l'assemblée
Qu'avec vos tous parents
Ou des honnêtes gens!

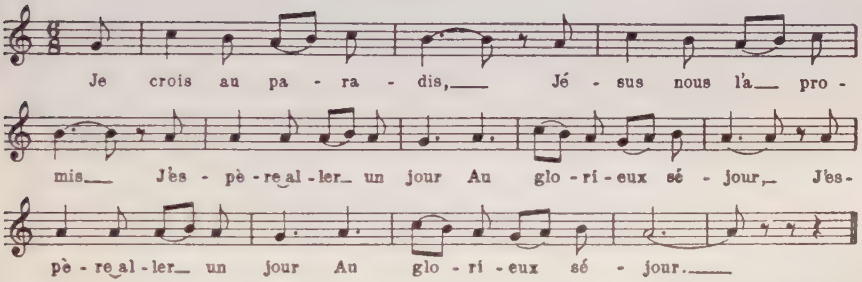
The religious *cantiques*, "with their mixture of naïve realism and contemplative conviction" (Tiersot) are perhaps the most beautiful and undoubtedly the most representative of Brittany's folk-music. Nowhere else does one encounter such entire simplicity of mind and heart, both in words and music:

Sung at the *pardons*, in unison, by the crowd of believers, in the open air, with the rumble of the sea, or the whistling of the wind across the *landes* serving as the only accompaniment for the people's thousand voices—should not such songs give even an indifferent listener that grandiose impression gained by contact with any sincere conviction expressed in a way that fixes and enriches its significance?

These two exquisite songs seem to be the best known: "Le Départ de L'Âme" and "Le Paradis," both in Bourgault-Ducoudray's collection:



Mon âme en ce temps-là
Ma cendre même aura passé.
Mon corps, ne doute pas,
Je saurai bien te retrouver;
Dieu qui créa la chair,
Peut la réssusciter;
Dieu qui créa la chair,
Peut la réssusciter.

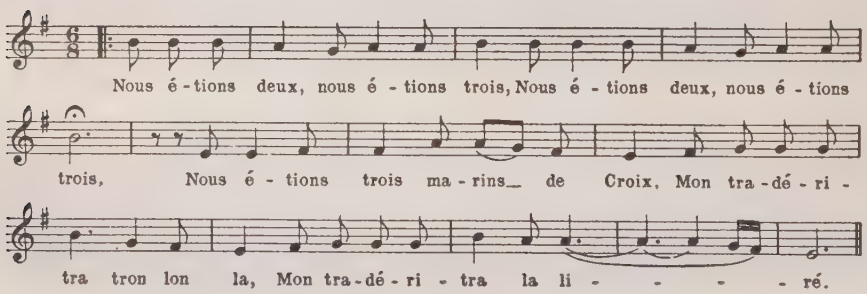


Je tiens mes yeux ravis
Au ciel, mon vrai pays.
J'y volerai bientôt,
Comme un petit oiseau;
J'y volerai bientôt,
Comme un petit oiseau.

Je serai délivré,
Et je m'élèverai
Plus haut que le soleil,
Que les astres du ciel;
Plus haut que le soleil,
Que les astres du ciel.

Adieu, pays d'Arvor,
Que j'aperçois encore,
Adieu, monde affligé
De deuil et de pêché;
Adieu, monde affligé,
De deuil et de pêché.

The Breton songs of the sea have a constant appeal in Brittany, for the Iceland seas will always be dotted with Breton fishing-boats, and the French navy will always enlist a high percentage of Bretons in its ranks. I remember talking to a fourteen-year old lad in St. Malo who had already sailed the seas from Java to South America—from Port Said to Japan. The sea is the cradle and the tomb of how many of these "âmes rêveuses." One hears in the folk-songs inspired by this eternal mistress the heavy roll of swollen waves or the mysterious progression of silver ripples under a grey sky. These Breton sailor-songs combine in their simple melodies the objective charm of the tone-poem with the sincerity of subjective contemplation. The song here quoted is the "Trois Marins de Groix"[1] whose "rude melody (in the words of Tiersot) with its accented rhythm, its notes, tremulous and sustained, produces, as the strophe unfolds itself, an impression of bitter melancholy of an extraordinary intensity."



Le vent du nord vint à souffler,
Le vent du nord vint à souffler,
Faut prendre trois ris au lumiers,
Mon tradéritra tron lon la,
Mon tradéritra la liré.

Capitain', donne un coup de sifflet,
Capitain', donne un coup de sifflet,
Pare à serrer les perroquets!
Mon tradéritra tron lon la,
Mon tradéritra la liré.

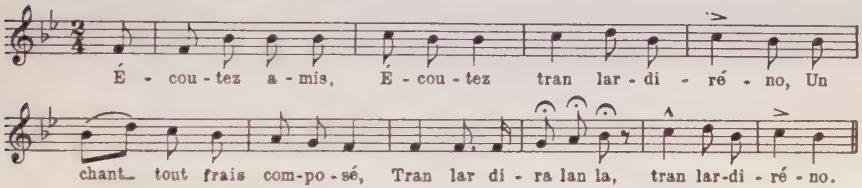
Le marche-pied il a cassé,
Le marche-pied il a cassé,
Le matelot tomba dans l'eau,
Mon tradéritra tron lon la,
Mon tradéritra la liré.

[1]Tiersot, *Sixty Folk-Songs of France*, p. 30.

On ne r'trouva que son chapeau,
On ne r'trouva que son chapeau,
Plaignez le pauvre matelot!
Mon tradéritra tron lon la,
Mon tradéritra la liré.

The melody is everywhere the important feature of the *chansons de danse*, the words often being confined to mere onomatopoetic sounds. "It is the custom, in Brittany," says M. Bourgault-Ducoudray, "to join with dance-tunes any poetry, the rhythm of which is in accord with the musical rhythm." After the devotions of the *pardons* have been performed the Bretons indulge in merrymaking, and spirited, even frenzied, dance-tunes take the place of the religious cantiques. After weddings, the bridal party, as well as the guests, all dance for hours on end.

The emphatic rhythm, as well as the onomatopoetic refrain are both apparent in another of Bourgault-Ducoudray's collection, "Le Sabotier."



C'est un sabotier qui l'a fait
Tran lardira lan la, tran lardiréno,
Et qui loge dans la forêt,
Tran lardira lan la, tran lardiréno.

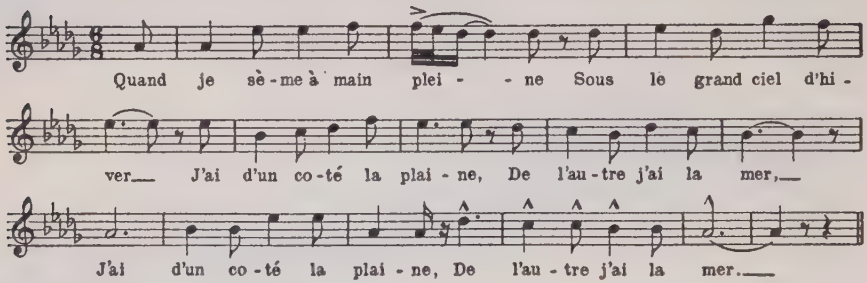
La fumée noirçit les parois,
Tran lardira lan la, tran lardiréno,
De sa cabane au fond des bois,
Tran lardira lan la, tran lardiréno.

Elle est toute tapissée,
Tran lardira lan la, tran lardiréno,
Par les cheveux des araignées,
Tran lardira lan la, tran lardiréno.

Comment lui porter son diner,
Tran lardira lan la, tran lardiréno,
Je ne sait ni chemin ni sentier,
Tran lardira lan la, tran lardiréno.

One of the most beautiful Breton folk-songs I have encountered might be included in the category that Tiersot calls, "tunes

pertaining to active professions, to hard labor," whose rhythms are in accord with the physical motion and effort of the singer. This song: "Le Semeur" does, indeed, seem to have a sturdy swing and a suspended character at the end which might suggest the continuance of the work without the song.

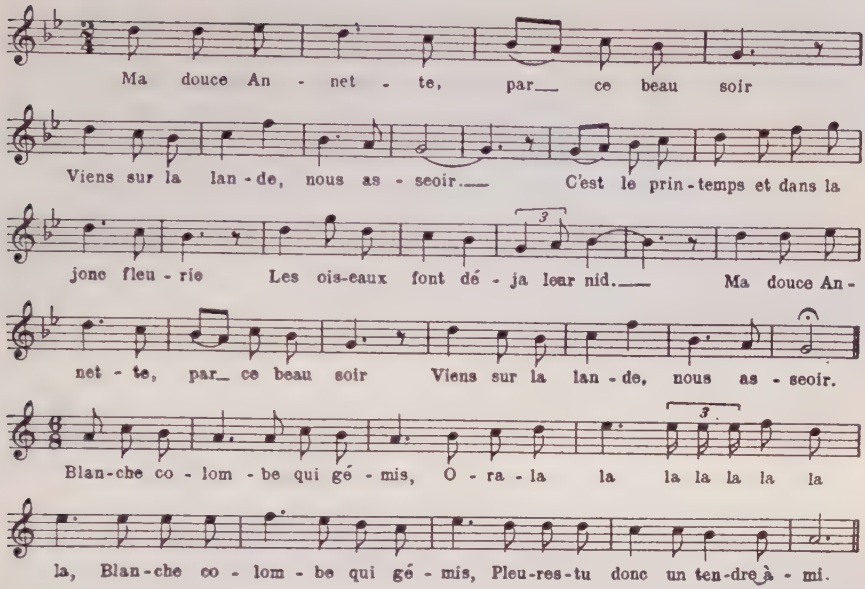


Pour l'an prochain je donne
Du pain à trois hameaux,
Tout en faisant l'aumône
A cent petits oiseaux;
Tout en faisant l'aumône
A cent petits oiseaux.

Sous la brise glacée
Je sue en cheminant,
C'est la bonne rosée
Pour féconder mon champ;
C'est la bonne rosée
Pour féconder mon champ.

Ah, quand je sème à main pleine
Sous le grand ciel d'hiver,
J'ai d'un coté la plaine,
De l'autre j'ai la mer;
J'ai d'un coté la plaine,
De l'autre j'ai la mer.

Hélas, sing the Bretons, *je sais un chant d'amour, triste ou gai, tour à tour.* The Breton *chansons d'amour* have an irresponsible air coupled with the traditional dreamy plaintiveness that one generally associates with the Breton temperament, but which, as we have seen, is peculiar only to certain types of songs. One of the most exquisite is the first in Bourgault-Ducoudray's collection, "Ma Douce Annette." Still another one is "La Blanche Colombe," which M. Striffling considers as expressive as any of Schubert's lieds.



Moi, je m'en vais, triste et bien las,
Ora-la-la la la la la la la la,
Moi, je m'en vais, triste et bien las;
Je sais pourquoi je pleure, hélas!

Puisque ma douce m'a quitté,
Ora-la-la la la la la la la la,
Puisque ma douce m'a quitté;
Saigne mon pauvre cœur blessé.

The problem of the future of folk-song and its influence upon modern compositions is one which is receiving much attention to-day. The interdependence of music as an art, and the music of the people has been an established fact from Lassus on. "All art is rooted in the folk" says Weissmann, in *The Promblems of Modern Music*, "but with time outgrows their primitive lore. As music is exploited and made public it tends to break away from its origins. In the glare of world competition and criticism, music of a local or provincial type dies off, but not without throwing up unobtrusive shoots which proclaim the relationship between the folk-tune and the higher developments of musical art."

With the influx of civilization, old traditions and old arts cannot be conserved *per se* and in their original surroundings. The Bretons will one day be totally submerged in the French current, and their music will exist only in the *musique savante*.

But will it still be folk-song, in that event? Is the borrowing of folk-tunes merely a trick?

Folk-music has been described as an art composed and sung by the people. One cannot expect to find it in chamber or concert music. And if one would hear the Breton songs, one must hasten to Brittany itself—"Au pays du temps enchanté"—before it is too late.

COMPOSING FOR RADIO

By R. RAVEN-HART[1]

THE preparation of music for Radio performance may be considered from two points of view: the *difficulties* thrown in the way by present-day Radio technique, and the *possibilities* that this technique offers. What little has been written on the subject up to the present has dealt almost exclusively with the former point of view, the far more interesting question of "possibilities" being ignored. This is, of course, logically ridiculous, since by the natural law of progress the difficulties will decrease with the improvement of engineering technique, while the possibilities will increase.

Nevertheless, these difficulties cannot be neglected, since the present-day defects of Radio transmission, and, more especially, of Radio reception, are bound to continue for some time: even if the perfect receiver were to make its appearance to-morrow, it might be years before it ousted all its predecessors.

These defects can be summed up in one phrase—the reduction of low and high audio frequencies. Other defects exist, but in most cases are eventually based on these. Distortion, *i.e.*, the introduction of tones not present in the original sound, used to be a plague, but is fast disappearing, thanks to modern methods (linear detection, push-pull audio amplification, avoidance of overload, etc.)

The low frequencies, more specifically those below 100 cycles per second, or say even C_1, are often reduced at the transmitter and almost invariably at the receiver (audio-frequency and loud speaker). Fortunately, however, the ear helps out by reconstructing the lost notes from the harmonics heard. In general, it may be said that the reduction of low notes is not now such a serious matter as the loss of high ones. (A few years ago, the reverse was true: not that the reproduction of high notes has become

[1]The author is a Radio engineer and a musician. As a result of previous articles, written by him more from the engineering than the musical point of view, and published in Paris and Berlin, personal contacts with musicians interested in this, perhaps the newest, branch of "applied music" ("Gebrauchsmusik"), have multiplied to the extent that enough material is available for a preliminary survey of the subject. The incompleteness of this article is fully realised, but it is hoped that it may at least serve as a stimulus to further study.—Ed.

worse, but that it has only slightly improved, whereas that of low notes has improved out of all recognition.)

In order to provide room for the undesirable number of broadcasting stations at present existing, it has been necessary to space them at 10,000 cycles apart, which means that the band of frequencies available to each is of 5,000 plus 5,000 cycles, with the carrier-wave (frequency allotted to the station) in the middle. Hence the highest frequency that can be transmitted without running into the territory of some other station is 5,000 cycles, or say E^4. In many cases this restriction may be ignored: if, for example, the neighbouring station is far distant geographically; but in general, frequencies above this limit are comparatively neglected at the sending station.

Frequencies *below* this limit, down even as far as 2,000 cycles or say C^3, are in general not badly served at the transmitting end (though in the case of long land-line pickups they may be seriously reduced), but are almost always reduced by the receiving set, more especially by the tuning portion of it, and by the loud speaker; and this reduction is again caused by the overcrowded ether.

The ideal tuning devices of a receiver would give full power reception up to a certain limit (say 5,000 cycles) and an absolute cut-off there, receiving nothing at any higher frequencies, so that the territory of the next-door station (next-door in frequency, not in geography, of course) which begins at this 5,000 cycle frontier, would be untouched. Unfortunately, the present receiver does not do this, although there is a tendency to strive towards it (band-pass filters, etc.); the cut-off is not sharp, so that either the receiver must begin to weaken frequencies long before reaching the "frontier," in order that frequencies beyond this frontier may be negligibly weak, or, if frequencies are kept strong up to the frontier, frequencies in foreign territory will also be strong enough to interfere. Thanks to the congestion in the ether, the former alternative has to be accepted.

As a result, high notes suffer, or, more particularly, high overtones. This makes itself most unpleasantly evident in the reproduction of "transients," the momentary "attack" sounds at the instant that a note is produced. Since such transients contain a very large proportion of high harmonics, the reduction of these completely spoils the characteristic effect.

If one may venture a prophecy, progress here is likely to be in the direction of an immediate improvement of reproduction up to 5,000 cycles without loss of selectivity (by the special

devices mentioned above), followed by the inevitable drastic reduction in the number of broadcast stations, allowing of more "territory" being given to each, and hence the transmission of far higher frequencies without interference. There may also be a simultaneous tendency toward the adoption of special forms of transmission (antennæ localising the transmission, single side-band, etc.), by which such interference is reduced.

Limitations

So much for the defects: it now becomes necessary to consider the limitations imposed by them on composing for Radio; and a word as to *rescoring* existing works for Radio can now advantageously be added.

There is a general agreement that in writing for Radio the melodic lines must be kept simple and overcharged harmony avoided.

Certain instruments are "undesirables," above all, the double-bass, which does not pay for its keep in the Radio orchestra, and can best be cut out altogether and replaced by other bass instruments. One satisfactory solution, used by Butting ("Music for Radio Orchestra," Op. 37, 1929), is to strengthen the bassoons; 'cellos in unison (octave) with bassoons are also a good substitute, especially in rescoring; the bass tuba has been used; but perhaps Vetterl (in a very valuable article on Radio Music, "Tempo," Prague, July 1929), is nearest the mark in suggesting the saxophone, one of the instruments to which Radio is particularly kind. (This substitution applies to original compositions, of course, not to rescored ones.)

It is a curious point, by the way, that it is the faulty reproduction of the *high* notes that makes the double-bass unsatisfactory; yet this is the case, since its particular quality is largely due to the repeated transients associated with the bowing, and it is the suppression of the high frequencies in these transients that destroys the quality.

Exactly this same difficulty of repeated transients occurs with the tympani roll: the single beats are satisfactory because transients occur once only, but in the roll they are repeated. Butting suppressed the tympani altogether: this, perhaps, is going too far, as the single notes have a very high emotional value.

The snare-drum is even worse, quite unusable in fact except, perhaps, as a solo instrument. The bass drum is not sufficiently

differentiated from the tympani to be worth keeping, except for special purposes. The remaining percussion instruments in general reproduce well, and celeste, bells, triangle, excellently.

The weakness in rhythmic instruments which may result from the suppression of percussion can perhaps best be met by an extended use of the banjo (Butting, in the work quoted; also Künnecke, "Symphonic Dance Suite," 1929); or of the piano, which reproduces excellently except in the upper octave. ("Excellently" assuming a good transmitter and a good receiver; hardly anything is so severe a test of either as a piano solo.)

The strings other than the double-basses are excellent: the viola is perhaps even better over Radio than in reality, its special quality seeming to stand out more clearly. It is necessary, however, to avoid complex string harmonies: Butting went so far as to suppress the second violins altogether. Vetterl, in the article quoted, mentions a point which no one else seems to have noticed: the undesirability of unison of violin and voice.

The wood-wind, in general, is satisfactory: flutes are rather too penetratingly reproduced in the middle register, and, perhaps, take on too much of a reed tone on the lower notes.

The brass, in general, used to be the engineer's terror, but now-a-days is satisfactory, if kept reasonably quiet. It will, however, be necessary for a higher standard of horn-playing to become general if this instrument is to remain, since Radio is brutally revelatory of any faulty playing. One hopes it may remain, being delightful though dangerous.

In view of the great possibilities of the *small* orchestra for Radio, the need for quiet mechanical operation should be remembered: the average clarinet solo with its distressing accompaniment of clicks will serve as text. And a performer with a cold or a cough ought no more to be tolerated in a small Radio orchestra than a similarly afflicted singer would be.

So much for the effect of Radio limitations on original compositions. Rescoring is an entirely different matter and one on which much experimental work is necessary.

The treatment of the double-bass has already been mentioned. The replacement of the tympani roll in rescoring is an urgent matter: there is need here for a scientific study (by oscillograph) of the transients and (by musicians) of how far they can be reduced without too completely losing the original effect. It seems probable that such "imitation" rolls with reduced transients will be possible either by special organ-pipes, or by audio-oscillators modulated at sub-audible frequencies.

Another vitally important point is that of the compression of nuances. One knows that, whereas music may range from *ppp* to *fff* (or say 1 to 1,000,000), Radio music is limited between *p* and *f* (or say 1 to 10,000, one hundred times less). If the conductor does not keep within these limits, all minor changes of volume being scaled down in proportion, either the soft passages will be lost, or the loud ones will overload the transmitter: or, more probably, a more or less musical "control engineer" will step in and take charge of the scaling-down. This, of course, is entirely objectionable (except in the case of a performance in public simultaneous with the Radio transmission), since the conductor is the only person who has any right to a say in the matter. The engineer should come in merely as his advisor, preferably by giving him visual indication at his desk: the more radical idea of isolating him from the orchestra by a glass wall so that he hears only the loud speaker result also finds support. Whether such a change be desirable is at least open to question; whether, in fact, it is not preferable to expect the conductor to educate himself to know how his orchestra is being reproduced.

Possibilities

Here we are on practically virgin soil. Little music has as yet been written specifically for Radio production: one may mention Butting's and Künnecke's works, already quoted, Goldbach's "Radio Listener," Weill's "Berliner Requiem," the works recently done at Baden-Baden (1929)—Herrmann's "Suite for Radio," Humpert's "Music for Radio," Pepping's "Kleine Messe," Fitelberg's "Serenade for Radio," Eisler's "Tempo der Zeit," Gross's "Chamber Cantata," Goehr's "Pep," and especially the Hindemith-Weill "Lindbergh's Flight." The scoring of Butting's work has already been referred to. Of the others, there is little to say from our point of view, though further reference will be made to one feature in the "Lindbergh's Flight." Jazz-band instruments were used in several cases: *e.g.*, in "Pep," and in Künnecke's suite, scored for "jazz band with orchestral accompaniment."

In all these cases the *limitations* of Radio were duly taken into account, but so far as could be told by listening, or by what since has been made public, its *possibilities* were never exploited (except in the "Lindbergh," and here only to a very limited extent).

Yet these possibilities are almost incredible. Lest the reader think that this word is unduly employed, a quotation from Zenneck (Proceedings I. R. E., January, 1929) may be given:

> We also have means for passing from one audio frequency to another by way of modulating, filtering, and heterodyning. I wonder if in the near future music will take advantage of this possibility. For instance, by using such a frequency-changing device . . . a bass singer may, if needed, appear as a tenor: or when a flautist should play a number in A flat major which is very uncomfortable on a flute, he might well play it in D major, which is much easier, and then by a frequency-changing device . . . transpose it.

However, to come to more immediate possibilities, it should first of all be noted that we now have the balance of the orchestra almost entirely in our own hands. No longer (to quote Redfield, "Music, a Science and an Art") need the wood-wind instruments remain "stepchildren," or be "sunk without a trace in a tutti passage." All we now have to do is to move them nearer the microphone.

But there is also the very interesting point of momentary artificial *unbalance* at will: we can make any instrument, no matter how feeble its tone, dominate the full orchestra. Thus, for example, a tuning-fork held near the microphone will impose its particularly clean tone on any background: or the very weak vibrations of a string *after* plucking will do the same if its instrument (violin, mandoline, etc.), be swung nearer the microphone. Better still, a separate hooded microphone (with variable amplification) close to the favoured instrument, will allow a harp, for example, even when played pianissimo, to be audible through no matter what orchestration.

To go a stage further, many entirely new orchestral colours can be obtained by having certain instruments play in sound-proof, glass-fronted boxes, each fitted with its own microphone, and this having an audio-frequency filter associated with it.

Thus, for example, the already pure tones of a flute can be etherealised by filtering out the upper harmonies; a trumpet also lends itself excellently to this procedure.

Or, even more striking, the fundamental and perhaps the octave of an instrument rich in overtones, such as the bassoon, can be filtered out, leaving the higher overtones "floating."

These, and suggestions such as those of Zenneck quoted above, obviously need special equipment and research. There is, however, one Radio possibility which is so simple that advantage already has been taken of it, almost unwittingly. It remains

to realise this possibility and to use it deliberately, and this can be done at once; for this reason it is desirable to emphasize here that for Radio purposes *a solo can be played or sung pianissimo* and yet dominate the fullest orchestral accompaniment, merely by having the soloist come nearer to the microphone.

The results are charming, whether the solo be instrumental or vocal, but owing to the great difference in quality between the soft and loud singing voices, it is in this connection that they are most important. This is perhaps even more marked when the voice *speaks* rather than sings (*e.g.*, Honegger's "King David," Schönberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" and "Gurrelieder," Obouhov's "Book of Life," and the Hindemith-Weill "Lindbergh's Flight," referred to above.)

The first-mentioned of these is one of the best examples, although not written for Radio. The writer has heard the "King David" repeatedly performed in concert, and once by Radio (with Honegger himself conducting); only on this one occasion were the words audible throughout and the voice unforced.

The emotional effect of the whispered speaking voice was overwhelmingly demonstrated in "Lindbergh's Flight," where his reiterated reply to "Sleep," is "I am not tired," each time spoken more and more softly and sleepily, until the last repetition is an almost inaudible whisper. (Notice that "almost inaudible"; of course, one realised perfectly well that this whisper is in reality nearly as loud in the loud speaker as "Sleep's" voice, but one could not resist the impression of "inaudibility" because of the whispering quality of the voice.)

This appears to have been the *only* example of the exploitation of Radio possibilities in all the "Radio Music" at Baden-Baden: it was also quite undoubtedly the *clou* of this section, according to the critics. (See especially Band, in "Funk," and Hamburger, in the Copenhagen "Politiken.")

But the first real Radio music still remains to be written, by some composer who will take the trouble to study Radio possibilities and not merely Radio limitations, and who is fortunate enough to find a Radio engineer and a broadcasting station that will coöperate with him.

RICHARD WAGNER : AN ESTIMATE

By H. MORGAN-BROWNE

TIME was when Mr. Bernard Shaw proclaimed himself the only man in London who understood Wagner. Exactly what part of Wagner he understood, and exactly how serious he was in making this remark no one, of course, ever knew—one may safely omit excepting the great man himself; for it is doubtful if he ever *allows* himself either to know exactly what he means, or exactly how serious he is about it. He is a free-thinker in the finest sense of the word. But, for me, it is quite certain Mr. Shaw, by every mark and sign a supremely different man from Wagner, never understood him at all. Nietzsche, indeed, he has understood, and carefully has he refrained from mentioning this. Bergson he has understood. Ibsen he has almost superseded. From Wagner's own writings it would seem that he, too, had small claim to understand himself. Invariably he mistook deep and massive feeling for profound and comprehensive thought. He thought much about feeling but mistook this type of thought for general philosophy and tried to bring such thought into line with other philosophies with which it had nothing in common—he lost his way entirely! He seems to have been an actor, false, somewhat mean of character and vain indeed—away from his music a poor though energetic creature. In some respects the poet's, Brooke's, sonnet on Wagner is the foulest and vulgarest thing ever written, in others it is somewhat true.

Again we have, in England, Mr. Newman, whose name should certainly receive honourable mention where Wagner is discussed.

But I feel that all Mr. Newman ever rightly understood about Wagner is that Wagner composed some very important music, and that he cut a picturesque figure in the world of musical fame. It is not appreciation but analysis that Mr. Newman understands so well. In none of his writings does he show any kinship with Wagner. *The expression of fine shades of massive emotion* (phrase borrowed from Mr. Havelock Ellis) so essential a feature of Wagner's mind seems, by all clues and signs, absent from Mr. Newman's writings. It is most to be found in the writings of

Havelock Ellis himself, and to some extent in those of Walter Pater. Had Havelock Ellis been musical, he indeed might have claimed to understand Wagner. Nor is Mr. Sabaneiev much nearer with his talk of elemental and barbaric vigour of the German races. There is just as much elemental and barbaric vigour in the Zulu, and he is often a musician, but the result is totally different in flavour and kind.

Feeling, with the Zulu, accumulates rapidly then discharges voluminously, as it were, with great mercurial bursts. With the true German and certainly with Wagner, feeling massively spread throughout the whole sensory-nerve system, accumulated in vast quantities but slowly, and discharged or expressed itself slowly after long periods of cerebration, of elaboration within the brain, after long contemplation of it by the classifying and cause-seeking faculties of the mind. Reason can do little with such feelings but retain them for attempted consideration, and during that period of retention such feeling gives birth to many strange children: eventually a bewildering and varied host of feelings emerge—and the quiet contemplation of that vast horde affords an infinitude of mental excitement which creates in one an illusion of having reasoned much and of having thought with great intellectuality—deep and varied feeling is mistaken for deep and varied thought (rationalising). Meanwhile the brooding period of retention has greatly increased the power and refinement of the feelings: the whole man has become obsessed by the sensory-nerve system, the whole organic being—arterial and respiratory and gland systems—are working harmoniously together to the production of the highest degree of human ecstasy. Those who are ashamed to think in such terms can never understand the full power of music—after all, they might remember that the body can be a holy temple, as well as a devil's picnic-ground. I venture to think it is far better suited to the former purpose. It is only, however, during such states of attunement that the body with all its organs ceases to act as a prison for the soul, and allows it some faint glimpses out on to Eternity. The merit of Wagner lies, I take it, in this: that of all musicians he possessed the richest and most massive sensory-nerve system, and that his musical compositions aimed consciously or unconsciously at setting into operation, in the most general and lasting way possible, this immense machinery of appreciation which he had thus within himself. He was no grammarian; he sought no idiom, as the word is. He wished merely to minister to feeling, for preference the most diffused and massive type of feeling, that is, *feeling laden*

with contemplation. He had, of course, none of Debussy's French prejudices against thought and feeling in æsthetics, no useless psychological *preventions* against allowing æsthetics to become more than a play of the senses. Debussy either never knew or never cared that the retention of an æsthetic feeling in the mind for it to mate with emotion and thought, heightened the action of the senses and made it more lasting. Moreover, this alliance with what we, through ethical prejudice, are apt to regard as our "higher faculties" prevents the inhibitory brain-centre from exerting the same parsimonious control it would were our enjoyment supposed by us to be purely sensuous—far more often than we know we fail to enjoy because, however innocent it may be, we deem the enjoyment unworthy. As we see from watching children, nearly every perception of sense is pleasurable, the length of a stick, the colour of a dust-bin: but prejudice, in later years (necessary prejudice, I admit) decides which pleasures may have our energy of mind and body to enhance them.

Debussy, with immature notions derived from his psychologist group of friends, sought to liberate æsthetics, sense-perceptions, from their almost inevitable accompaniment (in a human mind) of emotion and reflection and, too, of a certain blind instinct of constructiveness.

He succeeded as far as it was humanly possible to do so, thereby reducing greatly the area of response, making an artificial severance of the æsthetic from our general life. This has certain advantages, but yet a greater number of drawbacks. French nature is parsimonious—German prodigal. Intellect is thrifty, feeling is like Fortunatus' purse, the more it spends the faster it is replenished. Nietzsche, who was eventually rent asunder by the twain antagonistic forces of ethics and æsthetic feeling, who could not, of course, reconcile their eternal quarrels or incongruent aims, never seemed to dream even that the vulgar bourgeois German had in him a depth of feeling in beauty which might well make the Greek æsthetics seem a child's toy; to those who know. Refinement of manners, which is all the world ever seems to *understand* by refinement, requires but a modicum of organic delicacy—it depends on observance, action not feeling, and is open to all who have strong will-power. Nietzsche's love of control, balance, made him ashamed of Wagner's immeasurability —the German immensity and chaos of feeling. The fact that Nature does not, on occasion, despise what we deem chaos, was the signal for Nietzsche to despise Nature. But his very contempt was a lie, as he himself admitted, the music of Wagner attracted

him fatally!—far more it haunted him, than the music of Bizet—but Bizet's music was his lawful wife—Wagner's his discarded but bitterly regretted mistress.

True, it matters little who was right or wrong; the thought which matters is that Wagner's appeal in music was spread over a far wider area of human sensibility than that of any other composer.

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Ignatius Parker

THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

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A STUDY OF HORATIO PARKER

By DAVID STANLEY SMITH

IT is not generally realized that American music is under a great obligation to the group of composers who as young men were drawn together by ties of friendship and, it may be, a common feeling of being on the defensive, active as they were in an art little respected by the intellectuals of their day. Chadwick, Foote, MacDowell, Whiting, and Parker were pioneers. They were the first to see springs of water rise in the desert of American music. The only surviving name of a still older generation of musicians who dared to peep out of the choir loft of the New England meeting-house into the great and glowing world is that of John Knowles Paine, founder of the Division of Music in Harvard College. A good measure of the missionary spirit was needed in the 1880s. The few men who were endowed with the gift of music had the task of converting an indifferent America to a due regard for the art as something worthy of a real man's life work. Poetry and painting had been established, though still slightly under suspicion, but music was good only for the ladies' seminary.

These New England composers did not resort to propaganda or the writing of articles to draw recognition for music or for themselves, but won their point by hard labor in the study. They produced much music but little talk.

With the exception of Arthur Foote the men I have mentioned received most of their training abroad. In their time France had not been discovered as a fit place for the study of music. Germany was, of course, the only country for this, as it was for graduate study in any field. So German influence is strong in our native music, some of it leaking through England by the Händel-Mendelssohn channel.

Though Horatio William Parker was trained under this influence he remained true to the New England type as man and as composer. He left Boston at the early age of seventeen in order to study music in Germany, but he never became Germanized beyond absorbing the German respect for contrapuntal and formal interest in music and acquiring the external accomplishment of speaking German as easily and perfectly as English. His music is, after all, well steeped in Americanism, its native quality being strengthened but not greatly altered by what he learned in Munich.

Parker was born on September 15, 1863, in Auburndale, Massachusetts, and was laid to rest there on December 20, 1919. From both parents he inherited a taste for art. His father, Charles Edward Parker, an architect of high reputation, was superintendent of construction for all Government buildings in New England. His mother, Isabella Graham Jennings, was richly endowed with intellectual gifts and a marked appreciation of music. From her Horatio received not only the stimulus for the study of music but practical assistance in the form of texts for some of his most important choral works, among them the translation of "Hora Novissima" and the poem for "St. Christopher." There was a fine and constant devotion between mother and son.

The boy did not settle down to real work in music until after his fourteenth year, his love of out-of-door play being great during his early years, as indeed it was throughout his life. Once under way, however, his energy as a musician carried him along rapidly and brilliantly. At sixteen he became organist of a small church in Dedham, near Boston, and later of St. John's Church, in Roxbury. He soon began to make small compositions for the choir. Yet his musicianship could hardly have been mature, judging from his confession that at this time he could read music only with difficulty, so much so that he was obliged to commit to memory the whole program, hymns and all, for each service.

Serious study now seemed necessary. His early teachers were Stephen A. Emery, John Orth, and George W. Chadwick. Mr. Chadwick bears witness to Parker's impatience with things academic and restrictive. Those who knew Parker in later years can well believe that absolute docility on the part of the young pupil was hardly to be expected. Parker himself did a little teaching, but, as he afterwards said, "not enough to do any harm."

Resistance to the dictates of musical law and order could hardly last under the stern rule of Josef Rheinberger; so when Parker found himself enrolled in the classes of the eminent director

of the Hochschule für Musik in Munich, in 1880, his rebellion collapsed. In practice and criticism from that time on he showed the greatest respect for fineness of detail and the keenest appreciation of niceties.

Parker captured the admiration of Rheinberger. It is said that the teacher regarded him as the best organist among his pupils. On his side Parker saw the fine series of organ sonatas by Rheinberger unfold as the master would bring in the new manuscripts. His love for these perfect and varied compositions was based not only on his healthy admiration of a good job, but on a sentiment not unlike the devotion that gripped the students of César Franck.

With the exception of the "Twenty-Third Psalm" for women's voices and organ, later revised and embellished with *obbligati* for harp and violin, Parker had written no large composition. His graduation from the School at Munich in 1885 was, however, the occasion for the performance, under Parker's direction, of his "King Trojan" for chorus, solos, and orchestra. Unlike most "student pieces" this work did not die on its birthday, but appeared later on a program of the Worcester (Massachusetts) Festival.

Towards the end of his stay in Munich he became engaged to a fellow student, Anna Plössl, the daughter of a bank official of that city. There was an interim of a year between the engagement and the marriage, during which time he held a teaching position at the Cathedral School at Garden City, Long Island. Upon his return to Munich the wedding took place. The young pair finally settled in New York, where for several years Parker struggled for a living as teacher and organist. Mrs. Parker helped in holding back the wolf from the door by working hard at piano teaching. He had resumed his work at Garden City and at the National Conservatory, in New York, where he was associated on the faculty with Antonin Dvořák. He was organist of St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn, and later of St. Andrew's, Harlem, also of the Church of the Holy Trinity, at the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street. It was during this period that he composed much of his music for practical use in the church, anthems, services, and hymns.

No choirmaster can fail to be grateful for these compositions. They combine in a curious way respect for tradition (Parker was always a faithful communicant of the Episcopal Church) with an escape from the dullness that is the distinguishing mark of much of the older church music of this type. It is English, but with an ingratiating admixture of New World buoyancy. A loss of

sternness is compensated for by original touches of harmony and pleasantness of melody. Parker, even in these simple compositions, never allowed himself to merge with a "school" of composers, but in every piece is unmistakably Parker. He wrote always with a chorus in mind and disapproved of the church quartet (the expression "quartet choir" was always anathema to him, and he regarded it as a contradiction in terms).

Parker's residence in New York came to an end in 1893, and he returned, not reluctantly, to Boston as organist and choirmaster at Trinity Church. Here he found his old friends Chadwick, Foote, and Whiting, and spent many happily contentious hours in their company. He once described the criticisms that the young men made of one another's music as "characterized by candor rather than courtesy." In 1893 he composed "Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand," a ballad for baritone and orchestra. For many years he regarded this as his finest composition. Indeed, it still stands out as an important work of the period, and has conspicuous originality and colorfulness; it is truly "modern" music as things go in the early '90s.

By far the most important of Parker's works of his early period, and one of the most important in the whole range of American music, is "Hora Novissima," Op. 30, set to the beautiful Latin poem of Bernard de Morlaix, and finely translated into English by Isabella G. Parker. This was composed in 1891 and 1892. The score was submitted for a prize offered by the National Conservatory. It did not win the prize, but the composer was partly consoled by the victory which came to his "Dream King and His Love," Op. 31, a less important work. "Hora Novissima" was brought to performance on May 2, 1893, by the Church Choral Society of New York at the Church of Zion and St. Timothy, and later performances under more favorable circumstances followed. Boston heard the Händel and Haydn Society give it in 1894. The writer of this article was present at a performance of it at the Cincinnati Festival the same year, Theodore Thomas conducting. No work by an American comes to mind that has enjoyed so great and lasting a popularity as "Hora Novissima." Choruses large and small still continue to give it.

"Hora Novissima" made its way to England, where Parker conducted it at the Three Choirs Festival at Worcester, in 1899. The immediate success it won inspired the managers of the Hereford Festival to "order" a new choral work. Parker, ever ready with ideas and quick to put them down, responded with the "Wanderer's Psalm," Op. 50. This and the "Star Song," Op. 54,

written for the Norwich Festival in 1902, achieved only moderate successes. His fame in England was strengthened by the performance at Bristol of the largest and most ambitious of his oratorios, "The Legend of St. Christopher," Op. 43, the text by the composer's mother. The Third Act of this work was given at Worcester the same summer.

The cordiality of the English people towards the music of Parker found ceremonious expression in the award of the degree of Doctor of Music by Cambridge University in 1902.

These few years were the climax of Horatio Parker's career. It is to be regretted that his own country was less appreciative of his talents than was England. With the exception of "Hora Novissima" the works just mentioned have not aroused the popular regard that is due them.

The "Wanderer's Psalm" (Psalm CVII), in particular, deserves a hearing even now. The critic of to-day, having come through great tribulation into a power to endure modern dissonance, may find this music too agreeable, he may even find it a restatement of "Hora Novissima" in less glowing terms, he may cavil at the free use of the old Tonus Peregrinus, and at the curious coincidence of the melody for soprano, "He turneth the floods," with the English horn theme in Franck's symphony (perhaps not realizing that Parker, in 1900, had heard little or no music of Franck). Yet as a work of simple beauty, beautifully written, ready for practical use by singers and orchestra of moderate attainments, the "Wanderer's Psalm" must be placed among the noblest American compositions. There is in it a Northern grayness of tone, as there is in much of Parker's music, a kind of modernized Puritanism, which harmonizes with any Anglo-American's outlook on life.

In "The Legend of St. Christopher" Parker is more of an experimenter. A slightly Wagnerian treatment, with the use of motif, appears for the first time in his music. But clarity and reserved elegance and formalism are not sacrificed for the drama. "St. Christopher" reaches its high moment in the religious scene. Here, in the great "Gloria in excelsis" and the *a cappella* chorus, "Jam sol recedit" (probably Parker's finest and most beautiful composition), the composer accomplishes new and splendid things. American music at the turn of the century shows no passages comparable with these in originality and massiveness of structure.

And yet the world comes back again and again to "Hora Novissima," possibly because in this work Parker's distinctive

style is for the first time fully developed. His originality—and "Hora Novissima" is very original—is the more striking in that repetition of treatment has not yet set in. The melody and part-writing are particularly fascinating, and the sentiment, which lies midway between the celestial and human, responds naturally to the feeling of the thoughtful listener.

To resume our biography—Yale University called Parker in 1894 to the newly established Chair of Music. Dr. Gustave Stoeckel had given instruction in organ-playing and had conducted the choir in the College for many years, but the actual founding of a department of Music was coincident with the arrival of Parker and his colleagues, Samuel S. Sanford, a highly gifted pianist, and the violinist Isidor Troostwyk.

Parker's classes were first held in the Treasury Building in the middle of the Yale Campus, the money-changers being on the second floor of the queer little edifice (long ago razed), and a few students with the professor in charge occupying a double room down stairs, with a piano and blackboard for tools. The method of dispensing instruction in composition was the impromptu writing of exercises in counterpoint, fugues, and even overtures for orchestra, score and all, on the blackboard, the essay usually being a composite of the more acceptable passage submitted by the students and a large measure of Parker's own ideas. In quick criticism and composing under these conditions Parker showed great ability.

From the beginning the students were expected to compose. Parker's creed was "the best way to appreciate music is to make it." The Department of Music was later made into one of the "Schools" of the University. The prestige of its Dean (Parker had been given the title in 1904), and the general growth of interest in music led to the rapid building up of the School. In 1901 the classes in the Theory of Music were moved to the former residence of ex-President Timothy Dwight, whose friendliness towards the School and to Parker himself was always marked. In 1917 this building was torn down and the beautiful Sprague Memorial Hall, the gift of Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge and her mother, was erected in its place.

The Yale School of Music must be regarded as Parker's creation. The general scheme of the course, the insistence upon a five-year discipline in theory as a necessary training for every recipient of the degree of Bachelor of Music, the emphasis on composition, and the less tangible bequest of a high spiritual outlook on music, these all come from Parker.

With the work of teaching Parker combined conducting. From 1894 he directed the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, an organization that had been formed just before his coming to Yale, but which, through Parker's management, became affiliated with the School of Music and to this day draws its financial support from the University. In bringing about the affiliation Parker did a unique thing in university music, for there is no other instance of a professional orchestra being directly and wholly maintained by an educational institution.

He was conductor also of the New Haven Oratorio Society, on whose programs were to be found such works as Bach's "St. Matthew's Passion," "The Dream of Gerontius," and "St. Christopher." Along with this his activities spread to Derby, a city neighboring upon New Haven, where a thriving choral society gave concerts under his direction for many years. The Eurydice Club, of Philadelphia, and the men's chorus, the Orpheus Club, also sought him out as leader. Sunday brought no rest, for his duties as organist of the Church of St. Nicholas, on Fifth Avenue, New York, occupied him during two services each week.

It may be of interest to follow Parker through a week, typical of the weeks through which he passed for many years. Late Saturday afternoon, choir rehearsal in New York; Sunday, service morning and evening; Monday afternoon and evening in Philadelphia for rehearsals of the Eurydice and Orpheus Clubs; night train to New York, thence to New Haven for two classes on Tuesday; Tuesday evening, by trolley to Derby for a rehearsal of the Derby Choral Club, arriving in New Haven at midnight; Wednesday, a lecture on the History of Music and a class in composition; Thursday, again two classes; Thursday evening, rehearsal of the New Haven Oratorio Society; Friday morning, rehearsal of the New Haven Symphony Orchestra; Saturday, off again for New York. Naturally these rehearsals culminated in frequent concerts. Then there was the inevitable grind of the Dean's office, with conferences and letter-writing.

With all this he found time for bicycle trips and golf. Exercise was necessary and agreeable. Only an athletic constitution and an indomitable spirit could carry a man through a schedule such as has been outlined, and these Parker had in full measure. It seems incredible, but through this period Parker composed incessantly. There was always a score in the making.

Parker rarely lacked a tangible stimulus for composition. Almost all the music from his pen was written for a commission, prize, or special occasion. His fame as a composer of choral music

brought him orders from many societies in England and America. At least five prizes were won by him. No other American composer has been so sought out. He was of the type of artist who works better if there is a definite end in view, a definite date set for the completion of a work.

The wearing down process, however, was doing its work. The schedule irresistibly carried the man with it. Gradually illness set in, with increase in the rheumatic pains that had distressed him at intervals for a long time. It soon became apparent to his friends that Horatio Parker had run his course. His summers at Blue Hill, Maine, where he had a house and a studio, and where he enjoyed the intimate companionship of his family and the families of Franz Kneisel, Henry E. Krehbiel, and others, had been the pleasantest of his life. But the summer of 1919 was one of illness. He returned to New Haven too late for the opening of the school term, too late for the Convocation in honor of Cardinal Mercier, at which his own ode "A. D., 1919" was given. Acting under his physician's orders, he left for his daughter Isabelle's home at Cedarhurst, Long Island. Here he breathed his last on December 18, 1919. His last official act before leaving New Haven had been to make a suggestion or two in regard to the performance of one of his very few orchestral compositions, the "Northern Ballad," for which the writer was conducting the final rehearsal.

A memorial service was held in Battell Chapel, Yale University, on February 15, 1920, the program being the Andante from Brahms' First Symphony, "Jam sol recedit," from "St. Christopher," and "The Dream of Mary," a Morality, Op. 82, the text by John Jay Chapman, the music by Parker.

Parker's final composition, and one of his masterpieces, was the ode which he composed as companion to Brian Hooker's magnificent poem, "A. D., 1919," for a service in honor of the Yale men who died in the War. This work, for mixed chorus, soprano solo, and orchestra, was given in Woolsey Hall, Yale's great auditorium, in June, 1919. One can safely say that no musical composition by an American ever had moved an audience as did this short composition. Not the least moved was conductor Parker himself. He knew that it was his swan-song. He knew also that it was the most deeply felt composition of his since far back in 1892, when he had written "Hora Novissima," under keen grief over the loss of several members of his family, whose deaths had occurred in quick succession. For some reason "A. D., 1919," has rarely found its way far from New Haven, but there it is given from time to time at official ceremonies, and is known affectionately

as "The Ode." The outside world is the poorer for not being acquainted with this work. There is surely no more poignant episode in American music than the phrase, "And these shall have sweet peace."

Parker once remarked that he wrote this work in such a way that "every man Jack in the audience might understand it." In estimating Parker's music in general one must remember this very service to "Jack" as one of his important contributions. His choral works are always practical and easily sung, and, while beautifully decorated, they are yet painted with a large brush.

If "The Ode" is the tenderest and most effective of the compositions in which Parker collaborated with the poet, Brian Hooker, the operas "Mona" and "Fairyland" are by far the most ambitious. Both of these won prizes. The stir made by "Mona" at its performances by the Metropolitan Opera Company in 1912 has not been forgotten. The opera achieved a *succès d'estime*, but a box-office success appeals more to a manager. The public found "Mona" difficult to understand, the libretto being real poetry and not a mere peg to hang music on, and the music too "un-operatic," too gray-toned for an audience looking for entertainment. Parker had modernized his style, consciously, and perhaps with a feeling of having been in the past too much a man of the people. Yet he was not at home in opera. He used to call opera "a beautiful mess."

Following three years upon "Mona," Parker's second opera, "Fairyland," was given in Los Angeles under the auspices of the American Federation of Women's Clubs.

One cannot pass lightly over these big and elaborate works. The scoring is brilliant, and fine moments abound. Many people in the audience at "Mona" wished that Parker might have turned his gifts into the creation of symphonic compositions, so great was his mastery of orchestration and form.

As the decades pass Horatio Parker's fame will probably rest upon his contribution to the art of *a cappella* writing. That he enjoyed this kind of composition is shown by his finding a place for it wherever an excuse offered. One recalls the "Urbs Sion unica," from "Hora Novissima," "Jam sol recedit," from "St. Christopher," and "The righteous shall consider this," from the "Wanderer's Psalm." The most ambitious of all is the splendid motet, "Adstant Angelorum Chori," Op. 45, which won a prize offered by the Musical Art Society of New York. In all this work the observer takes pleasure in a polyphony that is intellectually interesting but never musty, and discerns a rare insight into the

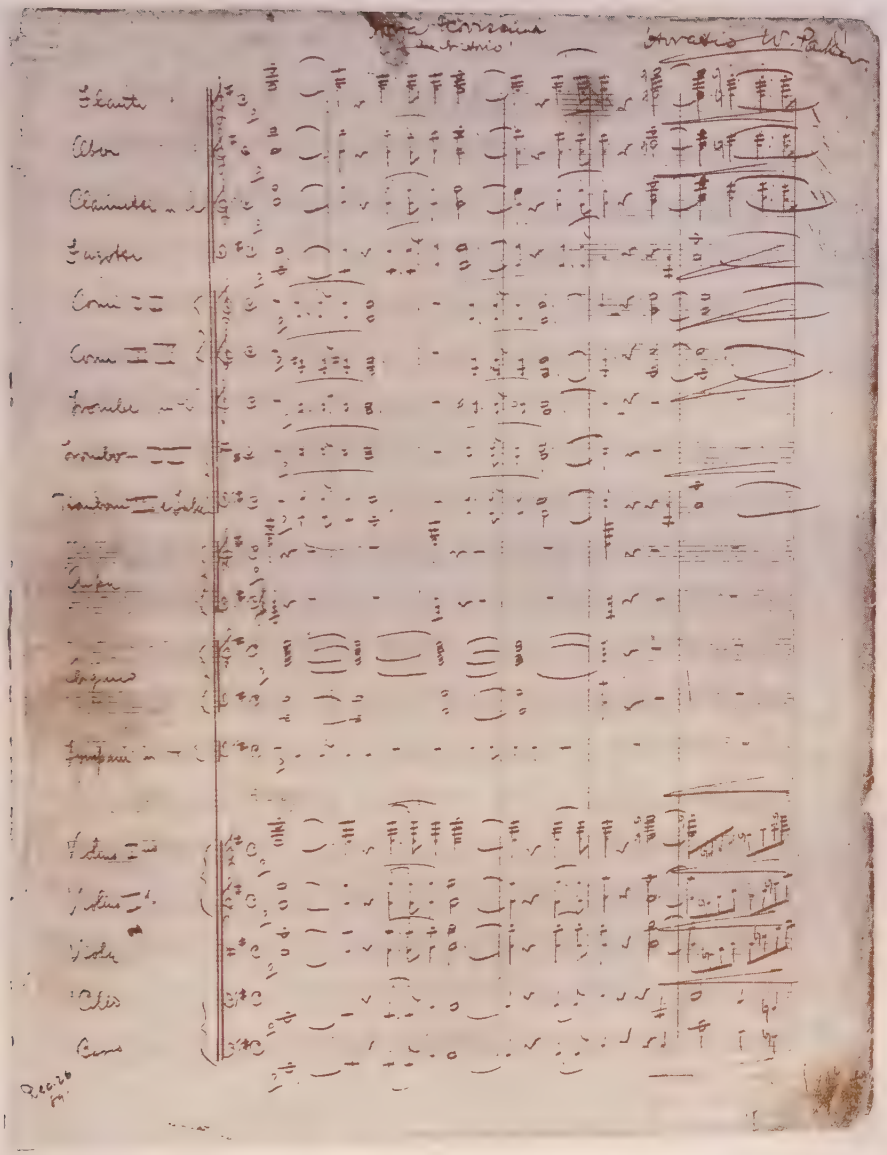
possibilities of sheer vocal sound and an ability to fix the boundary beyond which elaboration of harmony becomes a blur. No contemporary of Parker, either in America or abroad, surpasses him in this field.

The complete list of Parker's numbered compositions runs to Opus 84, a remarkable monument to a man who apart from composition already had a full schedule of work. Some of the compositions seem to be a repetition of earlier examples; some show the made-to-order quality of the *pièce d'occasion;* in many of them "Parkerisms" recur more often than one likes. To make much of these things would be shallow criticism, a type of criticism that may justly be leveled at all composers who produce much. The old masters live in only a small fraction of their work. That does not mean that the rest is waste. Artistic endeavor has to be carried on in part on a relatively lower level in order to bring into relief the high prominences. Our American musicians should not forget the finer compositions of Horatio Parker. They are not only interesting documents illustrating the state of music in their day, but, many of them, are intrinsically beautiful in any age.

It only remains to tell what manner of person Parker was. One may read between the lines of this account that only a man of great energy and electric temperament could endure through such a career. One will not be surprised to learn of bursts of temper followed by a complete calm. Parker's devotion to his family was notable; indeed, the principal motive that kept his energies so steadily in action was the desire to provide for his wife and three daughters.

Men of learning who set great store by diplomas and degrees should note the case of Parker. Though he deserted his scholastic studies at an early age for the pursuit of music, and though his degrees of M.A. and Mus.D. were honorary and not the reward for work done "in course," few of his colleagues in the University showed more general acquaintance with things at large than he. He was a worthy member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. His diction and use of words were remarkable for beauty and unexpectedness. After the cares of work had quieted, and a game of golf had refreshed him, he would converse delightfully and humorously with his friends. Not every one understood him. Not every one knew how sensitive and friendly a spirit lay behind the reserved address. But everyone was fascinated by the original twists of his talk and his handsome, dignified appearance.

Parker was modest and never went in for self-advertisement. He enjoyed his successes quietly, and, one doubts not, grieved



Facsimile of the first page of "Hora Novissima"

By courtesy of the Library of Congress

The Parker Home at Blue Hill, Maine

over his failures poignantly, yet without complaint. He had a high sense of artistic righteousness; he always insisted on the dignity of music. To give an instance: year after year he would refuse to start the orchestral overture at the Yale Commencement Exercises until everyone in the hall had been seated. Beethoven should be listened to and not be regarded as a signal for conversation. He hated music as an accompaniment for eating, and all the cheap uses to which the art is put.

The classics were dear to him, but he studied contemporary scores, particularly those of Richard Strauss, whose music he greatly admired. He was less moved by the newer French music, the Rheinberger influence being strong in him up to the end. He was "not disturbed" by Debussy's accompaniment to "Pelléas et Mélisande," since it "did not interfere with Maeterlinck's beautiful play." The influence of Strauss is apparent in Parker's operas, particularly as regards orchestral effect, but the influence could hardly penetrate deep into a reserved, untheatrical native of Auburndale, Massachusetts, a man whose main interest lay in beauty of choral sound. Strauss could not serve him here, for in this field Strauss is not the equal of the American Parker.

WORKS OF HORATIO W. PARKER

Compiled by W. Oliver Strunk, Washington, D. C.

This bibliography is based upon a list of the works of Horatio W. Parker in the Library of Congress, compiled in 1921 by Walter R. Whittlesey, of the Library staff, and on supplementary information received in 1922 from Andrew Keogh, Librarian of Yale University. The arrangement by opus number adopted in previous lists of Parker's works (in "The Musical Times," September 1902, and in the dictionaries of Grove and Baker) has been retained. Single hymn-tunes have not been included. A number of Parker's compositions remained unpublished; these, and certain published compositions, were not directly accessible to the compiler. For this reason the bibliography is neither ideally accurate nor ideally complete; it is offered rather as a contribution to Parker bibliography than as a final treatment of the subject. Some of the original publishers, listed below, are no longer in business, or their catalogues have been absorbed by other firms.

ABBREVIATIONS

AMCo	The American Music Co., New York.
ASB	A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.
APS	Arthur P. Schmidt & Co., Boston.
BMCo	The Boston Music Co., Boston.
CSE	Charles S. Elliot & Co., New York.
CWT	C. W. Thompson Co., Boston.
ES	Edward Schuberth & Co., New York.
GBJ	The George B. Jennings Co., Cincinnati.
GS	G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.
H&L	Hall and Locke Co., Boston.
HBS	H. B. Stevens Co., Boston.
HWG	The H. W. Gray Co., New York.
JBM	J. B. Millet Co., Boston.
JC	The John Church Co., Cincinnati.
ML	M. Leidt & Co., New York.
N	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
OD	Oliver Ditson Co., Boston.
RBr	Russell Bros., Boston.
SB	Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.
TP	Theodore Presser Co., Philadelphia.
WAP	Wm. A. Pond, New York.
YUP	Yale University Press, New Haven.

MS Manuscript

Priv. pr.—Privately printed

acc.—accompaniment; ch.—chorus; orch.—orchestra; org.—organ; pf.—pianoforte.

Published and Unpublished Works, Arranged by Opus Number

Op. 1. *Mountain shepherd's song.* Partsong for men's ch. (Uhland.) RBr, 1884. [Publ. without opus no.]

Op. 2. *5 part-songs.* Ch. MS, 1882.

Op. 3. *The Lord is my shepherd.* Psalm for soprano solo, women's ch. and org.; violin and harp ad lib. GS, 1904. [Composed in 1883.]

Op. 4. *Concert overture in E-flat.* MS, 1883.

Op. 5. *Regulus.* Overture in A major. MS, 1884.

Op. 6. *The ballad of a knight and his daughter.* Cantata for ch. and orch. (Leopold, Graf zu Stolberg.) GS, 1891. [Publ. without opus no.; performed in Munich, 1884.]

Op. 7. *Symphony in C minor.* MS. [Munich, 1885.]

Op. 8. *King Trojan.* Cantata for solo voices, ch. and orch. (Fr. A. Muth.) APS, 1886. [Publ. without opus no.; performed in Munich, 1885.]

Op. 9. *5 morceaux caractéristiques pour piano.* 1. Elégie. 2. Scherzo. 3. Impromptu. 4. Caprice. 5. Gavotte. APS, 1886. [Publ. without opus no.]

Op. 10. *3 love songs.* Pf. acc. 1. Love's chase. (Thomas Lowell Beddoes.) 2. Night piece to Julia. (Robert Heink[!]) 3. Orsame's song. (Sir John Suckling.) APS, 1886. [Publ. as Op. 14.]

Op. 11. *String quartet in F major.* MS.

Op. 12. *Venetian overture in B-flat.* Orch. MS. [Munich, 1884.]

Op. 13. *Scherzo in G minor.* Orch. MS. [Munich, 1884.]

Op. 14. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind.* Part-song for men's ch., pf. acc. (Wm. Shakespeare.) GS, 1892. [Publ. without opus no.]

Op. 15. *Idylle.* Cantata for solo voices, ch. and orch. (Goethe.) GS, 1891.

Op. 16. *The Norsemen's raid.* (Normannenzug.) Cantata for men's ch. and orch. or pf. (Hermann Lingg.) JC, 1911.

Op. 17. *4 compositions for the organ.* 1. Concert piece. 2. Impromptu. 3. Romanza. 4. Andante religioso. GS, 1890.

Op. 18. *The Morning and Evening Service, together with the Office for the Holy Communion.* Ch. and org.; in E. N, 1892.

Op. 19. *4 sketches for piano.* 1. Romanza. 2. Scherzino. 3. Étude mélodieuse. 4. Nocturne. APS, 1890.

Op. 20. *4 compositions for the organ.* 1. Wedding song. 2. Fughetta. 3. Melody and Intermezzo. 4. Fantasie. GS, 1891.

Op. 21. *The kobolds.* Cantata for ch. and orch. (Arlo Bates.) N, 1891. [Springfield Festival, May 7, 1891.]

Op. 22. *3 sacred songs.* Pf. acc. 1. Morning. 2. Evening. 3. Heaven's hope. GS, 1891.

Op. 23. *6 lyrics for the piano without octaves.* 1. Reverie. 2. Ballad. 3. Rondino. 4. Fairy tale. 5. Barcarolle. 6. Novelette. GS, 1891. [Publ. as Op. 25.]

Op. 24. *6 songs.* Pf. acc. 1. Cavalry song. (Edmund Clarence Stedman.) 2. Egyptian serenade. (George W. Curtis.) 3. The light is fading from the sky. (Elizabeth Akers Allen.) 4. O ask me not. (Hans Hopfen.) 5. Pack, clouds, away! (Thomas Heywood.) 6. Spring song. (George W. Curtis.) GS, 1891.

Op. 25. *2 love songs.* Pf. acc. 1. My love. 2. O waving trees. GS, 1891. [Publ. without opus no. with "Violet" (1891) as "Three songs."]

Op. 26. *Harold Harfager.* Part-song for ch. and orch. or pf. GS, 1891. [Publ. without opus no.]

Op. 27. *2 part-songs.* Soprano solo, women's ch., pf. acc. 1. The fisher. (Goethe.) 2. The water fay. (Heine.) GS, 1891.

Op. 28. *4 compositions for the organ.* 1. Triumphal march. 2. Larghetto. 3. Pastorale. 4. Concert piece No. 2. GS, 1891.

Op. 29. *6 songs.* 1892. [Apparently unpublished.]

Op. 30. *Hora novissima.* Oratorio for solo voices, ch. and orch. (Bernard de Morlaix.) N, 1893. [New York, Church Choral Society, May 3, 1893.]

Op. 31. *Dream-king and his love.* Cantata for tenor solo, ch. and orch. (Emmanuel Geibel.) GS, 1893. [Awarded a $300 prize offered by the National Conservatory of Music; performed in New York, March 30, 1893.]

Op. 32. *5 sketches.* Org. 1. Prelude. 2. Vision. 3. Scherzo. 4. Pastoral. 5. Nocturne. N, 1893.

Op. 33. *6 part-songs.* Men's ch. 1. Three words. (William Barclay Dunham.) 2. My love. (Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.) 3. Valentine. (Charles G. Blanden.) GS, 1893. [The 3 remaining numbers apparently unpublished.]

Op. 34. *3 songs.* Pf. acc. 1. I know a little rose. 2. My lady love. 3. On the lake. (Mortimer Collins.) GS, 1893.

Op. 35. *Suite for piano, violin and violoncello.* GS, 1904.

Op. 36. *4 compositions for organ.* 1. Canzonetta. 2. Canon. 3. Fugue in C minor. 4. Eclogue. GS, 1893.

Op. 37. *The Holy Child.* Cantata for solo voices, ch., pf. acc. (Isabella Parker.) GS, 1893.

Op. 38. *String quintet in D minor.* MS.

Op. 39. *4 part-songs.* Men's ch. 1. Behold, how good and joyful. 2. Softly now the light of day. 3. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing. 4. Blest are the departed. GS, 1894.

Op. 40. *Cáhal Mór of the wine-red hand.* Rhapsody for baritone and orch. (James Clarence Mangan.) HWG, 1910. [Boston Symphony Orchestra, March 29, 1895.]

Op. 41. *Suite for violin and pianoforte.* MS.

Op. 42. *Ode for commencement day at Yale University, 1895.* Men's ch., pf. acc. (Edmund Clarence Stedman.) GS, 1895

Op. 43. *The legend of St. Christopher.* Dramatic oratorio for solo voices, ch., orch. and org. (Isabella Parker.) N, 1898. [New York Oratorio Society, April 15, 1898.]

Op. 44. [Apparently not used.]

Op. 45. *Adstant angelorum chori.* Motet for ch. (Thomas à Kempis.) GS, 1899. [Awarded a $250 prize offered by the Musical Art Society of New York; performed by the Society, March 16, 1899.]

Op. 46. *A northern ballad.* Orch. MS. [Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 29, 1899.]

Op. 47. *6 old English songs.* Pf. acc. 1. Love is a sickness full of woes. (Samuel Daniel.) 2. Come, O come, my life's delight. (Thomas Campion.) 3. He that loves a rosy cheek. (Thomas Carew.) 4. Once I loved a maiden fair. (Old English.) 5. The complacent lover. (Sir Charles Selby.) 6. The lark now leaves his watery nest. (Sir William Davenant.) JC, 1899. [No. 3 publ. without opus no. in vol. 2 of "The music of the modern world" (D. Appleton) 1897.]

Op. 48. *3 part-songs.* Men's ch. 1. The lamp in the West. (Ella Higginson.) 2. Awake, my lady sweetlips. (Ella Higginson.) 3. The night has a thousand eyes. (Francis W. Bourdillon.) JC, 1901.

Op. 49. *3 morceaux caractéristiques pour le piano.* 1. Conte sérieux. 2. La sauterelle. 3. Valse gracile. JC, 1899.

Op. 50. *A wanderer's Psalm.* Cantata for solo voices, ch. and orch. N, 1900. [Hereford, Three Choirs Festival, Sept. 13, 1900.]

Op. 51. *4 songs.* Pf. acc. 1. Love in May. (Ella Higginson.) 2. June night. (Ella Higginson.) 3. A spinning song. (Isabella G. Parker.) 4. At twilight. (Editha Ashmon Baker.) JC, 1901.

Op. 52. *3 songs.* 1900. [Apparently unpublished.]

Op. 53. [Hymnos andron.] *Greek festival hymn for men's chorus and orchestra.* (Thomas Dwight Goodell.) GS, 1901. [For Yale University on the 200th anniversary of its foundation, Oct. 1901.]

Op. 54. *A star song.* Lyric rhapsody for solo voices, ch. and orch. (Henry Bernard Carpenter.) JC, 1902s [Awarded one of three $500 prize; offered by the Paderewski Fund. performed at the Norwich Festival, Oct. 23, 1902.]

Op. 55. *Concerto for organ and orchestra.* N, 1903. [Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 26, 1902.]

Op. 56. *Symphonic poem.* Orch. MS.

Op. 57. *The Office for the Holy Communion.* Ch. and org.; in B-flat. N, 1904.

Op. 58. *3 sacred songs.* Org. acc. 1. Come, Holy Ghost. (St. Ambrose.) 2. Lo, now the shades of night are swiftly fading. (St. Gregory.) 3. Declining now, the sun's bright wheel. (Charles Coffin.) N, 1905.

Op. 59. *4 songs.* Pf. acc. 1. Songs. (Robert Louis Stevenson.) 2. Serenade. (Nathan Haskell Dole.) 3. The blackbird. (Wm. E. Henley.) 4. Good-bye. (Christina Rossetti.) GS, 1904.

Op. 60. *Union and liberty.* Part-song for ch., pf. acc. (Oliver Wendell Holmes.) GS, 1905. [For the inauguration of President Roosevelt.]

Op. 61. *Spirit of beauty.* Ode for men's ch. and orch. or band. (Arthur Detmers.) GS, 1905. [For the dedication of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.]

Op. 62. *Crépuscule.* Aria for mezzo-soprano and orch. or pf. (Vicomte J. de Beaufort.) GS, 1912. [Publ. as Op. 64.]

Op. 63. *The shepherds' vision.* Cantata for solo voices, ch. and org.; oboe, strings and harp ad lib. (Frank Van der Stucken.) HWG, 1906. [Publ. without opus no.]

Op. 64. *King Gorm the Grim.* Ballad for ch. and orch. (Theodor Fontane.) GS, 1908. [Norfolk, Litchfield County Choral Union, June 4, 1908.]

Op. 65. *Sonata in E-flat for organ.* GS, 1908.

Op. 66. *School songs.* Ch., pf. acc. 2. Springtime revelries. (Nixon Waterman.) SB, 1912. 3. The storm. (Nixon Waterman.) [Publ. in Gertrude B. Parsons' "High school song book" (SB) 1919.] 4. Freedom, our queen. (Oliver Wendell Holmes.) SB, 1911. [No. 1 apparently unpublished.]

Op. 67. *4 compositions for organ.* 1. Festival prelude. 2. Revery. 3. Scherzino. 4. Postlude. [Publ. as Op. 66 in "Recital pieces; a collection of 21 original compositions for the organ by Horatio Parker" (GS) 1910.]

Op. 68. *5 short pieces for the organ.* 1. Canon in the fifth. 2. Slumber-song. 3. Novelette. 4. Arietta. 5. Risoluto. GS, 1908.

Op. 69. [See Op. 16.]

Op. 70. *7 songs.* Pf. acc. (Brian Hooker.) 1. A man's song. 2. A robin's song. 3. A woman's song. 4. I shall come back. 5. Offerings. 6. Only a little while. 7. Together. JC, 1910.

Op. 71. *Mona.* Opera in 3 acts. (Brian Hooker.) GS, 1911. [Awarded a $10,000 prize offered by the Metropolitan Opera Company; performed in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House, March 4, 1912.]

Op. 72. *Collegiate overture.* Men's ch. and orch. Priv. print, 1911. [Without opus no.; performed in Norfolk by the Litchfield County Choral Union, June 7, 1911.]

Op. 73. *A song of times.* Cantata for ch. and orch. (John Luther Long.) GS, 1911.

Op. 74. *7 Greek pastoral scenes.* Solo voices, women's ch., oboe, harp and strings or pf. (After Meleager and Argentarius.) GS, 1913.

Op. 75. *The leap of Roushan Beg.* Ballad for tenor solo, men's ch. and orch. (Henry W. Longfellow.) GS, 1913.

Op. 76. *Songs.* [Apparently unpublished.]

Op. 77. *Fairyland.* Opera in 3 acts. (Brian Hooker.) GS, 1915. [Awarded a $10,000 prize offered by the National Federation of Musical Clubs; performed in Los Angeles at Clune's Auditorium, July 1, 1915.]

Op. 78. *The progressive music series.* 8 vols. (With Osbourne McConathy, Edward Bailey Birge and Otto Miessner.) SB, 1914–16.

Op. 79. *Morven and the Grail.* Oratorio for solo voices, ch. and orch. (Brian Hooker.) BMCo, 1915. [Boston, Händel and Haydn Society, April 13, 1915; for the 100th anniversary of the founding of the society.]

Op. 80. *Cupid and Psyche.* Masque in 3 acts. Incidental music for ch., oboe, strings, harpsichord and harp. (John Jay Chapman.) [No. 8 priv. pr. without opus no.; performed in New Haven, June 16, 1916.]

Op. 81. *Yale pageant.* Incidental music for ch. (Francis Hartman Markoe.) Priv. print, 1916. [Without opus no.]

Op. 82. *The Dream of Mary.* Mortality for solo voices, ch., children's ch., congregation and org. or orch. (John Jay Chapman.) HWG, 1918. [Norfolk, Litchfield County Choral Union, June 4, 1918.]

Op. 83. *The Red Cross spirit speaks.* Song, orch. acc. (John Finley.) HWG, 1918. [Publ. without opus no.]

Op. 84. *A. D. 1919.* Cantata for soprano solo, ch. and pf. (Brian Hooker.) YUP, 1919. [New Haven, June 1919.]

Published and Unpublished Works Without Opus Number, in Chronological Order

1882. *3 songs.* Pf. acc. 1. Slumber song. 2. Wedding song. 3. Goldilocks. APS.

1886. *Devotion.* Song, pf. acc. (F. L. Humphreys.) WAP. [Composer's name given as N. W. Parker.]

1890. *Bow down Thine ear.* Anthem for ch., org. acc. GS.

Christ our Passover. Anthem for ch., org. acc. AMCo (HWG, 1908).

Count Robert of Paris. Overture for orch. MS. [New York, Manuscript Society, Dec. 10.]

The Lord is my light. Anthem for ch., org. acc. GS.

Magnificat in E-flat. Solo voices and ch., org. acc. GS.

Nunc dimittis in E-flat. Ch., org acc. GS.

2 sacred songs. Pf. acc. 1. Rest 2. There is a land of pure delight APS.

1891. *12 Christmas carols for children.* Unison ch., pf. acc. GS.
Deus misereatur in E. Ch., org. acc. GS.
Give unto the Lord. Anthem for ch., org. acc. N.
I will set His dominion in the sea. Anthem for ch., org. acc. N.
The riven tomb. Anthem for ch., org. acc. [Publ. in the New York Herald, March 29.]
Te Deum in A. Ch., org. acc. GS.
Violet. Song, pf. acc. GS. [Publ. as Op. 23, No. 3, with "Two love songs" (Op. 25) as "Three songs."]
Who shall roll us away the stone? Anthem for soprano solo and ch., org. acc. ML.

1893. *Before the heavens were spread abroad.* Anthem for tenor solo and ch., org. acc. N.
Come, see the place where Jesus lay. Song, pf. acc. GS.
In glad weather. Song, pf. acc. (Charles Buxton Going.) ES.
Magnificat and Nunc dimittis in E-flat. Ch., org. acc. N. [Publ. as Op. 34.]
A rose song. Unison ch., pf. acc. (Richard H. Stoddard.) [Publ. in "The children's souvenir song book" (N).]
Salve Regina. Song, pf. acc. GS.
2 songs. Pf. acc. 1. Love is a rover. (Samuel Minturn Peck.) 2. A song of three little birds. GBJ.
2 songs. Pf. acc. 1. Fickle love. (Louise Chandler Moulton.) 2. Uncertainty. (Charles Swain.) HBS.
Te Deum in B-flat. Ch., org. acc. GS.

1894. *Divine care.* Song, pf. acc. (Alice C. Jennings.) HBS.
Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky. Anthem for bass solo and ch., org. acc. GS.
2 Shakespeare songs. Pf. acc. 1. A poor soul sat sighing. 2. It was a lover and his lass. HBS.

1895. *2 compositions for pianoforte.* 1. Capricietto. 2. Dialogue. [Publ. in vol. 13 of "Famous composers and their works" (JBM).]

1896. *3 compositions for organ.* 1. Postlude. 2. Melody. 3. Marcia religiosa. [Publ. in vols. 2–4 of Dudley Buck's "Vox organi" (JBM); Nos. 1 and 3 reprinted in "The American organist" (TP) 1918.]
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee. Anthem for soprano or tenor solo and ch., org. acc. (William Cowper.) CSE (N, 1901).
Spanish cavalier's song. Pf. acc. (Isabella G. Parker.) HBS.

1897. *In May.* Part-song for women's ch., orch. and harp. GS.
O Lord, I will exalt Thee. Anthem for ch., org. acc. GS.

1898. *Calm on the listening ear of night.* Anthem for soprano or tenor solo and ch., org. acc. (Rev. E. H. Sears.) [Publ. in the Churchman, Dec. 10 (N, 1900).]
Grant, we beseech Thee, merciful Lord. Part-song for ch. BMCo.
Rejoice in the Lord. Anthem for ch., org. acc. CWT.

1899. *Behold, ye despisers.* Anthem for bass solo and ch., org. acc. N.

1900. *In heavenly love abiding.* Anthem for soprano solo and ch., org. acc. (Anna L. Waring.) N.

1901. *Come away!* Part-song for ch. (John Dowland.) N. [Publ. as Op. 54.]
An even song. Part-song for women's ch., pf. acc. (Celia Thaxter.) N.
The robbers. Part-song for ch., pf. acc. (Joanna Baillie.) [Publ. in W. L. Tomlins' "The laurel song book" (SB).]
Thou shalt remember. Anthem for baritone solo and ch., org. acc. N.

1904. *Brightest and best.* Anthem for soprano solo and ch., org. acc. GS.
It came upon the midnight clear. Anthem for solo voices, and ch., org. acc.; violin and harp ad lib. OD.
2 songs from Tennyson's "Queen Mary." Pf. acc. 1. Milkmaid's song. 2. Lute-song. GS.

1905. *Come, gentles, rise!* Christmas carol for unison ch., pf. acc. (Rev. Daniel Evans.) GS.
I shall not die, but live. Anthem for baritone solo and ch., org. acc. OD.
Springtime of love. Song, pf. acc. (Frank Dempster Sherman.) GS.

1908. *Piscatrix.* Part-song for men's ch. GS.
The wandering knight's song. Pf. acc. (Spanish ballad, 1555.) JC.

1909. *To whom then will ye liken God.* Anthem for tenor solo and ch., org. acc. HWG.

1911. *A Christmas song.* Pf. acc. (Dr. J. G. Holland.) [Publ. in the Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine, Dec.]

1912. *Song of a pilgrim soul.* Part-song for women's ch., pf. acc. (Henry Van Dyke.) Priv. pr.

1913. *Alice Brand.* Cantata for solo voices and women's ch., pf. acc. (Sir Walter Scott.) GS. [Publ. as Op. 76.]

1914. *2 songs.* Pf. acc. 1. A perfect love. (Alfred H. Hyatt.) 2. Her cheek is like the tinted rose. (Florence Earle Coates.) APS.

3 songs. Pf. acc. 1. Morning song. (Martin Schütze.) 2. Across the fields. (Walter Crane.) 3. Nightfall. (Martin Schütze.) BMCo.

1918. *Hymn for the victorious dead.* Song, pf. acc. (Hermann Hagedorn.) [Publ. in The Outlook, Dec. 18.]

1919. *He faileth not.* Anthem for soprano or tenor solo and ch., org. acc. HWG.

Triumphal march. Part-song for ch., pf. acc. (David Kilburn Stevens.) [Publ. in Gertrude B. Parsons' "High school song book" (SB).]

1923. *I remember.* Part-song for women's ch., pf. acc. (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.) [Publ. in "A book of choruses for high schools and choral societies" (SB).]

Editing and Arranging

1895. *The battle hymn of the Republic.* Part-song for ch. GS.

A collection of arrangements and transcriptions for the organ. GS.

In einem kühlen Grunde. Part-song for men's ch. GS.

Die Lorelei. Part-song for men's ch. GS.

My country, 'tis of thee. Part-song for ch. GS.

The star-spangled banner. Part-song for ch. GS.

1907. Saint-Saëns, Camille. *The rainbow; quartet from "The deluge."* Ch., org. acc. GS.

University hymns with tunes arranged for men's voices. (With Harry B. Jepson.) ASB.

1908. *Cossack war-song.* Part-song for men's ch. GS.

Grandval, Mme. de. *2 choruses from Stabat Mater.* Ch., org. acc. GS.

3 Irish folk-songs. Part-songs for men's ch. 1. The Shan Van Voght. 2. At the mid-hour of night. (Thomas Moore.) 3. Kitty Magee. (Francis A. Faley.) GS.

2 Minnelieder. Part-songs for foresinger and men's ch. 1. Moonrise. 2. Three roses. GS.

Rheinberger, Josef. *The valley of the Espingo.* Ballad for men's ch. and orch. Op. 50. (Paul Heyse.) [Vocal score.] GS.

1911. *Music and drama.* H&L.

Music and public entertainment. H&L.

1912. *German, French and Italian song classics.* 4 vols. JC.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FOLK-MUSICIANS

By JEFFREY MARK

MY excuse for writing the following "reminiscences" at a comparatively early age—before a man has long settled, and when his past is richer in experiences than his future can ever hope to be—is that, in my case, contact with popular music and traditional musicians began as soon as I was in a position to hear and comprehend them. At that time, and indeed almost ever since, I have seen and heard traditional singers, players and dancers at first hand, and it has never been necessary for me to make deliberate excursions for material, although I have often done so. Nor has it been an effort for me to come down to the psychological level of the performers, since I happen to have been born amongst them. Most musicians interested in folk-music are not so fortunate, and set to work to bridge the difference in level by approaching the performer, note-book in hand, in a spirit of determined condescension. I can sing songs of my own district as well, I feel sure, as some of the graybeards who have mumbled for Sharp and Vaughan Williams. This is no matter for congratulation, nor is it an attempt to deprecate the efforts of any folk-singer, but is merely an aggressive statement of the fact that I have acquired certain things in my "repertoire" in the ordinary traditional way. At the same time, it has not prevented me, during the last six years or so, from thinking about and observing similar phenomena from the outside as any ordinary cultivated musician might do.

Leaving out memories of the swaddling-clothes and early breeched periods, I will begin at about the age of ten or eleven. At that time I had taught myself to play on a hopelessly jangly piano, and was struggling with the sublimities of "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Blake's Grand March." My fame as a performer soon spread, and I became an informal member of a band which played for barn-dances and "balls" round the Cumberland villages near the blacksmith's shop where I stayed with my grandmother and three uncles. The latter being big, brawny men, with muscles hardened at their trade, were often employed as Masters of Ceremony at these various functions. Consequently, they always gave themselves an extra sponge-up, wore a tea-rose in their buttonholes, called out the dances, urged the shy men, usually cluttered

about the porch of the hall, to dance, and threw out the drunks when they became obstreperous. Doubtless through their influence I was introduced to Bill Brown the fiddler, who soon saw that I was quite handy at the piano, and as far as his repertory was concerned, at any rate, "cud play owt." This simply meant that I could always be relied on to vamp an accompaniment to his terribly raucous playing. Bill, no doubt, worked hard during the day, so at night he took his fiddle-playing as comfortably as possible. Volume of tone being essential in a village hall where the noise of heavy boots on a rather rough floor is hard to overcome, he could not spare his bow-hand, so he made things as easy as possible for the other. This he did by crossing his right leg over his left, and resting his fiddle on the top of the former with the neck pointing away from him. He was thus able to finger his fiddle with his left elbow comfortably resting on his left thigh. Unfortunately, his partner was an accordeon player whose instrument would only function in the keys of B♭ and E♭. This you might imagine would have been hard on Bill who, like all country fiddlers, very sensibly confined himself, as far as possible, to the keys of D and G. Bill, however, met the situation squarely by screwing up all his strings a semitone, so that for the accordeon's E♭ and B♭ he simply had to finger as for the keys of D and A. This was rather hard, incidentally, on the pianist, who, at that stage of his musical career, shared Bill's preference for D and G. But I managed to familiarize myself with the flat keys, and got along, somehow. The real trouble was that the heavy pressure of Bill's bow was too much for his over-taut strings, and he generally managed to break two or three every night. Even in those crude musical circles, Bill was known as one who always "laid on hard," and the snapping of his strings was looked forward to as part of the evening's entertainment. After each report, I invariably looked round apprehensively, but Bill used to shout back at me, "Gan on lad, divn't stop! Ah'll seún catch up wid thee!" We were a terrible trio, in all conscience, but I managed to pick up a good number of lively tunes, most of which, I imagine, have remained with me ever since.

In his youth, my father played the fiddle for dances in the villages round Burgh by Sands, and elsewhere. Some of his tunes were popular music-hall songs of his early days, others were stragglers from the ballrooms and drawing-rooms of Victorian times, but the majority were the lively reels and beautiful slow tunes of Scotland and the Border. He often played at home fifteen years ago, but rarely picks up his fiddle nowadays, except

at Christmas time. His style is quiet and genuinely in the tradition, but he cannot play a reel as well as one of my uncles, who has a very fair technique, in spite of the fact that he lost one of the fingers of his left hand in early manhood. Nor can either play with the wild abandon of another uncle, now a gamekeeper at Elgin who, in twenty years' residence there, has become more Scottish than the Scots themselves. He fingers most carelessly and his tone is extremely coarse, yet he gets a zest into his playing that is quite phenomenal. He would rather sketch in groups of notes or slur through his sequences than play a reel beyond his fingers even a shade slower than it should be played. But his instinct for rhythm and accentuation is uncanny, and his collection of tunes apparently endless. (He was a so-called ne'er-do-weel in his youth, and would do nothing but poach, shoot, drink, fish, and listen to other fiddlers as lazy as himself.) Every now and then he hits on a tune whose wildness and abandon has caught me by surprise, accustomed as I am to the peculiarities and *clichés* of reel and strathspey playing. Sometimes it is a solitary "wild" note, or even grace-note, which jumps at you suddenly and unaccountably, and passes before you have time to place it, but more often it is the quick sweep of the bow across the open strings at queer stages in the rhythm of the tune. This practice of "playing on all four strings at once," as it is usually called, is used by all fiddlers to some extent, and as a means of sudden accentuation is extremely effective. Whether or not my uncle ever stops the strings as he sweeps his bow across, I have never been able to find out—it all happens so suddenly and unexpectedly. Very probably not, as he is not one likely to trouble about details of this sort. But somehow I feel that the pure tradition provides for it. Be this as it may, the result is remarkable, and gives the effect of sudden flick of the leg in the middle of a quick dance. Anyone who has seen a good Irish hornpipe dancer will appreciate the effect I am trying to describe. And the noticeable thing about it, in almost every case, is that these unexpected and exhilarating accentuations scarcely ever happen at the "natural" rhythmical stresses of the tune. On the contrary, they often appear as a kind of clicking-up of a phrase at the flash-end of a beat—a quick intake of breath before the new sentence begins. I am quite sure that professional composers and players have much to learn from these obscure practitioners in the matter of effective and unconventional accentuation.

On the other hand, in a slow air, he uses the sides of the bow and a few strands of hair only. The slowness is exaggerated, the

time hopelessly irregular, and the tone so thin, penetrating and intense that it is sometimes quite painful to listen to.

Some of the best fiddling I have ever heard was at a dance, four or five years ago, at a small village just over on the Scottish side of the Border. I had been playing Rugby and was coming home in a charabanc with the rest of the team. At one stop on the way, we learnt that there was a dance at a village a mile or so away. It was getting rather late, but we were all keen to take it in, and eventually got to the dance-hall just in time to make up a few more sets for an eightsome reel. The hall had once been a barn, but had now been reconstructed and a new *concrete* floor laid down. Which was rather stupid and disappointing, as anyone will appreciate who has danced on the springy boarding of a barn floor, its surface beautifully polished by dragging hay across it. This, however, didn't deter us, and we were soon in the middle of what is possibly one of the most energetic dances still in fashion in these islands. Before long I realised that the music was particularly good, and looked up to see standing at the end of the hall two fiddlers who were as like each other as the proverbial two peas. They were tall and gaunt, with high cheek-bones, and were dressed in suits of the same dunny-brown material. It was obvious, in fact, that they were twins, and appropriately enough, their playing was marvellously synchronized. Their every movement was identical, and in consequence time, tone and accent were hit off together in a way I have not seen equalled since. Their bow-arms were beautifully vigorous and free, and their tone as strong, bright and clear. I noticed that at times their elbows swung up almost in line with their shoulders, and at all times were well clear of their sides. At that time I was taking viola lessons from André Mangeot, a very capable teacher, who, like all the rest of them, insisted that the bow-arm should keep close to the side, so that the movement of the bow might be as nearly on a vertical plane as possible. I wished that he could have seen the natural, graceful and vigorous movements of these bow-arms, so entirely different from his own arm, sinuous and capable as it is. And the clear frank tone and the volume of it!

Talking about barn floors reminds me of a dance I was at some eight or nine years ago at Rockliffe, in Cumberland. On this occasion, some two hundred people met in a barn there, the floor of which was swung from wall to wall some twenty feet above ground level. Usually, for a dance of this size in a barn of fair dimensions, wooden props are put up to give some support to the floor, which otherwise might collapse altogether under the

strain. In this case they had forgotten them, or preferred to risk it. I well remember the fine surface and the terrifying "give" of the floor, especially, of course, near the middle, where it rose and fell more than a foot, I should say, with the rhythm of the livelier dances. Insomuch that when I was prevailed on to play for a six-reel, the piano bounced up and down in front of me to such an extent that I was literally able to hit the keyboard only every now and again. But eventually I learnt to synchronize my efforts with the movements of the floor, and later on had a man detailed to *hold* the piano for me! An amusing incident during the course of another reel in which I was dancing, was the sudden calling away of a man in our set to help with a cow that was calving in one of the byres below. He was back before the dance was finished! I have often felt sorry for that cow, what with the terrible noise of the dancing above and the hustling methods of at least one of the men who attended to her!

I must not leave the fiddlers without a word about an excellent old player, Richardson, whom I met at Long Spur in Bland County, Virginia, U. S. A., in the summer of 1925. I was then doing a strenuous and rather foolish walking tour alone, in the Southern Appalachians, and was just south of New River among what are there called Walker's Mountains. There I stayed over night at the house of a man called Davis, who was surveyor to Bland County. Richardson was his father-in-law, and in the course of the evening got out his fiddle. To my amazement, he played dozens of tunes which my father played regularly, including such familiar ones as "Soldier's Joy," "The De'il amang the Tailors," and the "Flowers of Edinburgh," which last, however, he called "Fisher's Hornpipe." It is obvious, of course, that these fiddle-tunes were brought over by early British immigrants—these Southern mountains are full of English, Scottish and Irish descendants of Jacobites who came there after the disasters of 1715 and 1745—just as were the songs which Cecil Sharp collected. Yet I was not prepared for anything which would come quite so near to me.

The whole evening at Long Spur was grotesque and inconsequent in a way only possible, I imagine, in the States. Davis's son was home from Florida on a short holiday. (It was at the time of the boom, before the terrible hurricane of a year or so ago.) He had staying with him another boy who was a regular jazz-fan, and who Charlestoned and what-notted to everything old Richardson played. Afterwards I played a few English and Scottish dance-tunes on a desperate old piano in the corner.

The boy still jazzed to them, rather to the annoyance of Richardson and young Davis, who were obviously interested in the things I was playing. Subsequently, at the request of the Florida boy, I played one or two contemporaneous jazz-tunes, and he insisted on teaching me one or two recondite Charleston steps in return. After this, Richardson sang songs to his own accompaniment on an old mandolin he produced from somewhere. Next, father Davis asked me to play a few hymns from a tattered Methodist hymn-book lying on top of the piano. This I did, when the whole company made a fair shift to sing in harmony. The interesting thing about it, to me, was that the hymns were all printed in what is known as "buckwheat" notation. Under this system, so far as I could discover, the notes of the tonic triad (*i.e.*, the "doh-me-soh-dohs" in the parts), were printed the shape of buckwheat grain (triangular), while the remaining notes were printed in the ordinary way. By the use of these familiar symbols, the reading of music was made easier for the poor "hicks" of the countryside.

About this time, Henry Ford was taking a great interest in country fiddlers. (He still is!) In 1925, he organised a country fiddler's contest at which one old "sweat" from Maine, called Mellie Dunham, carried off the prize. In consequence, Mellie and "Ma" Dunham were boosted and extravagantly sentimentalised in the American press. Since then, however, old steps and set dances have become popular in New England, and "old folks dances," as they are called, are the thing in the villages on a Saturday night. I attended one, I remember, near Bellows Falls, on the Connecticut River, between Vermont and New Hampshire. It was rather a depressing affair, and my chief recollection is of a "hobo" from the next farm to the one that I was working on, who was trying to get an alcoholic "kick" on the premises by drinking a bottle of vanilla extract!

With regard to bagpipes and bagpipe-players, I cannot attempt to give an account of the numbers I have heard, or the impression that some of them have made on me, although some day I hope to do so. In spite of the jokes regularly made about this remarkable instrument and its players, and the real or mock horror which certain people seem to have for even the very sound of it, the fact remains that the cultivation of bagpipe music, particularly in the Scotland of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the whole field of popular music. Nowadays, a tremendous amount of interest is still taken in bagpipe-playing—there has been a definite

revival in quite recent years—but this, unfortunately, is mostly concentrated on material which has scarcely the variety or the interest to justify it. The whole fervour of the modern Scottish bagpiper is poured into the narrow channel of jig, reel, strathspey and march, and, occasionally, a bastardized form of the old laments. The first three are good enough, but are mostly built up on the same structural formula, so that when the "outsider" has heard one of them, he has literally heard the lot. But the Scotsman always had a passion for detail, and the intensity of his interest enables him to be content with shades of difference much too subtle for the uninitiated. The old music of the Great Highland Bagpipe, the *Piobaireachd*[1] of the MacCrimmons, has now almost fallen into disuse, and, indeed, can only be heard played by a mere handful of pipers at a few of the Highland gatherings. But it is a music worthy of the instrument, and of the devotion of its players, although it is elaborated, refined and conventionalised to a point which would surprise people, the majority of whom imagine bagpipe music to be a wild, unrestrained and barbarous medley of sounds. In the summer of 1928, at the Cowal Games at Dunoon, I listened for three hours on end to some of the best pipers in Scotland playing the *Piobaireachd.* I cannot confess to a continuous rapture, as I was there simply as a student of the music; but I was convinced that to the vast majority of those listening—nearly all Scotsmen, of course—the whole thing was incomprehensible from beginning to end. The *Piobaireachd* competitions are held in some "quiet" corner of the field, where they are least likely to interfere with the pipe-band competitions, Highland dancing, reel and strathspey playing, tossing the caber, throwing the hammer, and all the rest of it.

Nevertheless, in New York, I heard *Piobaireachd* played intelligently by Murdo Mackenzie, piper to the Caledonian Club, and by a man Macpherson, then a hall porter somewhere down in Greenwich Village. The latter had the real tradition in him from his father, a wandering piper who managed to pull off many a championship in Scotland in spite of his rags. But his son had grown gloomy when I met him, drank a lot of bootleg hootch, and was full of contempt for the spruce pipers of New York, who vied with each other in the narrow field of reel and strathspey. He had

[1]Piobaireachd—The "classical" music of the Great Highland Bagpipe, developed particularly by the MacCrimmons, hereditary pipers to the MacLeods of Skye. It is almost entirely in the theme and variation form.

See my "Scottish Suite for Violins and Piano" (Stainer and Bell: Carnegie Collection of British Music), in which the last movement is based on a close study of this amazing music.

more than a smattering, too, of the *Canntaireachd*,[1] and it was strange to hear in New York, of all places, the lively evidences of a culture developed in the Isle of Skye three hundred years ago.

I heard the Irish pipes at Bellingham Fair, in Northumberland, in 1927, and also in New York, two years before. They are much more complicated than any other, and have been mechanicalised quite considerably. There are keys on the drones as well as the chanter, whereas the Highland chanter has holes only, while the drones, of course, are invariable. The Irish Uillean pipes (I have never heard the Brian Boru, or war pipe), are not played much nowadays, and the art of the old pipers is fast disappearing. It is curious to think that the most considerable revival in recent years also occurred in the United States, where in Chicago, Captain Francis O'Neill, Superintendent of Police, did a great deal for Irish piping at the beginning of this century, and was responsible for the publication of several excellent collections of tunes. The man I heard in New York, whose name I cannot remember, was actually born there. But he had been taught in his youth by people straight over from the old country, and had taught his two sons in turn. One of them was a fair player, but neither was interested in the pipes in the way that he "ought to have been." In fact, one of them was beginning to show an inclination to take up the saxophone! But the father was an enthusiast for the pipes, if ever there was one, and when I knew him, was studying Gaelic once a week at a class held in the basement of the Woolworth building! He was a master printer, and nearing sixty.

In recent years, I have heard the Northumbrian Small Pipes played a good deal, and through the agency of W. G. Whittaker and others, have been put in touch with most of the best pipers. A revival of interest in this beautifully-toned instrument is at present in progress, and I hope to write about it, and the pipers connected with it, in another article.

It was in New York, again, that I heard some remarkable playing on the accordeon. This, as probably most musicians will feelingly testify, is the world's worst instrument, but in the hands of certain Irish immigrants there, it certainly did not seem to be so. Similarly, I heard a negro in the streets of Johnson City, Tennessee, who got extraordinary effects from a harmonica. And I have heard the Jew's harp played beautifully. Perhaps

[1]Canntaireachd—A verbal notation for bagpipe music. There were several systems in existence, of which that used by the MacCrimmons has been best preserved. In practice, the notation, although admirably suited to the instrument, is scarcely used at all to-day. See article by J. P. Grant, in *Music and Letters*, January, 1925.

this is an aberration on my part, but, in my opinion, this ancient instrument is far from being a mere schoolboy's toy, and is capable of refinements and unusual effects, possible because, and not in spite, of its very rudimentary limitations. But in the face of this and other evidence I shall some day put forward in all professional seriousness, the Jew's harp, in the public mind, will always be relegated to the paper and comb category.

The Irish accordeon players I came across quite accidentally. In the early winter of 1925, when living in New York, I was in the habit of amusing myself by joining in rough and tumble games of football with casual "toughs" in Central Park. One of these groups was a gang of Irishmen who played Gaelic football. (Actually it was quite dangerous under the Central Park conditions, where space is so desperately restricted that we often played with a hurling match in progress nearly across our line of play. And hurling is a kind of ground-hockey minus all the precautionary restrictions, such as the height to which one is allowed to raise the stick before hitting the ball!) One day, however, I went to Celtic Park at Corona, Long Island, where it was the custom for the Irish Catholics to foregather for miscellaneous amusements of all sorts on a Sunday afternoon. I watched a very strenuous game of Gaelic football, which bears much the same relationship to Rugby football that hurling does to hockey. There were no restrictions that I could discover, and one could handle, kick or throw the ball in any direction. It reminded me of the football game described in "Tom Brown's School Days."

When the game was over, I heard a noise of playing and dancing in a covered stand at the side of the football pitch. I pushed through the crowds, and saw that the whole length of the stand was taken up with a succession of dancing groups. Each group usually had a fiddler and an accordeon player, though others made shift with a flute and drum. There were six or seven of these groups, mostly dancing what they called Irish sets. They were after the style of quadrilles and lancers, but with much more elaboration in the footwork. After each set was over, the musicians went round with the hat and got in a dime or nickel from each dancer. This done, they immediately struck up again and touted round for couples to make up the new set.

By five or six o'clock, the stand was packed, and some moved on to a big ramshackle hall at the end of the park, for what was called Irish-American dancing. Here some of the younger end started in with fox-trots and Charlestons, while the rest continued with the Irish sets and a monotonous dance called "Stacks

o' Barley." I saw the same thing later at Donovan's Dance Hall, somewhere off Broadway, about 60th Street. Here, on a Saturday night, the place was crowded with Irish—one floor palpitating to fox-trots and Charlestons, while the floor above swung to the rhythm of the Irish sets. Here were an accordeon-player, a fiddler and a pianist, all three in their shirt-sleeves, leathering away at it as hard as they could go. Energy simply exuded from them.

Meanwhile, dancing was still going on in the covered stand, and I became particularly interested in one accordeon-player whose young son, a fiddler, played with him. I was amazed to see how the technique of bagpipe and fiddle had forced itself upon the accordeon. The fast jig-and-reel-tunes were fingered with remarkable neatness, grace-notes and all, while the tonic and dominant wheeze of the bellows was used simply to accentuate the rhythm, in exactly the same way as the fiddler's sudden sweep of the bow across the strings (the "playing on all four strings at once" I have described in connection with my uncle at Elgin). Here again, short jerks of the bellows were used, corresponding to the typical short bow of the traditional reel and strathspey fiddler, and the only time the bellows were stretched or anything approaching a full bow-stroke was made, was at the sudden and curious rhythmical accentuations already described. It was remarkable, too, to see how closely and easily the son followed his father. These quick jigs and reels are fairly complicated, even on paper, but in practice they are elaborated quite extensively with grace-notes and quick passing-notes. The son followed the accordeon down to the smallest decorative detail, and never failed to bring his bow across the strings at the irregular stresses emphasised by the wheeze of the accordeon.

Later I went along with the father to a speakeasy about ten minutes' walk from Celtic Park. This was in a desolate part of the Island, where, I should imagine, real-estate magnates were still juggling with land values. Houses were built here and there, with unpaved muddy streets and wide stretches of waste land between. At one windy corner, we went into a big rambling building much older and more dilapidated than any of those round about it. From the outside, the place looked deserted and no lights were to be seen. But when we had gone along a passage and through a room in complete darkness, we came to a cheerful interior, where I was introduced to the landlord and his wife. He was an ex-boxer, and when we came in, was serving whiskey at 25 cents a shot. This was the cheapest and best whiskey I have

ever tasted in the States. It was "potheen" of a rich brown colour, and came straight over from the old country in big stone jars.

In the next room, dancing was going on to the music of the inevitable accordeon, and a great noise of frying came from the kitchen. Later we sat down to a meal of pig's feet and sauerkraut, washed down with potheen. I afterwards came many a night to this place, and was able to study the music under very comfortable and hospitable conditions. Once I met a most excellent and patient teacher of Irish dances, and subsequently learnt from him the steps for the Irish jig, reel and hornpipe. After that I went to quite a number of *Cumann an Rinnce* (which seemed to be the Gaelic for a social gathering and dance), and danced a number of Irish folk-dances, such as "The Walls of Limerick," and "The Waves of Tory," which were very similar to the set dances used by the English Folk-Dance Society.

My recollection of singers is not quite so vivid as in the case of instrumentalists, although I have known Burns' songs and heard them sung (in the oral tradition, that is to say) ever since I can remember. On one occasion, when not more than nine or ten years old, I found myself taking part in what I have since realised must have been a version of the Christmas Mummers' Play. There was the Bessy and the Doctor, and I had some short song to sing and a few lines to repeat. The properties for the various characters in the play were very old and dilapidated, and I distinctly remember that some of us had straw bound round our feet. My only recollection of the text was some doggerel which the Doctor spoke:

> ". . . (I have been in)
> Ittalty, Tittalty, Mittalty and Spain,
> And now I am back in old England again."

We performed the play in the "Royal Oak," where the occupants gave us a few coppers, and later in the blacksmith's shop, for the general benefit. The hearth-fires were kept up specially for the occasion, and the play continued until we were interrupted by some young boys of the village, who began a fusillade of grass sods on performers and audience alike, through the wide-open doors of the "smiddy."

Often since I have revisited this village, where I began my musical career as a member of Bill Brown's band, and am still occasionally recognised as "Lella Bell's son, the blacksmith's dowter." And I do not spoil the effect by trying to reëstablish my present identity on such occasions, as a musician who is

unaccountably interested in old songs. Once again,[1] in the "Royal Oak," we had a few songs, mostly very badly sung, but one man of about sixty presently got up and gave us a version of a once very popular Cumberland song called "Sally Gray," which I have known and sung since boyhood. The actual difference in notes from my own version was quite subtle, but I was chiefly interested in the method and poise of his delivery. His was a voice which came to me directly out of the past. His singing was quite impersonal and unimpassioned, and it was obvious that he obliged us with his song from some strange sense of duty ("duty," that is to say, in a sociological and non-moral sense). He had been taught his part and here was an occasion on which he was expected to perform. His way was not that of your modern tavern brawler, who harps on the "emotions" like any prima donna, expects a furore at the end of his song—and usually gets it! But it was soon apparent that "Sally Gray" did not suit the company, and was only tolerated as an old man's quaverings, stale, old-fashioned and unexciting. And this although they were all the genuine article, honest rustics honestly quaffing their honest ale in the manner which a romantically interested society expects of them. According to common report, they should have automatically joined in the chorus and improvised a few verses on the spot. But the next item was a cheap music-hall song of about forty years ago (as I reckoned), with a refrain, "I didn't stop to say good-bye"—which pleased tremendously, and soon put everyone in a good humour again after the tedium of "Sally Gray."[2]

I once was invited to a sheep-shearing at a farm out on the Bewcastle Fells, within a mile or so from the Scottish Border, and a part of the old seventeenth-century Debateable Ground. I was employed with the "buster," as they called it, and branded every sheep with tar after it had been sheared, and put it on the way back to the Fells from which it had been brought that morning. After the shearing there were to have been sports of some kind, wrestling, leaping and the like, but a heavy rain put an end to all this. We had to content ourselves with a few games of quoits (pronounced here with the full value on both syllables—"co-its"). This was the throwing of heavy iron rings or horse-shoes to a bolt in the ground. Later we went to the barn and had whiskey and songs for an hour or so. Here again the singers were bad and the

[1]The following incident is reproduced almost verbatim, from an article by me in *Music and Letters*, July, 1929.

[2]"Sally Gray"—See my arrangements of this, for solo voice and piano (Oxford University Press).

songs were poor, except for an odd hunting song or two (entirely localised in words and sentiment) which might have been worth learning. Yet one old shepherd who lived eight miles away, behind Christianbury Crags, sang one or two songs which came to me with the same conviction as in the case of the singer of "Sally Gray." His delivery, too, was quite emotionless and his face impassive, and again only natural kindliness prevented an interruption from some of the more lively or drunken members of the party. Soon, however, a destitute from Glasgow, who had somehow managed to find his way to these lonely hills, sang a few songs of the extravagantly sentimental type so popular with the soldiers in the late War. And they went down fine—even with these hard-working and solitary men.

Three years ago, at Croton-on-Hudson, thirty or forty miles from New York, I heard a Red Indian Chief sing many social and ceremonial songs of his tribe. Tony, as we called him (his Indian name was difficult to pronounce and impossible to remember), was the husband of a charming and cultivated American lady. It was at a week-end party at their country house at Croton that I first saw Tony. We spent most of Saturday chopping down trees, sawing them up and splitting them with axes into logs for the fire under Tony's direction. He was about five feet ten in height, and one of the strongest-built men I have ever seen. His breadth and depth of chest were enormous, and he had a fine, heavy face with quiet, kindly eyes. His hair was done up in native fashion, with two glossy black pigtails hanging down his front to the waist—one on each side of his neck. He wore a khaki shirt, riding breeches and leggings, and the usual travelling rug arrangement in blue and red when out of doors. He could split a section of trunk three or four feet across and two feet deep clean in two with a single blow of the axe.

He was a most charming and dignified person in every way, and it was with great diffidence, before dinner that night, that we asked him to sing to us some of his songs. At times he was apparently quite keen to sing, but at others nothing would induce him to do so. After dinner, however, when we were all sitting comfortably round a wood fire of our own chopping, Tony suddenly appeared with a small drum about ten inches in diameter, which he placed in front of him as he squatted on the hearth. The drum had four short legs so that it could stand on the ground as he beat it with the stick. It was about half full of water, and before beginning, Tony turned it upside down repeatedly until the membrane was thoroughly soaked. (This he continued to do at

intervals throughout the recital.) He then began to sing in the high nasal tone which apparently all Red Indians use, and beat the drum continuously in a dull monotonous rhythm that scarcely varied from song to song. It was difficult at first to make much out of his songs, but after a dozen or twenty, I managed to group them somewhat in my own mind. Some were chants with an invariable tune, but so modified to meet the exigencies of new words (apparently), that the tune was often scarcely recognisable. There was no recurring rhythm of any sort, and the whole effect was extremely vague and rhapsodic. Other songs, again, were definitely rhythmic and fairly short. These were best liked by the company, and were probably used as song accompaniments for dancing. I imagine that in the songs of this second type, meaningless word-jingles were used (similar to the "port-a-beul," or "mouth-music" of the Western Islanders, used as an accompaniment, with hand-clapping, for dancing, according to Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's description), although, of course, not knowing the language, it was impossible for me to say. I tried once or twice to get some information on this point from Tony in the brief pauses he made between each song, but he was so obviously wrapped up in his singing that I could get nothing out of him. His eyes were focussed on infinity. But the suggestion in his voice was almost the same as that which I have tried to describe in the case of the two folk-singers already mentioned. There was exactly the same feeling of impersonality, giving the impression that the singer was a mere instrument actuated by something beyond his control—the cultural imposition of unnumbered centuries of tribal life. This suggestion has always had the power to move me more than any individual emotional effect Chaliapin or anyone else may have tried to conjure up for my benefit. Various other members of the audience tried to get Tony to give some information as to what sort of song it was he had just finished, when it was sung, and so on, but his invariable answer was that "it was just one of the songs we used to sing." As he said it, he was getting under way for the next song. All we managed to get out of him, in one expansive moment, was that about once a month, according to the position of the moon, he and about ten of the head men of his tribe came together in a tepee, and sang songs in turn or together from sunset to sunrise apparently without stopping. The drum was passed round amongst them, and Tony said that after they had been at it for an hour or so, the drum began to sing with them, and sometimes sang itself. He tried to make it sing for us, but it was "very difficult" for one man to do it alone,

and no doubt we were all much too unsympathetic with regard to such phenomena to be of much help. Ultimately he got started again, and this time nothing could stop him. I, for one, decided that the moon was in the right quarter, and that Tony, in spite of the absence of his head men, was going to put up with us as substitutes, and had determined to carry on with the drum single-handed until dawn. It was impossible for us to suggest that he should stop, since he was a general favourite, and obviously wrapped up in his singing to an extent we could appreciate, even if we could not understand it. Eventually we tried to pretend to ourselves that he simply wasn't there, and resumed conversation. He had begun his singing about eight o'clock, and he was eventually prevailed on to give it up sometime after midnight, when we all went to bed. During these four or five hours of continuous singing, the beat of the drum seemed to have got into the very walls of the house. When he did stop, the effect was quite uncanny.

* *
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I have rambled on in these reminiscences, apparently without any thought of order or continuity. But this has been deliberate, and intended as a protest against the more usual attitude which people think it necessary to take when considering the subject of folk-music. The enthusiast considers the whole thing in a state of subdued rapture. Before speaking or writing about it, he makes the sign of the cross, and tries to make his readers feel that they are about to tread on holy ground. The musicologist tries to rationalise about it all, and ranges its peculiarities under various familiar and conventional categories. His favourite amusement is the empirical establishment of a scale which he complacently proves to be characteristic of the majority of tunes under consideration. Or, like Parry, in his "Art of Music," he tries to show that the famous "Londonderry Air" obtains its effect, "after all," by architectural and patternistic devices, just as does any good, straightforward tune of Handel. This is just about equal to saying that "after all," horse and man are very much alike in appearance and effect because they both have four limbs; whereas the thing to notice about them is not this or any other superficial resemblance, but the fact that one walks on two and the other on all four of them.

The parallel and significant differences in the case of folk- and art-music I have not space even to suggest. It is enough to say that folk-music is an unconscious function of all peoples with the strength of racial or tribal tradition still in them. And therefore it is likely to be as inconsequent in its manifestations as battle, murder, and sudden death, or sleeping, eating, loving, and drinking.

A QUAINT MUSICAL SURVIVAL : THE TWELVE APOSTLES

By JOSEPHINE McGILL

FOLK-LORISTS and others have long devoted attention to songs old or singular, or both, religious or semi-religious in character. Even before the present vogue of the "spirituals," recurrent interest had been devoted to these, and to the "meeting house" hymns in use among the mountaineers of the Appalachian range.

Distinctly different from these two classes of song, yet having a definitely religious, musical and literary value, is an example of quaint and curious lore, heard during a search for traditional ballads—in the vernacular, "song ballets"—in the Kentucky mountains.

Locally known as "The Twelve Apostles," this relic is a combination of song and dialogue. Its status as song, carol, or chant, is difficult to fix. Orally transmitted through generations of mountaineers, the text has obviously suffered corruption. Yet several lines are sufficiently intact to give clues to the original, and to hint of analogies with other compositions.

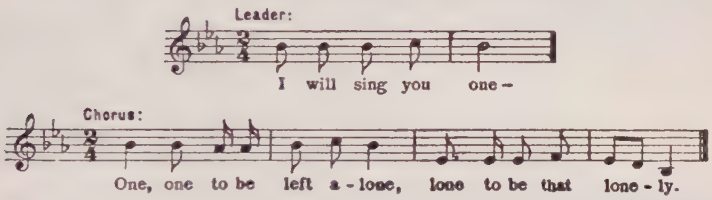
Through its reiterations, its questions and answers, the piece suggests threads of association with Hebrew hymns, mediæval carols and secular verses—notably that classic of cumulative effects, "The House That Jack Built." The structure of the song is based upon an enumeration of numbers and various connotations thereof. The mode of presentation is as distinctive a feature as is the substance of the composition. As in some of the ancient hymns and "The House That Jack Built," every new line repeats what has preceded. Below is a condensed form of the song, followed by a description of the manner of rendering it:

Come, let us sing;
What shall we sing?

I'll sing you one—
One, one to be left alone; lone to be that lonely.
Two, two are little lost babes, my darling grater (?)
Three, they are drivers,
Four are Gospel preachers,
Five's a fireman (ferryman?) cn his boat,

Six are noble waiters,
Seven, stars in the north,
Eight, Gabriel's waiter.
Nine's the moonlight, shining bright,
Ten, ten commandments,
Eleven's a good man gone to Heaven,
Twelve, twelve Apostles.

The following is the mode of presentation: a leader speaks the first line: "Come, let us sing." Then the chorus recites the second line: "What shall we sing?" The leader then begins to sing the first line (as printed below), followed by the chorus:



Between each number and the one following are repeated the summons, and the question: "Come, let us sing. What shall we sing?", as well as the answer: "I will sing you," etc. The chorus always adds to the new line the lines preceding it. This method is pursued throughout the song till, as "The Twelve Apostles" are proclaimed the theme, the chorus winds diligently backward, recalling to the hearer the eleven foregoing divisions.

It is indeed a singular performance. With much gusto a whole family sang it to the present ballad-hunter, and the rendition made a many-sided appeal. Whatever religious value it may have for the singers, it serves as a test of memory and attention, and exerts the fascination that numbers and their possible associations have upon childish fancies, mystical minds, and even more sophisticated philosophers addicted to categories and enumerations.

Heard in a little mountain town—Hindman, Knott County, Kentucky—this naïve composition[1] testifies to the racial, literary and musical heritages of the mountain-dwellers. Connecting their land and epoch with other days and scenes, it offers suggestive material for comparative study, for instance, with cognate verses in the British Museum entitled "The New Dial," published in 1625. In this old work the number One signifies One God, One Baptism, One Faith. Two stands for the Testaments; Three for

[1]In their syllabus of English and Scotch Ballads surviving in Kentucky, Messrs. Shearin and Combs mention a somewhat similar one. It begins with number Twelve, and winds back to One.

the Trinity; and so on. A far earlier example is a Breton one of the fifth century, which represents a dialogue between a Druid and a scholar. Upon this dialogue the Christian missionaries made a song or poem whose divisions—more closely allied with religious subjects than are the lines of the Kentucky version—are as follows:

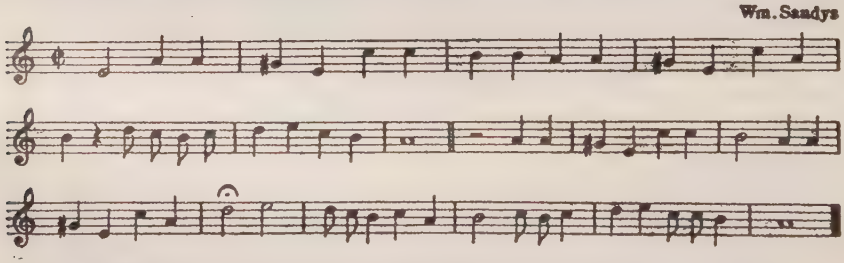
One.....God
Two.....Testaments
Three.....Patriarchs
Four.....Evangelists
Five.....Books of Moses
Six.....Water-vessels of Cana
Seven.....Sacraments
Eight.....Beatitudes
Nine.....Degrees of Angels
Ten.....Commandments
Eleven.....Stars seen by Joseph
Twelve.....Apostles

The Latin version, with the old scholastic flavor, begins with Number Twelve:

Dic mihi quid duodecim; Duodecim Apostoli;
Undecim stellæ a Josepho visæ;
Decem mandati Dei;
Novem angelorum chori.

And in this wise through the other numbers, to *Unus est Deus qui regnat in cœlis.*

Somewhat similar is a carol, "In These Twelve Days," printed in Sandys's collection of Christmas Carols:



In these twelve days, and in these twelve days, let us be glad;
For God of His power hath all things made;
What is that which is but One?
We have but one God alone,
In Heaven above sits on His throne;
What are they which are but two?
Two testaments, as we are told;
The one is New, the other Old;
And in these twelve days, etc.

What are they which are but three?
Three persons in the Trinity:
The Father, Son and Ghost Holy;
And in these twelve days, etc.

What are they that are but four?
Four Gospels written true,
John, Luke, Mark, Matthew;
And in these twelve days, etc.

What are they that are but five?
Five senses we have to tell,
God give us grace to use them well;
And in these twelve days, etc.

What are they that are but six?
Six ages this world shall last;
Five of them are gone and past;
And in these twelve days, etc.

What are they that are but seven?
Seven days in the week have we;
Six to work and the seventh, holy;
And in these twelve days, etc.

What are they that are but eight?
Eight beatitudes are given,
Use them well and go to Heaven;
And in these twelve days, etc.

What are they that are but nine?
Nine degrees of angels high,
Which praise God continually;
And in these twelve days, etc.

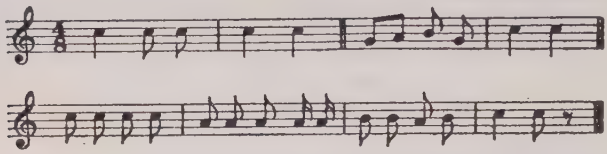
What are they that are but ten?
Ten Commandments God hath given;
Keep them well and go to Heaven;
And in these twelve days, etc.

What are they that are but eleven?
Eleven thousand virgins did partake
And suffer death for Jesus' sake;
And in these twelve days, etc.

What are they that are but twelve?
Twelve Apostles Christ did choose
To preach the Gospel to the Jews;
And in these twelve days, etc.

A Cornish version, familiar in the copper-mining regions of Lake Superior, is recorded by Mrs. Crosby Adams in her little book on Christmas Carols:

Mrs. Crosby Adams



Come and I'll sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you One-O.
What is your One-O?
One of them is God alone, and He will ever remain so,
Two of them are lily-white babes, all clothed in green-O,
Three of them are strangers,
Four are the Gospel Preachers,
Five is the Ferryman in the boat,
Six are the cheerful waiters,
Seven are the seven stars in the sky,
Eight is the great Archangel,
Nine is the moonshine, bright and clear,
Ten are the ten commandments.

As will be noted, only ten figures are given in the above. A few of the lines throw light upon the Kentucky highlanders' version. Mrs. Adams interprets the "lily-white babes" as Christ and St. John the Baptist. Doubtless the "little lost babes" of the Kentucky rendering permit similar identification. The three strangers are the Magi—most probably the "three drivers" of the mountain song. The "seven stars in the sky" of the Cornish fancy, as likely the "seven stars in the north" of the Kentucky version, are Earth's companions in the solar system.

Thus Mrs. Adams's Cornishmen help to illumine a text brought to America by other and earlier settlers. Meanwhile, other lines of the Kentucky song remain baffling examples of what happens to diction when it depends merely on oral transmission, in sections but recently blessed by travelling libraries and moonlight schools. There is, however, the other side of the shield: that a people, long land-locked in their world of peak and vale, should have preserved by memory alone—texts being lacking—so much of a relic, so quaint and interesting, for which originals and parallels must be sought in regions and days so remote from the Kentucky mountains of the twentieth century.

FREEMASONS' MUSIC IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By PAUL NETTL

ANY ONE intending to investigate the music of Freemasonry in its earlier stages must begin by studying the bibliography of the subject at first hand. Books of reference fall short. True, in stray articles we glean some little about music, songs and musicians; but it is incomplete—just as incomplete as the profane scientific literature of the period. The best course would be to make selections from Friedländer's great work on "Das Deutsche Lied im 18. Jahrhundert." But even Friedländer is incomplete, and he deals with works of German origin only. In various secular collections, too, an occasional Freemason piece may be found, that also requires a commentary. Such a work is the celebrated collection "Die singende Muse an der Pleisse," whose compiler, according to Philipp Spitta's researches, was a Silesian named Johann Sigismund Scholze; this collection is important for the history of art because it contains a large number of popular hits and street-songs from the first half of the eighteenth century. It appealed to the citizenry of Leipzig and all Germany, by offering something or other to every class and estate of the population; and thus it happened that Scholze, who, as research has proved, never joined the Freemasons, added one of their songs to his assortment. It is interesting to know that this song appeared in this collection of 1745, before the publication of the first official Freemason song-book. The earliest of these song-books known to me is Ludwig Friedrich Lenz's "Freymaurer-Lieder," that appeared in 1746. In the song of Sperontes (as the author of the "Singende Muse" calls himself) mention is made of "our Order," the familiar theme of the misconception of Freemasonry is treated, and underneath the music the emblems of Freemasonry (the square, the plumb, and the compass) are inserted. So little mystery was made of these matters that a Freemason song, quite like a student-song or a soldier-song, could be published in a miscellaneous collection, and that in a manuscript song-book of the same period, instituted by a noble lady of Thuringia, songs of the French Freemasons were included. The music in the "Singende Muse" follows the procedure of the French *parodie*, which is simply to set the given text to any

convenient melody in vogue; just as for earlier poetry the direction was added, that the poem should be sung to some particular "Tune." To the best of my knowledge this same procedure, the specification of the "timbre,"[1] was applied in the French collections of Freemasons' songs. Closely allied to these are the Netherland collections, only one of which I am acquainted with, "La Lire maçonne, ou Receuil de Chansons des Francs-Maçons." A copy of this rare work is in the possession of the "Freilicht" Lodge in Prague. The poems are partly French and partly Dutch. Brothers de Vignoles and du Bois avow themselves as authors. The music of this collection (publ. in The Hague, 1766) is for the most part borrowed from French vaudeville, songs for the masses. Some few of these songs, however, are designated as "nouvelles compositions," and are therefore original. As composers certain brothers have signed them with their initials, and one with his name, Vitztum. The majority of these songs resort to adapted music—vaudeville arias, favorite dance-tunes, minuets, gavottes and bourrées, some taken over from contemporary French opera, others from street-songs. We have a guide to these latter in the collection of parodies of the Italian Stage. In this collection I also found a large number of arias from Rousseau's famous opera, *Le Devin du Village*, e. g., the Freemason song "l'Homme toujours s'agite pour trouver le bonheur," after the aria "Dans ma cabane obscure dure toujours peine et travaux." Or again, the aria of Colette (a character in Rousseau's opera) must serve as a Freemason song. Thus the Freemason song "Que l'ordre qui nous enchaîne" was sung to the air of "Ton humeur, Catherine," a street-song utilized by the Italian comedians in their parody of *Armida*. The song "Chantons le bonheur des Maçons" was sung to the air of the popular street-song "Joconde," which reappears as a *parodie*-aria in *Arlequin Atys*. The Freemason song "Fondament de l'Art" was sung to the popular air "Revenant de Lorette," which is sung by Bacchus, in the parody of *Armida*, to the words "Ta voix s'est faite entendre dans la Bachique cour." Not only vaudeville arias, however, but also English and German melodies are pressed into service. Furthermore, all these *timbres* are utilized in Gluck's comedy-operas. As an example of an English transfer I will mention the song "D'Ongeveinsdheid," with the text "O lasterziek gemeen, Veracht vry buiten reen," which is sung to the melody of "God save the King." Concerning the origin of this melody various legends were formerly afloat, wherein Lully,

[1] *Timbre* is the French designation for a melody, usually one familiar to everybody, to which (especially in the Singspiel and comic opera) a newly written poem is sung.

Purcell, Händel and others figured as the authors. The eminent historian of music, Chrysander, was the first to prove that the English composer Henry Carey was the author. The earliest appearance of the melody was in the collection "Thesaurus musicus." But on the Continent it appeared for the first time, as I can now demonstrate, in our Freemasons' song-book, and there in a form very similar to our present version. The fact that the English and later the Prussian hymn first appeared on the Continent in a Freemasons' book, is moreover symptomatic. So, too, is the circumstance that this song-book contains a medley of French, German, English and Dutch melodies, and perhaps a few from other nationalities, all sung to masonic verses. And here it may be proper to note, that the pure strain of sociability in the earlier Freemasonry finds its complement in the music of the French and Dutch Freemasons.

As an instance of the use of a German *Gassenhauer* in our collection I note the song "De Vergenoeging" on the melody, or Dutch *stem*, "Schoon dat ik onder 'tgroen," which proves to be a very well known *Gassenhauer* from the afore-mentioned "Singende Muse an der Pleisse." And this melody has a peculiar association. The song is a so-called *Murky*, a name bestowed in the eighteenth century on pieces with an accompaniment of broken octaves in the bass. The song was originally set to the text "Ihr Schönen, höret an," which was aimed at the crowned poetess Marianne von Ziegler, and incidentally at Frau Gottsched, of whom it is related that she assisted her husband in his learned labors. In point of fact, the text was altered; in a later edition the melody was significantly sung to the words "Ich bin nun wie ich bin." Forkel, an authority on matters musical, asserts that Joh. Seb. Bach was the author of the melody; this information he obtained from Bach's sons. Of this we also find a hint in the beginning of a "Solo per Cembalo" inscribed in the "Notenbüchlein" for his wife.

We shall now cast a glance over the best-known collections of Freemasons' songs. We have already seen that France, and her dependency in matters of culture, the Netherlands, utilized the popular songs that happened to be in vogue for the music of Freemasonry; the same is the case in the song-collections of the German Freemasons. The earliest German collection is dated 1746. It was compiled in Altenburg. The music of the "new" songs is only mediocre. Soon thereafter, in 1749, appeared the first collection by a German musician, Johann Adolf Scheibe, who plays a prominent part in the history of the music of Freemasonry. In the history of music this musician enjoys what might be termed an

Herostratic celebrity, having been one of J. S. Bach's greatest enemies. This came about as follows. On the death of the organist at the Thomaskirche, Christian Gräbner, in 1729, Scheibe was among the applicants for that position, but without success, the choice falling upon the musician Görner. It so happened that Bach was one of the adjudicators, as Cantor of the church. Scheibe afterward settled in Hamburg, where he published a periodical, "Der critische Musicus"; in the sixth number he launched a virulent attack on Bach "because of his involved and bombastic style of writing, which is at once cumbersome and of no avail, being without rime or reason." To this attack on Bach by Scheibe we owe, besides a musico-literary scrimmage, one of the finest of Bach's secular cantatas, the "Streit zwischen Phöbus und Pan," wherein Bach seeks to castigate Scheibe as impersonated by Midas. Just as Wagner later held his antagonist Hanslick up to ridicule in the character of Beckmesser, so did Bach deal with Scheibe-Midas in his own rôle of Apollo. It is greatly to the credit of Brother Scheibe that some years thereafter he admitted his wrongdoing in "Der critische Musicus," begging Bach's pardon and fairly putting his own mistakes and weaknesses in the pillory. (July 28, 1739.) We think these published passages worthy to be esteemed as an act of Freemasonry. Scheibe was known, in his time, as a redoubtable theorist and critic. He deserves lasting praise as the first to recognize the fact that polyphonic music originated in the North, a proposition that has been maintained ever since. As a practical musician Scheibe was less important, and the music of Freemasonry would be richer to-day if not he, but his opponent Bach, had joined the order.

Scheibe's successful rival, the musician Görner, on whose account he had his falling-out with Bach, did exert a certain influence on masonic music. His song-collection, "Die Sammlung neuer Oden und Lieder" (1742), contains exclusively texts by F. Hagedorn, set by Görner to music quite in the vein of French vaudevilles. The popular, almost vulgar, melody of the dance-hall gives its tone to this music. And here Görner introduces a novelty —a novelty in print, at least, for in practice this scheme must have been adopted long before; having adapted his little songs for a social circle, he also introduces the form of responsive song. Pieces that are short, or unsatisfactory by reason of their musical content, are more effective when the refrains, or entire sections, are set in responsive style or repeated in chorus.

The first to employ this kind of music officially were not as one might fancy, students, but Freemasons. The oft-mentioned

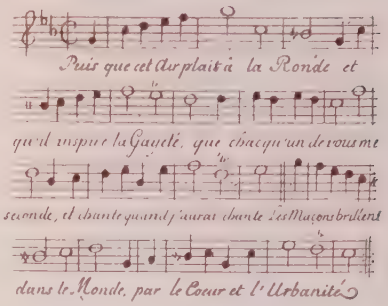
APOLOGIE
Pour l' Ordre
des
Francs-Maçons

***
***

Par Mr. N***
Membre de l'Ordre.
Avec deux Chanſons
compoſées par
Le Frère Amèricain.

A LA HAYE,
Chez PIERRE GOSSE,
MDCCXLII.

I.
Chanſon Maçonne
par le Frère *AMERICAIN*,



*** ❀ ***

A la Cour on paſſe la Vie
Le plus ſouvent pour s'endèter;
Avant que la Fortune y rie
Que d'Envieux à ſurmonter.
Quand on eſt de la Confrairie
On n'a plus rien à ſouhaiter.

Si

Frontispiece and title-page of an "Apology for the Order of Free-Masons," published at The Hague in 1742, and one of "two songs composed by the American Brother" contained therein; it has been asserted that this Brother was none other than Benjamin Franklin

Courtesy of the Library of Congress

LA LIRE MAÇONNE,

OU

RECUEIL

DE

CHANSONS

DES

FRANCS-MAÇONS.

Revu, corrigé, mis dans un nouvel ordre, & augmenté de quantité de Chansons, qui n'avoient point encore paru;

PAR LES FRERES

DE VIGNOLES ET DU BOIS.

Avec les AIRS NOTÉS, *mis sur la bonne Clef, tant pour le* CHANT *que pour le* VIOLON *&* *la* FLUTE.

A LA HAYE,

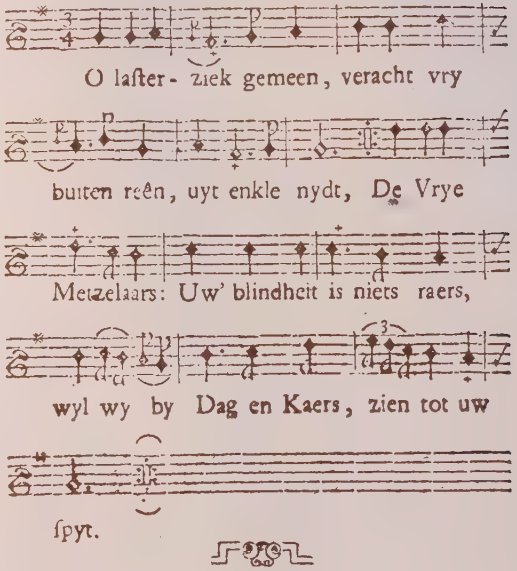
Chez R. VAN LAAK, Libraire.

M. DCC. LXIII.

Avec Approbation.

D'ONGEVEINSDHEID.

Stem: *God ſeav great George our King.*



Verbant ons waar gy kunt,
Die wrok zy uw gegunt.
Doch gy zyt mis,
Want eerder dan gy 't weet,
Men uw voor blind verſteet.
Dat zweer 'k gewis.

Scheld

Title-page and specimen music-page (the tune "God save great George our King") from "La Lire Maçonne," published at The Hague in 1763, or three years earlier than the earliest edition known to Dr. Nettl

Courtesy of the Library of Congress

earliest collection, published in 1746, has neither responsive songs nor choruses; the second, dedicated to Lodge Zerobabel, and dated St. John's Day, 5749 (since the creation of the world!), was published in Copenhagen as "Neue Freymaurer Lieder," and lays peculiar stress on diversity in the forms of the songs. The composer of these songs was Scheibe; the music is dull and tiresome. For the sake of veracity this must be recorded, even where it concerns a Brother. In 1776 (the year of his death) Scheibe published a "Vollständiges Liederbuch für Freimaurer, mit Melodien, in zwei Büchern," In this the earlier one-part Freemason chorus appears set in several parts, but the songs are so arranged that even the less musically gifted brethren can sing them. The second volume of this collection was brought out in 1785 by Christian Gottlob Poft, Copenhagen. It is mentioned neither in Eitner's bibliography nor in Kretzschmar's and Friedländer's works, though Lodge Harmony in Prague possesses a copy. It would seem that the shortcomings of Scheibe's compositions speedily made themselves felt, for a new collection of Freemasons' songs was shortly published with settings by the younger brethren. This collection likewise enriches our bibliographical knowledge by enumerating, in the Preface, thirteen song-books of the Freemasons from which the melodies and verses were borrowed. A large proportion of the melodies are the work of a new brother, J. Gottl. Naumann, of whom we shall have occasion to speak in the sequel. The succession of the songs is ordered from the Masonic viewpoint, as follows:

Opening of the Lodge : St. John's Day : To the King : Master Songs : Journeymen's Songs : Apprentices' Songs : Songs of Encouragement : Wisdom : Beauty : Strength : Freedom : Secrecy : Harmony : The Sacred Number : Joy : The Sisters : Music : Song of Peace : The Poor : Closing Songs.

The songs, like all songs of the period, are sung as set for piano, and were, as the phrase went, "to be sung at the piano" (beim Clavier zu singen). That is, there was as yet no independent song-accompaniment such as we find in later works of the classic composers, but the accompaniment is in the form of a figured thoroughbass, or sometimes a bass without figures, above which the voice-part is written. It is, therefore, a sort of piano-arrangement, and requires for performance the filling-in of the harmonies and devising of inner parts.

Furthermore, we find melodies taken over from Catholic church-song, like the one in the group under "Wisdom," "Lasst

uns singen des Weisen Ruh," with its noticeably false declamation. According to Bäumker's "Das katholische deutsche Kirchenlied" (Vol. III, p. 285) this melody, to the words "Grosser Gott, wir loben Dich," has been very widely known since the second half of the eighteenth century down to the present day. It already appears in the song-book of Maria Theresa (1774).

An example of responsive song-composition, as inaugurated by Görner, is the song on "Strength" written by Naumann: "Die Treue, die uns Brüder band, ist dauernder als Erz," which bears a remote resemblance to Papageno's aria "Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen," and a memory of which may perchance have haunted Mozart while he was composing *The Magic Flute*.[1] Then, too, the verses of "Ueb' immer Treu und Redlichkeit" have been sung to Mozart's melody, to which, besides, the song "Was nennest du mich spröde," by Mozart's enemy, Koželuch, has an affinity. A large portion is, of course, allotted to "table-songs," these being strongly influenced by student-songs, as might be expected. The various toasts nowadays pledged in addresses to the reigning prince, an artist, or a lady, were brought out in musical form in the eighteenth century.

One of the most distinguished among the Freemasons' musicians in that period was the Dresden court *Kapellmeister* Johann Gottlieb Naumann. He appears to have enjoyed especially high consideration in the order, having been initiated into a most exclusive aristocratic lodge in that city. The title of his collection, which was published in Berlin in 1782, is "Vierzig Freimaurer-Lieder," with the explicit notice that they were to be sung at German and French masonic banquets. This collection was dedicated to Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia. A great many of the songs are the same as those in the Copenhagen collection already mentioned. Naumann was a well-trained and competent, but by no means an inspired musician, who often struck a tearful tone in his songs, a fault also apparent in his masonic songs. It is worthy of remark that Naumann supplements his songs with some few instrumental passages intended for use in the Ritual. For example, on convoking the lodge a piece in simple song-form was played, which, with its thrice-struck chords, is meant to set forth nothing more nor less than the *Salve*. Similarly, at the repeated sentences at the closing of the lodge, or during the declamation of the sequential formula some piece may have been played in which a sequence of suspensions would evoke the con-

[1]See "Die Freimaurerei in Mozart's Zauberflöte," by Edgar Istel, Berlin, Alfred Unger, 1928, and Dr. Istel's article in The Musical Quarterly, Oct., 1927.

ception of a chain. Ambros on occasion has called such sequences *Kettengänge* (chain-passages). And the thrice-repeated handclasp at the end of the chain seems realistically expressed by the three staccato strokes at the close.

Within these two instrumental pieces is framed a song, "Harmony," an unpretentious piece whose effect, with the eighth-note bass passages, is meant to be soothing and conducive to reflection. Take note, also, of the outspokenly pianistic style of the ritornelles, which is something entirely different from thorough-bass writing; the same holds good of the above two instrumental pieces, evidently written for a *clavecin* rather than a *cembalo.* For the first piece, at least, an organ or regal (small keyed wind-instrument) could hardly have been used.

Shortly after the publication of the Freemasons' songs, Naumann wrote the opera *Osiris;* his most exhaustive biographer, Richard Engländer, tells us that the composer felt the need of thus dramatically setting forth his confession of faith in Freemasonry. The première of the opera took place at Dresden in 1781. The libretto, as will be shown, sets the legendary basis of Freemasonry in the foreground of the action, thereby anticipating by a decade the most essential motives of *The Magic Flute.* In Engländer's opinion, this was one of the few operas of that period in which the dramatic requirements of Gluck and Calzabigi were met in every particular. The book is founded on the following legend:

> Osiris, the sovereign of Egypt and protector of all cultural progress, is confronted by Typhon, representative of the principle of evil. The conflict between Geron, the son of Typhon, and Orsus, the son of Osiris, is waged for the possession of Aretes, the embodiment of virtue, who is growing up under the care of Isis.

In view of the fact that, during the composition of *Osiris,* Lorenzo Da Ponte (Mozart's successful librettist) was staying with the writer of Naumann's libretto, and that Da Ponte himself informs us that he assisted him in his dramatic tasks, it is probable that Da Ponte had a hand in the completion of *Osiris.* It is uncertain whether Mozart or Schikaneder had knowledge of the opera through Da Ponte, or whether Mozart heard about it from Mazzola himself, who later arranged Metastasio's *Titus* for Mozart's opera produced in 1791 at the royal coronation in Prague. The fact remains that in *Osiris* we have to recognize a precursor of *The Magic Flute,* as can be shown more especially in the motives of the Trial in their obvious affinity with the masonic

ritual; in the parallel motives of the confrontation of the principles of good and evil; and in other details, the choruses of priests, etc. Attention is called, moreover, to the leading-motive technique employed almost consistently; indeed, Naumann forms a connecting-link between the Neapolitan and the Romantic opera. For the music of Freemasonry the point is essential, that throughout the opera the percussive rhythms are opportunely utilized as leading-motives.

It is my hope soon to carry these preliminary notes to completion; and I am anxious, above all, to treat in a subsequent article of the great collections of Freemasons' songs published toward the close of the century.

(*Translated by Theodore Baker.*)

SCHOPENHAUER AND MUSIC

By L. DUNTON GREEN

ON the whole it may be said that Music, as such, has been poorly treated by Philosophy. Few philosophers are musicians and fewer musicians philosophers. Among the former the Ancients were pre-occupied with music's ethical (Plato), or its purely scientific side (Aristoxenus), or both (Aristotle), rather than with its æsthetic aspect, and up to the 19th century music receives much the same treatment. Rousseau inclines to technical, Leibniz to mathematical explanations; Diderot touches the fringe of an æsthetic solution of its mysteries; Feuerbach, Schelling, Hegel, tried but failed to come to grips with its fundamental principles. Hegel might have succeeded, but the very vagueness and verbosity of his language, far from illuminating, obscured and confounded the issue.

The one and only clearly worded, yet profound and supremely artistic, that is, intuitive philosophy of music, comes from the man who wrote:

> The true philosopher will always seek after light and clearness, and will endeavour to resemble a Swiss lake, which through its peacefulness is able to unite great depth with great clearness, the depth revealing itself precisely by the clearness, rather than a turbid, impetuous mountain torrent.[1]

This man who in one sentence so admirably and tersely described his own style and method and condemned those of his opponent, Hegel, was Arthur Schopenhauer. He was singularly well-equipped for his task. From his father, a fairly wealthy and successful business man—who, significantly for the pessimistic tendencies of his son, committed suicide under the obsession that his business was going to wreck and ruin—he inherited the clarity of thought without which it is impossible to succeed in trade. His artistic intuition came from his mother, whose *salon* in Weimar was frequented by the greatest writers and artists of the day, men such as Goethe, Schlegel, Grimm, Wieland, all of whom Schopenhauer met in his youth.

[1]Quoted in Margrieta Beer's admirable compendium of Schopenhauer's Life and Works in F. C. & E. C. Jack's series: The People's Books.

After Weimar, four years at Dresden brought him into closer contact with the world of music: the capital of Saxony was then already known for its operatic and concert performances. Later, in Berlin, and lastly in Frankfurt, opera and concerts were still his chief distractions, and not a day passed without an hour or so of practising the flute, his favourite instrument, and possibly the only one he played efficiently.

Here, then, was a philosopher for whom music was not only an occasional pastime, but an integrant part of his life and of his daily meditations. A mind so trained could not fail to be struck by the immense and immediate effect of music on the emotions, and by the unmistakable nature and the precision of that effect on those who are sensitive to the art of sound, notwithstanding the complete absence of any object in nature or any intellectual concept such as give birth to the other arts, painting, sculpture, architecture or poetry. Schopenhauer came to the conclusion that music must have deeper roots in human nature than the other arts, and that whilst these are representations of external phenomena, themselves symbols of the real essence of things, music is the representation of this essence itself, a parallel form, therefore, of the World as our intellect perceives it. The "essence of things" for Schopenhauer was the Will inherent in various forms in all visible objects, inorganic or organic, the Will considered as unconscious impulse, exemplified by brute, sternly regulated striving (as between gravitation and inertia) in the inorganic world, and in the organic by the infinitely diversified manifestations of human volition. For Schopenhauer, then, music was the direct representation of Will. As he himself says:[1]

> I admit that it is quite impossible to prove this proposition. It posits and assumes a relation of Music, considered as a representation, with something the essence of which cannot be represented, and sees in Music itself the reflexion of an image which can never be immediately represented.

But if we grant the hypothesis or, as Schopenhauer puts it, the analogy, it is fraught with luminous æsthetic consequences. Schopenhauer himself, it is true, continues the analogy in the manner of the mediæval mystics, and I am afraid that however much we may admire his ingenuity, we can hardly subscribe to the results as a credo of musical æsthetics. In a long parenthesis he describes the bass or, as he puts it, the "groundbass," as comparable to the lowest degree of the manifestation of Will in

[1] *Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, I. 337.

Nature—to the inorganic mass, the mass of the Planet. "For that reason," he says a little later and, of course, quite wrongly, "the bass moves only in large intervals, in thirds, fourths, and fifths, never in seconds (!?) except in the case of a reversal of parts in double counterpoint (!)" and "a quick run or a trill in the low register cannot even be imagined." It is a quaint example of the irresistible impulse of systematic philosophers to imitate the methods of Procrustes and mercilessly remodel facts to fit in with their system. We shall find similar instances as we go on. The next analogy is more illuminating and conforms to musical theory such as Schopenhauer found it:

> 'The higher notes,' he goes on to say, 'are formed by the harmonics of the fundamental tone; they sound simultaneously with that note and it is a law of Harmony that only such notes may coincide with a bass note which in the shape of harmonics contain that bass note. This is analogous to the fact that all bodies and organisations of Nature must be considered as evolved by gradual development from the mass of the Planet. The bass being the inorganic mass in Nature, it follows that the parts between bass and soprano, alto and tenor, represent in a general way the steps along which inorganic develops into organic life, even as within the musical fabric the definite intervals are parallel to the definite steps of the objectivation of the Will—the definite species of Nature. The deviation from the mathematical exactness of the intervals (by equal temperament or the tonality chosen by the composer) is analogous to the deviation of the individual from the type of the species.'

Schopenhauer, who loved analogies no less dearly than abstract reasoning, could not be expected to stop half-way, and so he adds:

> 'Yea, the impure sounds which yield no definite interval may be compared to the monstrous abortions resulting from two different species of animals or from man and beast.'

Further than that it seems impossible to go!

These lowest and inner parts which constitute Harmony, however, lack the cohesion and freedom which are the privilege of Melody, "which alone moves rapidly and easily in modulations and runs"; and in Melody, at last, Schopenhauer recognises the highest form of the objectivation of Will—the conscious life and strife of Man. It will be seen at once that Schopenhauer's outlook on music was specifically harmonic, a curious sign of the times in which he conceived and wrote his "World as Will and Representation," between the years 1814 and 1818. Beethoven was still alive, Weber already well-known, Haydn only just dead; the time, therefore, in which the swing over from polyphony to homophony, that dimly began with Bach, had made even greater

strides with the great heroes of the end of the 18th century, Ph. Emanuel Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven himself, was at its zenith. Counterpoint was no longer an end in itself; musical minds considered it as a discipline, but no longer thought in its terms; and although Schopenhauer, as we have seen, mentions double counterpoint, it is clear from what he says about it in the passage quoted,[1] that he was quite hazy as to what it meant.

The triumph of homophony explains Schopenhauer's prepossession for pure melody, by which he meant what we call tuneful music with a simple accompaniment. Indeed, although he does not go so far as to say that Rossini is the greatest composer that ever lived, one feels from what he does say about him, that no composer gave him greater pleasure. We shall see this later when we come to consider Schopenhauer's attitude towards opera.

I have said that our philosopher's hypothesis as to the essential nature of music is fraught with illuminating æsthetic consequences. Listen to what he has to say about the essence of melody:

> As the essence of man consists in this, that his will strives, is satisfied and strives anew and so on *ad infinitum;* as, indeed his happiness and well-being merely consist in the rapid transition from desire to fulfilment and from fulfilment to new desire, because non-fulfilment means suffering, non-desire empty yearning, languor, tedium—so melody is essentially a constant deviation from the tonic . . . to which it always ultimately returns. Thus in a thousand ways melody expresses the multifarious strivings of Will, but also their assuagement through the return to an interval within the harmony, or to the tonic itself.

No less ingenious is the application of his hypothesis to the question of programme-music:

> 'It must not be forgotten,' he warns us, 'that music expresses not the visible world, the phenomenon, but the essence of it, Will itself. It expresses, therefore, not a single, specific joy, sadness, terror, jubilation, merriness, equanimity, but *the* joy, sadness etc., so to speak, in the abstract, their essence without any by-play, therefore also without their cause.
>
> 'Thence it comes that our imagination is so easily roused by music, and endeavours to give form to this spiritual world which, though invisible, is very much alive and speaks to us in no uncertain manner, to endow it with flesh and bone, in other words, to embody it in an analogous example. This is the origin of the song with words and finally of opera.'

[1]In another (*ibidem II, 524*) he says, "the melody can never be in the bass (!); if it is given to the bass, it can only be through the use of counterpoint (!) *i.e.*, it is a transposed bass: one of the upper-parts becomes lowered and is travestied as a bass."

A little later he adds:

> The reason why it is possible to relate a musical composition to a representative visualisation is that both are only different expressions of the same inner essence of the World. If in a specific case such a relation really exists, if, therefore, the composer has succeeded in rendering the impulses which are the core of a certain happening, the melody of the song, or the music of the opera are really 'expressive.' The analogy between the music and the event discovered by the composer must, however, proceed from this immediate perception of the essence of the World, unbeknown to his reason, and must not be an imitation obtained through the agency of his intellect; otherwise his music does not express the essence of things, Will itself, but merely (and insufficiently) its reflexion, as does all imitative music, such as Haydn's 'Seasons' or his 'Creation' in many places, where phenomena of the visible world are directly imitated; the same applies to all battle-pieces, which are to be condemned entirely.

Our views on programme-music have changed, and we are fully aware that one cannot condemn a musical genre on purely theoretical grounds—it must stand or fall by its musical qualities—but one cannot deny the strength of Schopenhauer's argument in a much debated point of musical æsthetics, if one grant his initial premise.

His theoretical objection against programme-music applies with equal force to a certain imaginative way of listening to music, and with still greater force to listening to opera. Speaking about a Beethoven symphony, "a faithful and perfect image of the essence of the World, which rolls through space and renews itself in the confusion of innumerable forms and through constant destruction," he adds: "It is true that we are prone to bring its contents to life, and to see in it all manner of scenes of life and nature. But this does not, on the whole, increase our comprehension nor our enjoyment, but rather adds something foreign and arbitrary to the music: it is better therefore to apprehend it in its immediacy and purity."

Opera, Schopenhauer, the theorist, is inclined to treat with exceeding severity, but here he finds himself in the dilemma which has been the difficulty of all æstheticians since opera made its first appearance. For there is no denying that, all theory notwithstanding, there are a number of musically satisfying operas and, on the other hand, Schopenhauer, who was nothing if not honest with himself and his reader, found—like most people—that however much opera might be condemned on purely philosophical grounds, it occasionally gave him a vast amount of

pleasure. Let us see how he contrives to conciliate theory and practice. First as to the theory:

> Grand opera is not, properly speaking, a product of the pure sense of art, but rather of the somewhat barbaric idea of heightening enjoyment by accumulation of means, simultaneousness of entirely incongruous impressions, and reinforcement of effect by multiplication of the mass and strength of the executants; yet music, the mightiest of the arts, is capable of filling a receptive mind solely by its own power; indeed, its highest products, in order to be adequately apprehended and enjoyed, demand a mind wholly undivided and undistracted, so that the mind may deliver itself up and steep itself in music and understand music's incredibly enthralling language.
>
> *And again:* Speaking rigorously, one might call opera an unmusical invention for unmusical minds, into which music must be drilled in through an alien medium, say as an accompaniment to a long spun-out love story and its poetical bathos. An operatic text cannot do with concise, thoughtful poetry, which the composition could not possibly follow. To enslave music entirely to bad verse is the mistake into which Gluck has fallen, whose operatic music, apart from the overtures, it is therefore quite impossible to enjoy without the words. Indeed, one might say that opera has ruined music.

Yet it is partly in this very matter of good or bad poetry that Schopenhauer finds means to conciliate theory and practice. For after saying that it is natural for our imagination to give form to the spiritual world of music, he declares that for this very reason "the text should never leave its subordinate position in order to play the principal part, and make music a mere means of expressing it, which is a grave *faux-pas* and a big mistake."

Yet he admits that music should avail itself of the human voice which, it so happens, is both a musical instrument and the vehicle of speech, but still the spoken word should remain subservient to the music, and concentrate only upon the general expression of verses that are essentially bad poetry. And he praises Rossini both for the contemptuous manner in which he treats his text, and for keeping his music from speaking a language foreign to it.

The irony of this rather reluctant defense of opera lies in the fact that Schopenhauer's theories were in flagrant contradiction with the one philosopher among musicians who not only had the greatest admiration for Schopenhauer, but became his most active propagandist, and the cause of a revival of interest in the philosopher's writings which, during thirty years, had remained perfectly unheeded by the World at large. (Indeed, the first edition of "*Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*" had been used by a despairing publisher as "*Makulatur*"—scrap-paper.) It was in 1854 that

Wagner wrote to Franz Liszt: "Besides slowly proceeding with my music I have been occupied exclusively with a man who has come into my solitude as a gift from Heaven, albeit only as a literary gift. It is Arthur Schopenhauer, the greatest philosopher since Kant, whose thought he has—as he puts it—'thought out to the end.'" This was in 1854, the year of the "Walküre" and of "Tristan!" It is necessary to insist on the date because of the often repeated fallacy that Wagner was influenced by Schopenhauer, and the still greater error that he was influenced by the philosophers' theories on Music. The truth is that as Wagner wrote and said many a time, he found in Schopenhauer's ideas the confirmation of his own conception of the World and its suffering, and as he went on reading "*Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*," he was further encouraged to tread the path he had chosen—if not for himself (no more, indeed, than Schopenhauer did),[1] then at least for the creatures of his imagination. Already in "Tannhäuser," in "The Flying Dutchman," in the conception of the "Ring," annihilation, renunciation in Death had been the conclusion at which his heroes voluntarily arrived, in "Tristan" this ultimate goal, to which the hero and the heroine aspire, is expressed still more clearly and unmistakably. It was Schopenhauer's pessimism, ending in Nirvana, that held Wagner enthralled, while the unexpected parallelism of their views astonished him. And it was Schopenhauer's general explanation of music, not the application of his hypothesis to particular points of musical technique, that fascinated Wagner. Indeed, while recalling Schopenhauer's theories in his abstruse but exceedingly interesting pamphlet on "Beethoven," he expressly says that a non-musician could not be expected to draw practical conclusions from his theoretical speculations. Wagner knew positively that Schopenhauer had a very low opinion of his music, and his operas. A passage in the "Parerga" did not escape his notice—it could hardly apply to any music of the day but his:

> The wrong turning which music has taken is analogous to that in which Roman architecture lost itself under the later emperors, when its heavy ornamentation partly hid the essential simple proportions, and partly even destroyed them: even so our music offers much noise, many instruments, much art, but few clear, penetrating and moving thoughts. One finds in the shallow, inexpressive, tuneless compositions

[1]Schopenhauer was quite conscious of this contradiction between his life and his teaching. It is just as little needful, he would say, that a saint should be a philosopher as that a philosopher should be a saint. It is a strange demand that a moralist should teach no other virtue than that which he himself possesses ("Schopenhauer," by Margrieta Beer).

of to-day the same taste of the times which inspires the obscure, hesitating, nebulous, enigmatic and even senseless literary style, principally due to that miserable Hegelianism and its charlatanism. In the compositions of to-day harmony occupies the chief place, not melody. I, however, am of the contrary opinion, and consider melody as the core of music, to which harmony stands in the same relation as gravy to meat.

Wagner could afford to laugh at judgments such as these: his hour had struck and he preferred to remember the words which shall form a fitting conclusion to these considerations on Schopenhauer and Music:

No art affects man so immediately as music, as none other reveals to us the essence of the Universe so profoundly and so immediately. Listening to great, full-voiced and beautiful music is like bathing the mind: it drains off all that is impure, petty and bad, and lifts every one to the highest spiritual plane to which his Nature can attain, and as he listens to great music man perceives clearly what he is worth, or rather, what he might be worth.

ALSO SPRACH RICHARD STRAUSS

By DAVID EWEN

THOSE who have reached the highest heights are apt to fall the furthest once they slip. Richard Strauss has slipped, and great is his fall! But the tragedy is not that a genius is composing inconsequential music. No musical giant has yet lived who has altogether been innocent of such a sin. One encounters "shreds and patches" even in the sublimest of Beethoven's quartets, even in the most inspired of Schubert's lyrical pages, and even in the most "sacrosanct" of Wagner's music-dramas—and such fumblings as the first two movements of the Beethoven B-flat major Quartet, the Schubert variations to the "Forelle" in the A major Quintet, and the theatrical and artificial postures and sentiments of the last scene of "Siegfried" all attest to the fact that a genius, too, can blunder. If Richard Strauss is composing trivialities, other great composers have also done so during the course of their lives. That, therefore, is not the tragedy. The tragedy, rather, is that a genius—far from toppling from exalted heights of inspiration—has, instead, walked from them calmly, deliberately, leisurely, straight unto the gutter. The tragedy is that not with one work has Strauss declined, but with the works produced during the past twenty years.

With all the other musical geniuses we have seen a growth, a development and then, at last, a full fruition. In Richard Strauss, on the other hand, we have had a carefully, almost painstakingly developed deterioration. If the "Egyptian Helen" and the "Tageszeiten" had been composed during the early period of Strauss's artistic career, and if "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Salome" had been the very latest fruits of his genius, that would have been a normal and healthy growth. As it is, Strauss's musical development is upside-down. He is greatest in his earliest works and most feeble in his latest. At the age of thirty, Strauss was considered, and rightly enough, the greatest musical figure of our age, the only possible successor to Wagner and Brahms. At the age of sixty he is nothing more than a misguided genius—a composer who has done a few monumental things, but who has now become only a negligible influence and who has even slipped to unimportance. At the age of thirty he composed inspired music;

at the age of sixty his music is only a mass of technical skill. This, then, is the tragedy.

No one can doubt now that Strauss has become musically senile. As far back as 1914, when the "Festliches Praeludium" and the "Josephs Legende" sounded their borrowed voices we knew that decay had set in. Perhaps our conviction was still disturbed by a little spark of doubt—a doubt nurtured by a vain hope that this was merely a temporary and ephemeral stagnation. But the spark was extinguished soon enough and with the "Alpensinfonie" we knew, once for all, that the twilight of a god had come.

Where does the fault lie? What possibly could have converted a genius into an impotent craftsman?

Certainly, no one will refute the fact that young Richard Strauss was a genius, and a genius of a most phenomenal kind. One finds even in his earliest experiments—in the "Festmarsch" (1871), in the Symphony in F-minor (1883), and, especially, in "Aus Italien" (1886)—the seeds of a musical gift: an ability to handle musical motives with marvelous pliancy, an inexhaustible wealth of ideas, an almost uncanny skill in development, an exceptional ear for coruscant tone-colors and for orchestral effects. That this seed should so soon sprout into so fruitful a plant as "Macbeth" (1886), proves rather conclusively that in this man a new Titan had been born.

And then came the deluge of masterpieces. Who now could doubt that this was a phenomenal genius? Here was a technical skill that seemed almost innate—a complete mastery of the orchestra, and, consequently, an almost omnipotent ability to make it produce unheard-of sounds and unbelievable effects. The Titanic energy that sweeps through the first four measures of "Don Juan" like a mighty gust of wind—had anything so electric ever been heard in music? Or the crackle and glow of life that permeate the orchestral colors of "Till Eulenspiegel"? The technique here is itself a manifestation of a bewildering genius—a technique which Richard Wagner, after forty years of painful experiment, did not equal—found in the hands of a mere youngster!

But in these tone-poems there is revealed something infinitely more than the consummate hand of an infallible technician. One discovers in these tone-poems a heart that can feel deeply and sensitively. In "Don Juan" one finds a hot-blooded passion, an exuberance, a colossal energy that can come only from a young man—and a young man of genius. In "Till Eulenspiegel" the rhythms speak roguishly and with a delicious wit, but in this

wit—as in all the cream of the jest—there is also a splash of poignant sorrow. In "Tod und Verklaerung" we are overwhelmed by a noble suffering, such as one can hear only in the slow movements of Beethoven's last quartets, and in the immortal cadences of "Siegfried's Funeral March"; in "Ein Heldenleben" by an awe-inspiring grandeur; in "Also Sprach Zarathustra" by a religious ecstasy, and in "Don Quixote" by the sad whimsicality that we first saw in "Till." Great emotions are these, emotions that are found in every human being—and spoken in an inspired musical tongue. Within the pages of these tone-poems one meets with immortal phrases, imperishable lines, eternal stretches of inspired tone which have never before been heard in music and which, like enough, we shall not hear again for a long time in the music of any other man. The nervous quiverings of the violins in "Till Eulenspiegel" at the very end of the work, bringing the recapitulation of the opening theme to a culminating point and heralding the approach of that concluding explosion, speak of a pathos more heart-breaking than all the frenzied blusterings of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony." Zarathustra's Invocation to the Sun speaks in the golden language of the gods; the ending of "Don Juan" is pregnant with drama, with mystery, and with an ineffable, tenuous beauty; the opening of "Tod und Verklaerung" paints with the first bar an atmosphere of despair, of frustration, that permeates the entire work. And is there any song in the world so full of the "weariness, the fever and the fret" of ecstatic love, so passionate, so turbulent, so completely moving as that grandiose love-music of "Ein Heldenleben"? Hearing this, we almost forget that Wagner composed a second act to "Tristan."

But after this outburst of immortal music—created in one mad splurge of genius—Strauss's pen, for some mysterious reason, began to drip water. Already, in "Ein Heldenleben," one begins to perceive that our musical hero is becoming somewhat quixotic. He attempts to express the inexpressible and to build an impossibly mountainous message out of a few *motifs*. Here, then, we find pages of aimless music. The exploits, the petty ideals, the savage battles of the hero, inspire Strauss to write mere musical verbosity, in which there is nothing more than a shameless padding of inane musical ideas. The shortcomings of "Ein Heldenleben" are pathetically glaring—and in spite of some of its really inspired pages. The humor of the "adversaries" section is halting and stilted—like the tired and strained humor of a professional wit who is in no mood for jest; the "battle-scene," far from being a miraculously constructed climax such as we can expect from

Strauss, is mere padded bombast. The "hero" *motif* itself sounds like a groping but feeble imitation of the Strauss who composed the "Don Juan." "Ein Heldenleben," despite its inspired moments, clearly shows us that the decline had set in.

Here, then, was the turning-point, and a genius was slowly to lose his immortal speech. The "Symphonia Domestica" (1903) reveals, at once, that Strauss has changed radically. Only a changed Strauss would select a program so trite (as if the daily bickerings of domesticity can be expressed in music!); only a changed Strauss could dabble with themes so petty and inexpressive and so very formulistic. Could the same man who had created "Don Juan" actually have penned that opening to the "Domestica"? The fat and vulgar "Military Marches" came in 1907; the "Festliches Praeludium" in 1913; the "Alpensinfonie" in 1915; the "Tageszeiten" in 1928—each one step lower than the other. Gone, completely, are the former energy, the former passion, the former exquisite sensitivity and tenderness. Instead we find merely a technician who is playing with harmonic rules and theories, a technician who succeeds only in being irretrievably boring.

Recently, Strauss confessed that each time he listens to a performance of his early tone-poems he marvels at the fact that he had composed such music. As we listen to some of his latest music, we marvel with him.

Operatically, the fate of Richard Strauss is just as pathetic. His greatest operas—the ones that are most passionate, the freshest and musically most sincere—were his earliest ones. "Guntram" (1894), despite the fact that it was weighed down by an abominable libretto (written by Strauss himself), and darkened by the colossal shadow of Richard Wagner, whose voice it imitated every once in a while, is nevertheless a staggering achievement—especially as a first opera. The melodies are never shaped to the patterns of Italian operas, as those of most first operas are, but have their own individual turns and twists, which refresh the tired musical-ear. And there is real profundity in these melodies—the profundity of a heart that can feel and a mind that can think. "Feuersnot" (1901) is an advance only in that it is simpler in construction. The outer layers of orchestral colors have been peeled off, the harmonies are less garish, the melodies are terser and more succinct. No longer is the music an end in itself, it serves rather as a means to an end—the end being the glorification of the drama. But it is in "Salome" (1905), that Strauss reached his highest operatic peak. One finds in this opera true pathos, true tenderness, true sensual ecstasy, true youthful

Caricature of Richard Strauss
(After a charcoal drawing by Fabiano)

ardor—and all on an exalted plane of beauty. There is sincerity in this music and, at all times, originality. Technical skill has, once for all, become completely subservient to the message!

Then, as in the case of his symphonic music, Richard Strauss began to deteriorate. "Ariadne auf Naxos" and the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" are candied banalities. The music is full of a sweetness, of a delicacy that gently tickle the ear and numb the senses, but that are soon forgotten. "Der Rosenkavalier" (1913) has, I think, been vastly overrated. It is true, that one finds in this opera no technical fumblings. The orchestration, throughout, is masterly, flickering with the fire of life; the arias are bound to one another with an ingenuity that speaks of supreme craftsmanship; and the climactic moments are evolved fastidiously. I confess, too, that one finds here a liquid style—free, easy, plastic, as Strauss's style has always been. The music is full of ingratiating charm—strangely enough, best in those fluent and captivating waltzes. An incessant flow of melody—such as was Wagner's great life-ideal—is entrapped here, rich, exuberant, full of blood and life. But these attributes, great though they be, are not sufficient to make of the "Rosenkavalier" a masterpiece; nor are they sufficient to obscure for us its one great defect. The music of the "Rosenkavalier," beautiful though it is, is deplorably inexpressive. Never does it attempt to give an emotional interpretation to the drama (as all supreme opera must do), but is rather an entity in itself, existing merely for the sake of its own seductive loveliness. Compare this with the inherent tragedy, the enticing passion, the breath-taking suspense caught in the music of "Salome," and you will realize how the master had slipped.

"Die Frau ohne Schatten" (1916), "Intermezzo" (1926), and "The Egyptian Helen" (1928), are the death-knells to Strauss's operatic genius. Here, one finds only supreme technique. It seems as if with age, his heart had ceased to feel deeply and only his mind could function with its former proficiency. In these three works one no longer feels a freshness or charm in the music. The melodies are greasy and stale; the harmonies, although brilliantly contrived, dull to the ear. The waltzes of the "Intermezzo" are pathetically derivative from those of another Strauss. And, in "The Egyptian Helen," does one not actually hear Herr Richard Strauss stealing fragments from Rimsky-Korsakoff's orchestral scores?

In ten years, Strauss had written his great operas and then, after convincing us that he had genius, he began to pen sugar-coated nothings and continued to do so for twenty years longer.

Of the hundred or more songs that Strauss composed during his fertile lifetime, the finest gems date from his early period. Listen to "Nichts" or "Allerseelen" (1882), and you will hear simple lyrics which abound with honest and heart-felt emotions. These emotions were soon to become poignantly expressive: "Serenade" and "Morgen" (1892), and "Traum durch die Daemmerung" (1894), represent the apotheosis of Strauss's lyrical genius. These songs, evidently, were composed in one gust of inspiration. There are no pieces here, but complete and thorough wholes—the phrases of which are inextricably wedded to one another. In these three songs, Strauss has produced miniature dramas. The melodic line, far from attempting to be a lyrical effusion, is breath-takingly dramatic, and the biting harmonies help paint an atmosphere of tragedy or suffering or hope. The songs that followed these three miniature masterpieces show a marked deterioration. There is originality in "Der Steinklopfer" (1902), but it is the originality of a man who thinks and not of one who feels. "Gefunden" and "Fruehlingsfeier" (1906), reveal noticeable patches in the musical fabric. The songs no longer flow in inevitable unity from the heart of the composer, but are drawn out painfully, piece by piece. There are clever modulations, here, and skilful transitions from one mood to another. But one can clearly see in them the technique that guides the whole. In the "Tageszeiten"—for men's chorus and orchestra—the inspired song-composer has about touched bottom. The melodies are composed to formulas; the harmonies are tired and dull. But more pathetic than anything else is the fact that these songs reveal that a human heart has completely forgotten how to function. In these songs, the old masterful technique is still present; but the feeling is completely gone.

Where—to return to our original question—does the fault lie? Here is a composer who has had genius, who has had and still possesses supreme craftsmanship, whose industry is still incessant. What has extinguished that eternal spark and left only technique?

There must be a poison in our modern age. Something about our times seems to make it impossible to create great music. Perhaps, if Richard Strauss had lived in the Romantic Period, where he belonged, we would have had another and even a greater Brahms; perhaps, if Richard Strauss had been born twenty years later we would not have had those great tone-poems. At any rate, his masterpieces date from the time when music was still flushed with the breath of the Romantic movement. But once

the flush of the Romantic movement was gone, and the sickly pallor of the modern period set in, Strauss, like so very many of our contemporary composers, began to create only fluent inanities, abounding with technical adroitness. Technique—there is so much of it in the later works of Richard Strauss; there is so much of it in all of modern music! Perhaps that is the poison. To-day technique is god, and moderns are more concerned with their implements of expression than with their expression itself. It seems that with our recent marvelous advances in science, in philosophy, in mathematical research, we have become too clever. Far too clever! We have become so clever, in fact, that everything we do—even our musical creations—must be the product of our tremendously developed brains. In the twentieth century have we found our minds—but we have lost our hearts.

That, I think, more than anything else, is the inherent ailment in modern music. And that, I think, has caused the twilight of Richard Strauss.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE "FUGUE-TUNE" IN AMERICA

By EDWIN HALL PIERCE

IT is a fact worthy of being more generally known and appreciated, that notwithstanding the long-continued dependence of American music on various Old World influences, there occurred at one period of our history the rise of a certain distinctively native musical art-form, small but yet genuine and having considerable possibilities. This, following the general historic routine of all particular forms in art (whether musical, plastic or literary), had, in turn, its crude beginnings, its development in the hands of numberless composers, its attainment of a comparative perfection, and, finally, its period of decadence and vanishing, the whole course of events occupying in this case approximately three-quarters of a century.

I am referring to what was, in its day, commonly known as the "Fugue-tune," and as the thing itself is now so nearly obsolete in use as, possibly, to be unknown to many of my readers, it will be proper before going further, to describe and define it. The "Fugue-tune" is a form of hymn-tune in which, at a certain point, the usual homophonous style of harmony is abandoned in favor of polyphony and imitation, the voices entering one at a time, but at the close resuming the more conventional homophony. While it is seldom an actual fugue, as the imitation is usually very free (and when strict, as often at the octave in the first "answer" as at the fifth), yet as the name "fugue-tune" was commonly in use in its day, and since I know of no other convenient designation, I shall continue to use this term in spite of its want of accuracy.

Before entering on a fuller technical discussion of this form, together with an account of its leading exponents, it seems fitting to describe briefly the cultural conditions in which it took its rise. As its early habitat was New England, later on spreading to the South and the near West, this fact conveniently limits the geographical scope of my statements. The early settlers at Boston, Plymouth, Salem, etc., though exceedingly zealous for religion in their own peculiar fashion, were too much occupied with wresting a living from the stern forces of nature, fighting Indians, and chastising witches and heretics, to devote any thought to the improvement of church music. They brought with them the

remembrance of a few familiar hymn-tunes which they had sung in England, and which they used with metrical versions of the Psalms. (What we call "hymns"—the words freely and originally composed—did not come into use in England until about the year 1700, and were not generally used in America until about 1740 or 1750.) Owing to the scarcity of suitable tune-books and the growing inability to use musical notation, the actual practice of singing degenerated fearfully, and there was great danger that the services of the church would be stripped entirely of this one remaining element of beauty and joy. In 1690, it is true, the "Bay State Psalm-Book," originally compiled some fifty years earlier, was reprinted with a small number of tunes added, but that could help little when few could read musical notation. Yet the longest lane has a turning, and about 1720 a number of public-spirited ministers put their heads together and determined that something ought to be done to educate their congregations, especially the rising generation, in the art of singing, including the proper understanding of musical notation. Enlisting the services of such professional or semi-professional musicians as they could find, they arranged here and there for singing-schools for the young people of their congregations; in some few cases the whole congregation was invited to take advantage of the instruction offered. Sometimes the ministers themselves taught. The institution immediately became very popular among the young people, being equally enjoyable both in its social and musical aspects, but it met with inconceivably bitter opposition from a determined minority of the extreme conservatives, and a battle of words began which lasted fully ten years, or until some of the older opponents were dead, and the others either discouraged or reconciled to the new state of affairs. Not that they opposed singing, but they considered a knowledge by ear of the few traditional tunes in use to be sufficient for all practical purposes. It is droll to look back now at some of the arguments brought forward in the acerbities of dispute. Selecting at random from various sources:—

"Our fathers never learned to sing by note, and they got to heaven as well without it."

"Suppose the time does come when nobody can sing—the hymns can be read aloud by the minister."

"The names of the notes are sometimes bawdy, nay blasphemous!" etc., etc.

This last, very astounding statement, I confess, has puzzled me a good deal. I could not imagine how such a damaging

construction could be put upon the innocent syllables do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, nor upon the equally harmless faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, mi, which was at that time in common use for a similar purpose in England and the American colonies. Just recently, however, I came unexpectedly on a little anecdote of the great Italian musical pedagogue, Durante, who flourished shortly before this time, and which may offer a clue to the mystery. It seems that some of his pupils were puzzled to know just how to name the syllables correctly in the case of an unusual modulation, and he impatiently evaded their questions, telling them *they might name the notes after devils if they would only sing them in tune!* This remark was extensively quoted and handed down from teacher to pupil, and no doubt some distorted version of it had reached our good Puritan forefathers, causing them painful misgivings.

Probably this preliminary opposition was a good thing in its ultimate results—it served to make active partisans and to advertise the whole subject extensively. No sooner was the opposition beaten down than singing-schools flourished wonderfully and sight-singing became a common accomplishment. Demand arose for suitable books, and nearly every singing-school teacher who had achieved notable success sooner or later compiled and published his special book. Some of these publications sold in large numbers, and ran through many editions.

Usually these books contained a few pages of instruction in the elements of music, a large number of hymn-tunes (usually, at first, with no words, or with only one verse of each hymn), a few patriotic or other secular songs of morally unexceptionable nature, and sometimes a few simple anthems.

Beginning with the Rev. John Tufts' "Introduction to the Art of Singing" (1721), and the Rev. Thomas Walter's "Ground and Rules of Music," of the same year—they were, by the way, the pioneers in this great movement—I have been able to count 206 composers and compilers of tune-books, each of whom is responsible for at least one new book, and many of them for several—up to the year 1850. I do not claim any exhaustive accuracy for the list, but the number of different publications must lie somewhere between 500 and 1000. The reason for my choice of these dates as limits, is that the date 1721 marks the beginning of that diffusion of musical knowledge and interest which forms the indispensable field for the work of a composer of any sort, while the date 1850 marks approximately the beginning of the *debâcle* of that particular type of hymn-tune of which this essay treats.

Just exactly when the Fugue-tune originated, or who was its first composer, it is impossible now to say with *absolute* certainty. After diligent examination of a great number of tune-books of this period, I feel justified, however, in asserting that *the originator of the Fugue-tune was beyond all doubt none other than William Billings.* (b. Boston, 1744, d. there, 1800.)

The statement appears in some works on hymnology that he was following certain contemporary, or else earlier English models, but I find no proof of this whatever. It is, of course, impossible to prove a universal negative; I do not claim to know *all* the hymn-tunes that were written in England during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and perhaps some few examples of this sort really existed, but a somewhat broad general acquaintance with the various types of tune actually printed and in use, together with a knowledge of the various changes of style which by turns succeeded each other in the popular favor, reveals no evidence of the existence of fugue-tunes.

Of course, the use of polyphony, of the various sorts of canon and free imitation, and the full-fledged vocal fugue itself, were and had been for centuries commonplaces in anthems, masses, oratorio choruses and motets, but apparently no one before Billings seems to have thought of weaving them into the concise rhythmically- and metrically-bounded form of a hymn-tune for ordinary congregational singing.

Further, even if the Fugue-tune had been to some extent in vogue in England (which, personally, I am convinced is contrary to fact), it does not follow that Billings had any means of becoming acquainted with it; he was largely a self-taught man—a very clever and energetic person, to be sure, but by no means a man of learning. He travelled no great distance from home, and had no libraries of music available; printed music was still scarce and expensive. The examples chiefly before him were the tune-books of Tufts and of Walter (which we shall presently describe) and some few books compiled by singing-school masters like himself, for pedagogic uses.

All these books contain plain hymn-tunes with no attempt at anything other than plain homophonic harmony, and they abound in all those same crudities which here and there mar Billings' own works, viz., parallel fifths, chords with no third, clumsy crossing of voices, etc. While it is not true in Art as it is in Nature that "the stream can rise no higher than its source," it remains true that the stream continues to show the nature of its source, consequently it will not be aside from the mark to

examine those examples which Billings had before him as a beginner.

Tufts' Tune-Book

The copy of this book, which it was my privilege to examine in the Music Department of the Library of Congress, is a small volume, two and a half by five inches, opening vertically, and entitled "An Introduction to the Singing of Psalm-Tunes, In a plain and easy Method, with a collection of tunes in their parts. By the Rev. Mr. Tufts. Tenth edition. Boston MDCCXXXVIII. Printed from copper-plates."

There are no words with the music, but a few metrical psalms of peculiar meter to fit certain of the tunes are printed by themselves in the front part of the book. The engraving, by the way, is clear and beautiful.[1] In a Preface, the elements of music are explained, in a commendably clear and concise manner, but using the old "Fa, sol, la" solmization: that is, in place of "do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do," the scale is expressed as "fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa." The syllable *mi*, being the leading-tone, is made the basis of argument in the explanation of the signatures of the various keys. In this book, the initials of these syllables are printed each in its proper place on the staff, instead of notes—a very unique plan, the only objection being that there is no indication of time-values.

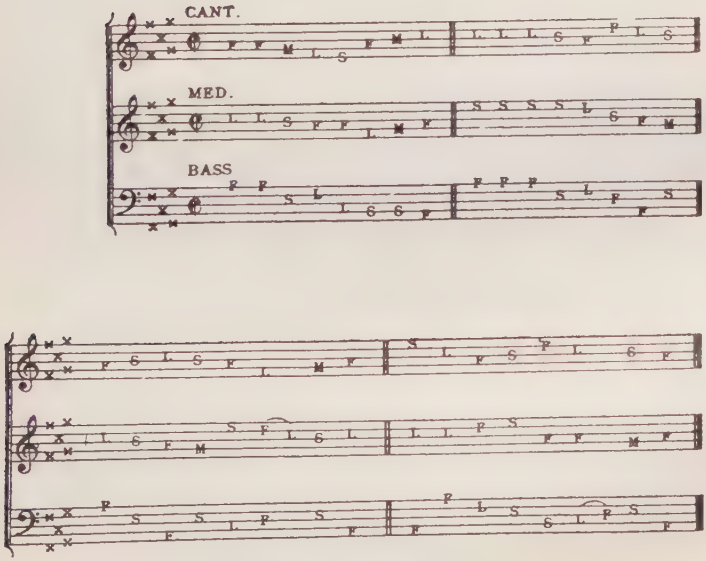
It would, by the way, be an interesting task for some musicologist to trace the origin, growth, and final obsolescence of this sort of solmization—a subject at present involved in much obscurity. The book under discussion is dated 1738: fifty years later all or nearly all of the singing-school books were using the present "do, re, mi," yet it must have retained its vogue in certain quarters until a much later date, since I happen to have personal proof of this. My own grandmother, who was born in a little town in New York State near the Vermont border, *circa* 1810, had attended singing-school for some years during her "teens" and became an excellent sight-reader through the use of this method and no other. In my boyhood, I remember seeing her pick up a new tune, and, first examining the signature and saying to herself, "if B be flat, mi is on E," sing it through correctly at the first attempt, using the "fa, sol, la" syllables. She had an unconcealed contempt for singers who could only read music by the help of an instrument, and she did not look on the syllables "do, re, mi,"

[1]In the original copy, in the "100 Psalm-Tune" and "Canterbury Tune," the g-clef signs used resemble the letter g.

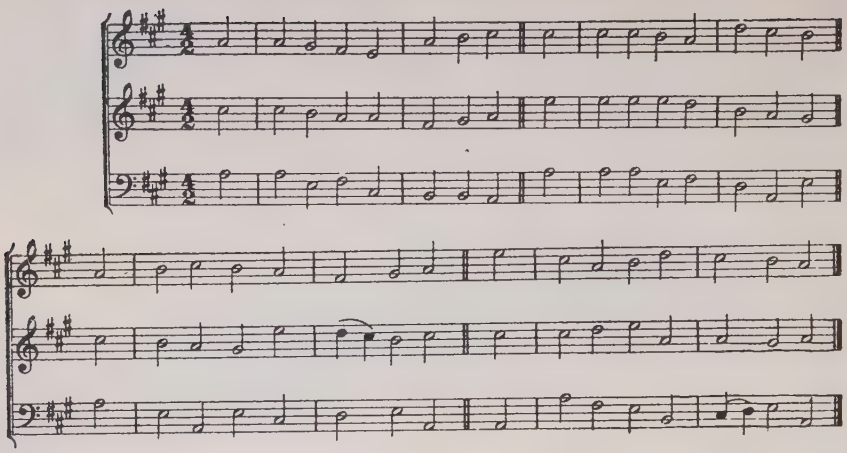
etc., with any real favor. By the way, she pronounced "fa" as "faw."

But to return to the Rev. Mr. Tufts' book—the tunes are in three-part harmony, printed in score. I give here a literal copy of Mr. Tufts' version of "Old Hundred," together with a rendering of the same into modern notation. Although the voices are indicated as "Cant.," "Med.," and "Bass," it is an open question at this date just what voices sung the parts. Regarding the "Bass" there is, of course, no chance for doubt, but knowing the customs of early Psalmody, it is quite likely that the upper staff (cantus) was actually sung by the *Tenor*, and the middle staff by female voices. Suppose, however, that the upper staff was sung by the Soprano, as would now be the case, it remains highly doubtful whether the middle staff was sung by the Alto at its nominal pitch, or by the Tenor at the octave below. I modestly venture the conjecture that the "Cant.," was sung by both tenors and sopranos in general, especially by all those among the congregation who were not skilled in music, and who only knew the tune by ear; and that Med., was sung by a few sopranos and altos who possessed sufficient skill for the part.

100 Psalm Tune



In modern notation

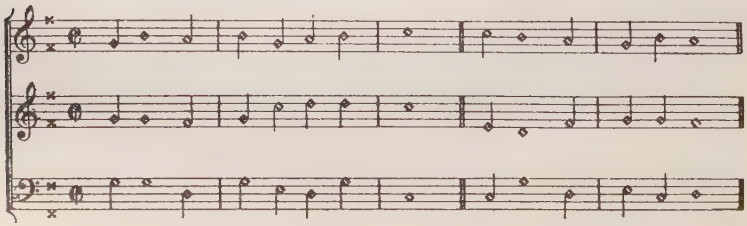


Thomas Walter's Tune-Book

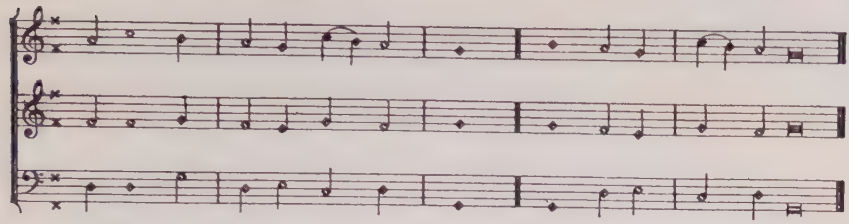
This is a much larger book than that just described. It is entitled "The Grounds and Rules of Musick explained: or An introduction to the art of Singing by Note. Fitted to the meanest Capacities. By Thomas Walter, M.A. Boston, 1721."[1]

The book opens with a Preface containing a long and earnest argument in favor of singing by note, as against the prevailing custom of singing a few old tunes only by ear. Then follow instructions on the elements of music, based as in Tufts' book, on the fa-sol-la syllables, but going into detail on several points not touched upon in the other volume. What we call the major and minor modes, he calls the "sharp key" and the "flat key," and he gives excellent rules for distinguishing them. The tunes which follow are mostly in three-part harmony, and are printed in diamond-shaped notes,

Canterbury Tune



[1]This date is apparently seventeen years earlier than that of Tufts' book, but that was Tufts' tenth edition, while this was Walter's first. Tufts' first edition probably appeared at about the same date as did that of Walter.



Music is printed only on one side of each leaf, and the G-clef (or "cliff," as he calls it) is of a very peculiar form.

There are a few tunes, also, in four parts, scored in the following order:—

Altus
Medius
Tenor
Bass

In these, the melody is always in the Tenor.

I have omitted to mention that the early editions of this book also contain a recommendatory Preface bearing the signatures of fifteen ministers, among whom are Increase Mather and Cotton Mather, distinguished Puritan divines.

The part devoted to instruction in the elements of music has a page headed "Rules for Tuning the Voice," and contains a number of short, well-chosen exercises in scales, broken chords, and skips, illustrating the various intervals.

I have described these two noteworthy early books, not to illustrate fugue-tunes (for they contain none), but on the contrary, to show that Billings started on an untrodden path, probably at some time between the date of his "New England Psalm Singer or American Chorister" (Boston, 1770), and his "Continental Harmony" (Boston, 1794). The former book contains practically no real fugue-tunes, though it does contain a few short anthems of a crude character in which fugal devices are attempted. The latter book not only contains many fugue-tunes, but also an expression of the high opinion which the composer himself held of the fugue-tune. He says:—

> It has more than twenty times the power of the old slow tunes; each part straining for the mastery and victory. The audience entertained and delighted, their minds surpassingly agitated and extremely fluctuated, sometimes declaring for one part and sometimes for another. Now the solemn bass demands their attention; next the manly tenor; now the volatile treble. Now here, now there, now here again. O ecstatis (*sic*)! Rush on, you sons of harmony.

After this eloquent panegyric, no doubt the reader's desire to make the acquaintance of a genuine fugue-tune at first hand has been sufficiently aroused; I therefore present a choice specimen culled from the "Continental Harmony."

William Billings (1794)

Soprano: Sal - va-tion oh the joy-ful sound, 'Tis plea-sure to our ears, A sov - 'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, a sov-'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears, a cor - - - dial for our fears. fears.

Alto: Sal - va-tion oh the joy-ful sound, 'Tis plea-sure to our ears, A sov - 'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, a sov-'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, a cor - dial for our fears, a cor - - - dial for our fears. fears.

Tenor: Sal - va-tion oh the joy-ful sound, 'Tis plea-sure to our ears, A sov - 'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A sov - 'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears, a sov-'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, a cor - - - - - dial for our fears. fears.

Bass: Sal - va-tion oh the joy-ful sound, 'Tis plea-sure to our ears, A sov - 'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears, A sov - 'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears, a cor - dial for our fears. fears.

In this score, the Alto is printed in the proper alto-clef, but the Tenor is in the soprano-clef, used in the octave-sense, as in music of our own day, in spite of the fact that in the instructions in the elements of music, given by Billings in this book, he takes pains to explain the use of the genuine tenor-clef having C on the fourth line.

This tune, by the way, should not be taken as a joke. In spite of several very evident faults in musical grammar, it is really tuneful and singable, and if rendered in a spirited way by a good chorus, would not fall far short of justifying its composer's enthusiastic description.

But Billings, like all other truly original geniuses, had to encounter strong differences of opinion, and to meet with competition from other schools of musical thought. During the interim between these two books of his which I have mentioned, numerous other books for a similar purpose were compiled or composed and put on the market by various other compilers and composers. (In fact, he himself also published other books, of which I omit mention for lack of space.)

Samuel Holyoke, one of his rivals, in his "Harmonia Americana" (Boston, 1791), gives a nasty dig at Billings' fugue-tunes, though without naming him. I quote from his preface":

> Perhaps some may be disappointed that fuguing pieces are in general omitted. But the principal reason why so few were inserted was the trifling effect produced by that sort of music; for the parts, falling in one after another, each conveying a different idea, confuse the sense, and render the performance a mere jargon of words. The numerous pieces of this kind extant must be a sufficient apology for omitting them here.

It is with reluctance that I am compelled by the limits of this article to pass over without mention many interesting facts about Billings and his contemporaries which I came across in the immense mass of material examined. He was as indefatigable as Wagner with his own propaganda; introduced the use of the pitch-pipe and of a primitive form of metronome of his own contrivance; founded numerous musical societies, etc., etc. Nor did he confine himself entirely to sacred music, but wrote a number of stirring patriotic songs, some of them in his favorite style. Many of his contemporaries and immediate successors wrote more or less in this same style, and while none of them surpassed him in spirit and originality, some of them wrote rather better

counterpoint. Incidentally, within a few years after Billings' death, the more familiar "do, re, mi" took the place of "fa, sol, la," in some of the instruction-books published, but I am unable to say to whom the first credit for this is due. It did not, however, at once drive the old system out of use, for as late as 1853, I. B. Woodbury uses it in his compilation "Harp of the South" (New York), in which, by the way, he employs "shaped notes" (or "buckwheat notes") on the staff—a triangle for "fa," a round note for "sol," a square note for "la," and a diamond-shaped note for "mi."

By this time the number of singing-schools and singing-teachers was legion, and the number of published books for use by the same counted up in the hundreds. Some of the most popular books made fortunes for their authors. Lowell Mason and the above-mentioned I. B. Woodbury both became quite wealthy in this way.

Lowell Mason, William B. Bradbury, and several others of the early years of the nineteenth century, who might be named, appeared to take but little interest in fugue-tunes, inclining more to homophony. Occasionally, however, in their books, there are instances of "points of imitation," or of voices entering singly but without definite points of imitation, which show the influence of this older style. A favorite device is to have one phrase in a hymn-tune—usually the penultimate phrase—sung by a solo voice, or by *soli* duet, the concluding phrase to be sung *tutti*, in full harmony. Where any of these hymns have survived and are reprinted in modern hymnals, modern editors have almost invariably altered them to simple four-part harmony throughout, so that the original device is no longer recognizable.

By about 1850, though tunes were still printed on four staves, the soprano, which now had come to carry the melody, was printed on the staff next above the bass; the alto was now most often printed in the treble clef, and the tenor staff stood at the top of the score. The bass was often provided with a thorough-bass notation, to aid the organist—for organs, or at least melodeons, had now become common—in getting the proper chords without being obliged to read the whole rather topsy-turvy score.

But, to return to our subject—we now find reprinted in books of this period some few of the best fugue-tunes of an earlier date. Either their composers were men of better musical education than Billings, or else the tunes had been revised by competent and musicianly editors. A good example is "Russia"

Russia — Continental Tune. From "The Dulcimer"

How long, O Lord, shall I com-plain, Like one that seeks his God in vain?

How long, O Lord shall I com-plain, Like

How long, O Lord shall

How

How long, my soul, thine ab-sence mourn, How long, my soul, thine

one that seeks his God in vain.

I com-plain?

long, O Lord shall I com-plain, And still de-spair of thy re-turn?

ab-sence mourn,

(composer not stated), which is printed in Woodbury's "Dulcimer," and in several other books of the period.[1]

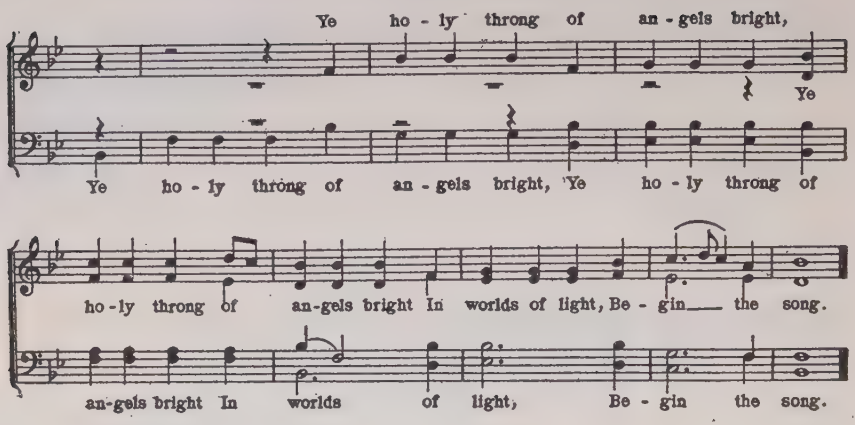
Possibly a still better one is "Lenox," by Edson, which is quoted from the "Church Melodies" of Thomas Hastings, 1858.

Lenox — Edson

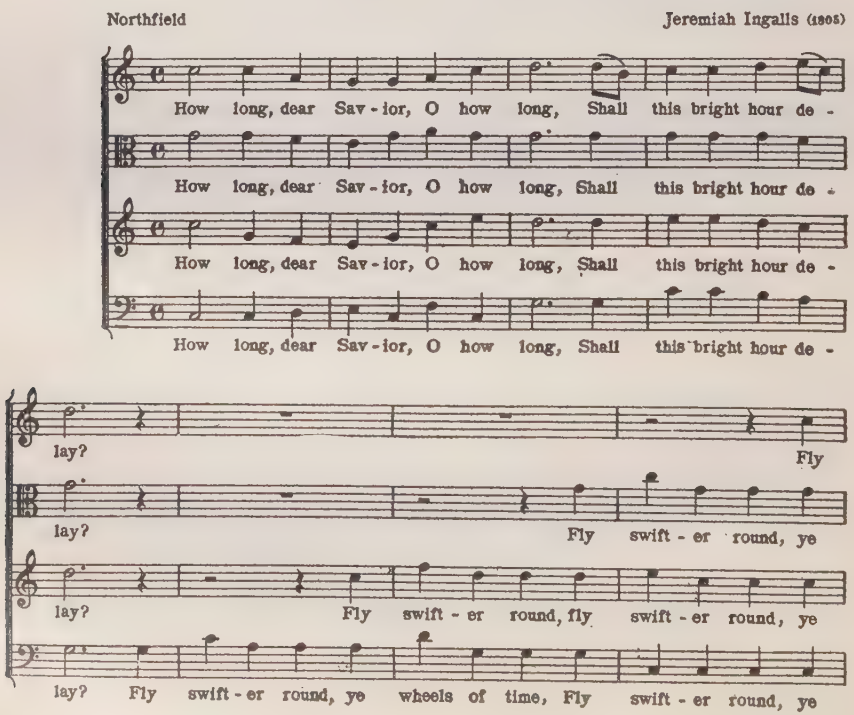
Ye tribes of A-dam join With heaven and earth and

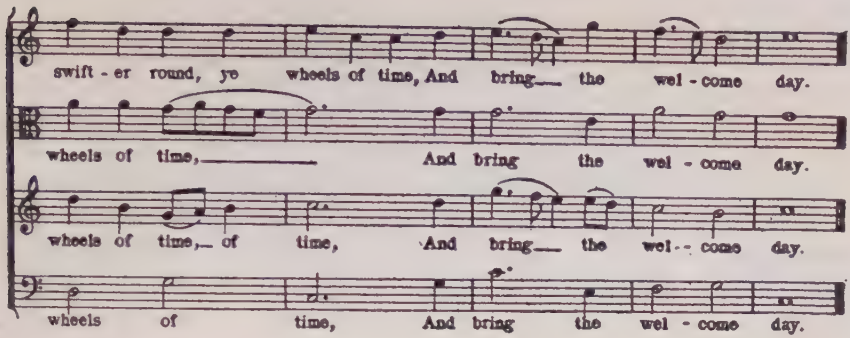
seas, And of-fer notes di-vine To your Cre-a-tor's praise.

[1] "Russia" we have condensed from the open score: "Lenox" is printed as here given, on two staves.



Contrast this with the parallel octaves and the bare fifths found in "Northfield," by Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805 (from "Christian Harmony").





The Fall of the Fugue-Tune

When I. B. Woodbury reprints "Russia" in "The Dulcimer," he adds the following somewhat apologetic footnote:—

> We insert a few of these Continental tunes at the earnest request of many old and venerated people, who in their younger days were wont to perform them in the house of God with perhaps as *much devotion* and *religious effect* as more modern choirs now sing the music of the day. The Melodies and Basses have always been retained, when consistent with the rules of counterpoint, and in order to do this several licenses have been taken with the arrangements.

This quotation describes the status of the fugue-tune at the date 1856 so vividly that further comment is unnecessary, but in addition to the fact that it had come to be considered old-fashioned, there was a certain chain of events at work which rendered its future return well-nigh impossible. At about this time there was a great growth in interest in the study of *instrumental* music—particularly the piano and the cabinet organ, and along with that, or soon after, a lamentable slump in popular education in sight-singing. Quartet-choirs became numerous, and there were few church choruses and practically no church congregations which could possibly, even with the best will in the world, any longer sing fugue-tunes effectively. It is a matter for genuine regret that our first really native American art-form thus should have died an untimely death.

* *
*

We cannot forebear one further remark. In examining the early American hymnals[1] and tune-books, one is struck in a

[1]In my preliminary research for this article, I made an exhaustive examination of some twenty or more tune-books printed in America between 1721 and 1858, besides taking a general glance at many others. My object was to see whether they contained anything to the point; to ascertain, if possible, the date and source of the earliest fugue

depressing way with their grimness of sentiment—a sort of *macabre* outlook on life, both in words and in music; for example, the hymn, "O lovely appearance of Death" (composer uncertain), and "Why should we mourn departing friends?" by Timothy Swan—the latter a beautiful but very weird old melody. On the other hand, Billings, in his fugue-tunes, always shows a cheerful and manly sentiment, quite unlike that of his immediate predecessors and contemporaries. Even when the mood is sombre, as in the penetential hymn, "Russia," he is still sane and not morbid in his solemnity. For this praiseworthy tendency and influence he deserves his due share of credit.

tunes; and to trace their ultimate disappearance from use. The richest source of fugue-tunes, naturally, was the various Billings' books, especially "Singing Master's Assistant," "Psalm Singer's Amusement," "Suffolk Harmony," and the "Continental Harmony." Of much later date—indeed at the very last days of the Fugue-tune's vogue—I found a few excellent examples in "Church Melodies," by Thomas Hastings, including the tune "Hatton," by Hastings himself. "The Anthem Dulcimer," by I. B. Woodbury (New York, 1856), contains a very few fugue-tunes, but of the best. To give a list of the works examined but found lacking in the subject desired would be futile, but to those who may desire to study it further, I would suggest that they consult the article "Tune-Books," in the American Supplement to Grove's "Dictionary," (Theodore Presser Co., Philadelphia, 1926), which contains an exhaustive bibliography.

By examining the articles "Psalter" and "Hymn," in the main body of the work just quoted, and following up the leads there suggested, one may compare the English examples of various styles with the early American, though, in my opinion, the results of such comparison will prove but scanty. Neither Anglican Church music nor the tunes used by the various dissenting sects had much vogue in America until a much later date.

PSYCHOLOGY IN MUSIC : THE RÔLE OF EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY IN THE SCIENCE AND ART OF MUSIC

By C. E. SEASHORE

MY title is "Psychology *in* Music" rather than "Psychology *of* Music," because the presentation is to be limited to first-hand findings in the laboratory and is, therefore, not so comprehensive as an analysis of the total situation would be.

It is with some satisfaction that I attempt to present an array of experimental procedures that during the last quarter of a century has brought this field of investigation from an entirely uncharted condition of chaos into a fairly organized series of scientific approaches to classified knowledge on the subject.

The analysis of the situation in the psychology of music has its analogy in various other arts and interests; such as graphic and plastic art, public speaking, athletics, all types of vocational and educational guidance, and scientific foundations of various arts and skills. Limitation of time will permit merely the barest skeletal classification of data, points of view, and interpretations, which may be recognized under separate heads.

1.

The psychological analysis of a talent begins with a tentative classification of the factors involved in the expression of the talent, in this case, the elements of the musical mind. After many years of experimentation it gradually dawned upon me that we may obtain a complete classification of the traits of the musical mind by using as a basis of classification: first, the physical attributes of the sound-waves; and second, the mental traits which are essential for the cognitive and affective apprehension of and response through these attributes.

The significant attributes of the sound-wave are vibration frequency, amplitude of vibration, duration of vibration, and form of the sound-wave. From the point of view of the physical stimulus in music, and the physical output in musical performance, every conceivable aspect of music may be described, directly

or indirectly, in these four forms. A realization of this rather astounding fact simplifies our problem enormously and makes our experimental issues tangible. We can measure every element of music as a stimulus and every element of music as expression.

This classification gives us, first, the basic sensory capacities of pitch, intensity, duration and bigness; and these, in combinations, give us in turn timbre, rhythm, consonance and volume. Each of these eight factors may then be regarded, first, from the point of view of capacities or media for the hearing and feeling of music, and second, from the point of view of capacities for the control of each of these phases in musical performance. This accounts, then, for the basic sensory and the motor classifications. These same eight factors carry through at the level of reproduction, in memory and imagination, and the level of elaboration, in musical thinking, as well as the affective processes, in terms of which the enjoyment and the beauty of music may be described at each and all levels.

Although such a classification is all-comprehensive, it is, of course, capable of indefinite refinement by subdivisions of each unit, step by step, under experimental control, particularly in the higher mental processes. We may, then, start upon our project with a chart indicating the main blazed trails in this new vista of knowledge.

2.

The next step is to design and validate instruments and techniques for the measurement of specific capacities and aptitudes indicated by the preliminary classification. This, in a new field requiring instruments of precision and principles of experimentation before unknown, presents a formidable task. The psychologist must invade the field of physics and adopt the means available as needed, and invent new instruments and procedures in order to complete the scheme.

These measurements fall into two large classes, the first representing the cognitive side as measured in psycho-physic terms, and the other the motor capacities and skills as expressed in musical performance. For the former an elaborate array of specific measures must be available under the general type of psycho-physic measurements of precision. On the motor side we have two available techniques; first, phonophotography, which in its best form gives a relatively complete account of performance in terms of the attributes of the sound-waves recorded; and the other, optical methods for demonstrating performance in each of

these motor aspects, such as playing in pitch, time and timbre recorded immediately to the eye.

In designing such measurements, we are called upon to establish norms, determine the degree of reliability, and validate the measure. There are two points of view in regard to validation. The I. Q. type, now so prevalent in intelligence testing, assumes that a given measure shall correlate with the general ability, which we may call musicality. The other point of view, and one which has been brought to prominence by these very researches, ignores that type of validation in large part, and falls back upon evidence and assurances of specificness of the measure and the allocation of it in actual music. Thus we do not look for a single measure which we might call M. Q. (music quotient), but aim to establish a profile by fair sampling of specific traits that can be fairly demonstrated as operating in music. Examples of this would be sense of pitch, sense of rhythm, musical imagery, motility, and voice in the sense of tone-production as to timbre.

In standardizing these measures, we have found the phonograph method of recording exceedingly valuable in that it enables us to substitute for complicated and expensive instruments a phonograph record in which the test material is standardized, and made available in a fairly fool-proof form at insignificant cost.[1] On the motor side, the recent developments in phonophotography give us in a single record every aspect of the motor forms.

This method of dealing with isolable factors is often referred to as smacking of the old-time faculty psychology. But all scientific measurements must be specific in order that the conditions may be controlled, the results recorded and the experiment repeated. This type of measurement is fully in accord with the now generally recognized principle that any given factor must ultimately be evaluated in its natural setting as a whole, so that the outcome of the functioning of capacities is ultimately evaluated in the relation of the total personality to the total situation. Behaviorism and *Gestalt* psychology at their best thus deal with specific factors.

3.

With the above analysis and specific measures in hand, our next task is to measure achievement, change or progress, as a result of maturation, training and other influences which condition

[1]Seashore, *Measures of Musical Talent*, six double-disk Columbia phonograph records, obtainable from C. H. Stoelting Co., 424 N. Homan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

the development of specific abilities and skills. In the field of music this may take the form of objective recording of performance of voice or instrument in any actual musical activity, in such a way that the characteristics of the performance may be analyzed in full detail. Such a recording may take the form of the recording of a song or an instrumental selection as a whole, or it may be intensive recording of one specific feature which is being studied in detail. Since the coming in of phonophotography, technique for this type of recording has gained almost unbelievable reach and promise.

Such measurements depend upon two fundamental concepts which have gradually taken form in our experimental procedure. The first is, as intimated before, "the idea that everything that is actually conveyed from musician to listener is conveyed on the sound-wave; and that the sound-wave may be photographed with adequate effectiveness and detail to enable us to reconstruct the music from it in terms of quantitative measurements. The problem here is again immensely simplified by the realization that every phase of vocal or instrumental music, artistic or inartistic, every emotional touch as actually expressed and conveyed by the musician, can be represented in four attributes of the sound-wave; namely, the frequency, the amplitude, the duration, and the wave-form. To the non-laboratory man this assertion undoubtedly seems brash, but it is subject to verification, and the concept of such reduction to elements is of extraordinary value in simplifying our problem and clarifying our results."[1]

The second is the theory that beauty consists mainly of artistic deviation from the regular, and, conversely, that ugliness in music consists mainly of inartistic deviation from the regular. "In music and speech, pure tone, true pitch, exact intonation, perfect harmony, rigid rhythm, even touch, and precise time play a limited rôle. They are mainly points of orientation for art and nature. They are, of course, in themselves for many purposes beautiful, and the attainment of them is a goal in training. The 'true,' or zero deviation is, of course, a part of our series, being the starting point of each. But the unlimited resources for vocal and instrumental art lie in artistic deviation from the pure, the true, the exact, the perfect, the rigid, the even, and the precise. That is the secret of the plasticity of art. The exact is cold, restricted, and unemotional, and, however beautiful in itself, soon palls upon us. This deviation from the exact is, on the whole,

[1]Seashore, C. E., "The Present Status of Research in the Psychology of Music at the University of Iowa," University of Iowa Studies, Vol. II, No. 4, pp. 19-20.

the medium for the creation of the beautiful; conversely, it is also the principal source of the ugly."[1]

4.

On the basis of available measurements of capacity and achievement we may lay the foundations for an inceptive science or art of vocational, avocational, and educational guidance in music. With profiles of musical talent at hand, with technique for case-study of hereditary or environmental factors that may be relevant, with knowledge of the professional point of view analogous to that of a physician who seeks a lead and determines the next step in diagnosis from what is already found, we may give some practical advice. A music psychologist to-day finds himself in possession of a technique for guidance which is, perhaps, superior to that in any other vocation or avocation. He will, of course, utilize all the means the professional musician has at hand, as such; and these will be made more effective by his psychological insight into their nature.

When one considers the cost of a musical education, the changing conditions of success or failure, the tragedy of the non-talented in music, the wild educational theories in regard to the place of music in school and home, and the absence of standards of attainment, the matter of guidance in this field looms up large, and presents very promising assurance for valuable service. In this, however, as in all forms of guidance of the human individual, the guidance should be dominantly of a negative character. That is, a person who has natural ability for music ordinarily manifests this in some form of desire for music, and guidance then takes the form of determining whether or not there are any obstacles in the way of achievement in specific forms of musical pursuit. Yet there is a field for positive and aggressive search for talent by technical methods. Guidance may also consist in the choice of instrument, fitting the instrument to the individual. Various forms of remedial work, where difficulties have been encountered in musical education, will loom up large in the future.

The hopeful thing now is that we can speak in terms of scientific terminology. We have reasonable knowledge of factors that operate both subjectively and objectively, and, perhaps most important of all, we have developed the will to take ascertainable facts into account wherever they are relevant. In the nature of

[1]Seashore, C. E., "The Present Status of Research in the Psychology of Music at the University of Iowa," University of Iowa Studies, Vol. II, No. 4, pp. 20-21.

the case, it is the avocational situation rather than the vocational, which comes to our attention most frequently.

5.

Measurements of this kind take us into the field of genetic studies of inheritance of musical talent, the development of the musical mind from infancy onward, and studies of racial types and the evolution of music in primitive peoples. All of these fields are now being investigated by the technique developed in the laboratory, and offer promising returns. Here is where the scientific method of dealing with one specific factor at a time, and being willing to forego a final and total solution of the problem as a whole, counts most effectively.

For example, our question is not, "Is musicality inherited?" but rather one factor at a time, such as, "Is a sense of pitch inherited? Is a sense of rhythm, is voice quality, is musical imagery, is musical emotion of this or that particular type inherited?" The questions become countless, yet the accumulated findings become verifiable, and may be integrated into a legitimate concept of the inheritance of talent. The same is true of studies on the development of the musical mind from early infancy upward, as the subject is now approached in our studies of preschool children. The anthropologist finds in our technique for measurement in music many a tool for the investigation of specific traits among races and in stages of the evolution of music in primitive peoples. We are now equipped to go into any primitive community and record its actual singing or instrumental music on moving-picture films. The single film may bring to eye and ear the music in the primitive dance or other dramatic action in which the music plays a part, and convey the material to the laboratory in a form suitable for scientific analysis. The movietone has vast scientific possibilities. In addition to such complete record of performance, we may measure the more fundamental musical capacities of the participating savages, and thus study genetically the relation of capacity to performance in genetic series, the evolution of various elements and forms of music.

6.

When we began to record primitive songs, we were at once forced to recognize the problem of recording the performance of cultured, musically-trained, and successful performers, in order that we might have some way of comparing the untutored with

the tutored. This led to the development of techniques for recording artistic singing for the purpose of setting up norms of attainment, and for discovering and interpreting the media for the expression of beauty. The field for experimentation here is large, and a rich harvest of valuable principles is in sight.

Thus, we are simply confronted with the task of making a classification and quantitative measurement of all observable media for deviation from true pitch, rigid time, regular rhythm, pure tone, constant volume, etc. These media, having been recognized and identified, then become countables and measurables in terms of which we can give objective description of any form or expression of beauty in music. To one who is not familiar with the laboratory procedure in this subject, it seems unbelievable that we should be able to describe in definable concepts, both quantitatively and qualitatively, the character of the expression of any form of feeling in music; such as the expression of a tender emotion of love, a placid feeling of comfort, a violent feeling of anger. Any one of the media for the expression of feeling, such as attack of the note, and forms of deviation from the sustained note, may be investigated in great detail. Iowa studies on the *vibrato* furnish notable examples of how the exact scientific attack on such a problem results in volumes of valuable contributions to the nature of the expression of æsthetic emotion. As a rule such investigations upset common and highly cherished concepts, and reveal to us countless new concepts which were not observed until exact methods of recording analysis were introduced.

7.

The coming in of psychology as one of the foundations of educational theory and practice is a notable feature of our day. Until recently, musical education remained untouched by this movement; but we now find that musical education may, perhaps, be approached more tangibly and profitably than any other field of education to which we have attempted to apply psychology. One reason for this lies in the fact that music is not a universal need; it lies in the free exercise of an emotional attitude in an artistic sense. Types of talent should find different outlets. Training consists largely in the development of hierarchies of skills for each of which organized training may be founded on a scientific basis.

The most important element in this field is the adoption of a scientific attitude toward the problem, and willingness to use

common sense for that purpose, as far as it will go. This leads to the formulation of aims and objectives in training. The extant psychology of skill is at our command. We have developed a number of instruments for the facilitation of the acquisition of specific skills, such as the tonoscope, for the visualization of pitch, by the aid of which the musician may see himself sing or play in pitch, and thus train for the acquisition of precision and accuracy on the one hand, and capacity for artistic deviation under defined norms on the other. Projectoscopes are available for the visualization of tone-quality, so that the performer may sing or play in front of a standard form of sound-wave against which his sound-waves are projected in such a way that he may modify production until he gradually approaches and gets command of the standard tone. In like manner the rhythm meter records graphically the rhythmic patterns as performed, and these may be compared with standard patterns until a certain type of precision and form for the rhythmic patterns is acquired.

Here again, we fall back upon the principle that the visual or graphic repetition of the sound-wave needs to reveal only the four factors, and that through these four we may exhibit all the possible variables in musical performance with a single tone. The fundamental theory applied to musical training for this purpose is the idea that the learner should be made conscious of the factor he aims to develop, and should have objective means for the rating of achievement in his training; and that, as soon as a specific skill has been acquired, the mastery and integration of it should fall back into the subconscious, with consciousness free to attack the problems of additional skills. Thus, for example, in developing refinement of *vibrato* for various purposes of artistic singing, the pupil should be profoundly conscious of all the variables which enter into this act, so that he may view critically the rate, the pitch, the amplitude, the intensity and the form of the *vibrato* cycle, in order that all may be harmonized and integrated into one beautiful form. He should also be conscious of the media for its control. This skill once acquired, he should forget the approaching steps and simply sing or play with musical abandon. The theory is that in acquiring the skill you must be profoundly conscious of every element involved in the skill, and that, as soon as that skill is acquired, it should be thrown back into the matrix fold and should function automatically. This is the reason why artists maintain that the chief essential in their art is ultimately to express feeling without any conscious mechanics of the act.

8.

Science begins with classification and ends with classification; so here instrumental approaches to problems, the scientific point of view, the exercise of infinite patience, and the teasing out of difficult issues will contribute the material for the structure of the scientific psychology of music, based entirely upon experimental findings. In this, we, of course, fall back upon the established facts about the human mind in general. We shall take those for granted or merely indicate them; but the body-structure of the psychology of music is an account of musical talent and musical art principles. Scientific measurements of special capacities, aptitudes and skills; principles established by the measurement of achievement; psychology of music applied to guidance in personnel problems of the art; knowledge of the nature and extent of the inheritance of the musical talent; the order and nature of the unfolding of the musical life of the child; an historical knowledge of racial types and evolutionary principles and musical æsthetics, built upon scientific psychology; musical training organized in terms of variable principles:—these, as they gradually develop and are integrated into a body of knowledge, will constitute the psychology of music of the future.

THE YARDSTICK APPLIED TO MUSICAL TALENT

By JEAN CORRODI MOOS

MENTAL measurement has become the favorite indoor sport of the up-to-date educator. In the special field of music, too, in one form or another, it has become widely popularized. One of the leading exponents of this movement, in fact, sets up the claim that the testing movement has been pushed farther in the field of music than in any other branch of education. Be that as it may—and we must necessarily make allowance for the enthusiasms of a new movement in full cry—the industry of the test-builders, it must be admitted, has resulted in the accumulation of a formidable body of test material. But quantity and quality, it must likewise be admitted, are not necessarily interchangeable terms. Assuredly, before these tests can be accepted at their face value by the musician, the latter is entitled to an answer to questions like these: Do the standards of measurement arrived at really measure what they claim to measure? Is what they do measure the essence of what enters into musical aptitude? Are these standards reliable and applicable to all individuals under all circumstances? On the answers to questions like these, evidently, depends the practical value of these tests, and with that the place which the serious-minded musician is justified in assigning to them within the scheme of his activities.

In music, as elsewhere, these tests are of two distinct kinds: the Aptitude tests, which measure innate, inherited endowment—the musician's working capital; and the Achievement tests, which evaluate the results of training—his æsthetic earnings, so to speak. Of the two only the former, the aptitude tests, will here occupy us, for the measurement of musical talent can of course have reference only to inborn capacity.

The most fundamental as well as the most widely popularized of these tests are the Seashore "Measures of Musical Talent," available for group-testing in the form of six double-disk records issued by the Columbia Phonograph Company. As there formulated, these tests aim at the evaluation of the four basic capacities, the discrimination of pitch, intensity, time, and consonance, which together with the further tests of tonal memory and rhythm, are assumed to furnish a measure of musical talent. It is, however,

only fair to say that Professor Seashore himself, in his epoch-making work "The Psychology of Musical Talent," of which these tests are the practical outgrowth, does not explicitly set up the claim that they exhaustively measure all there is of musical talent. Indeed, a second series of tests, embracing the motor activities which enter into musical performance, are described in Chapters IX and X of his work. These tests, however, require laboratory conditions and equipment, and hence, thus far, are not adapted for general practical use. The same is also true of the tests for the sense of timbre and auditory space, all too complicated to admit of measurement outside of the laboratory. Furthermore, the author in his work devotes separate chapters to the higher, more distinctly æsthetic sides of musical activity, Musical Imagination, Musical Intellect and Musical Feeling, well recognizing that these mental phases enter significantly into the musical response. Yet the uncompromising title of these tests, the fact that the above-mentioned laboratory tests have not been issued in a generally practical form as promised, coupled with the further fact that this test series has been widely used as a complete measure of musical talent without any protest on the part of the author, all this has caused this test series to be quite generally accepted as *the* measure, instead of *a* measure, of musical talent. Hence it may be profitable to inquire whether, or in how far, these tests justify what is attributed to them.

The first four of these tests, the measures of pitch, intensity, time, and consonance, are purely sensory, while the rhythm and memory tests, since they imply an act of grouping of impressions, might, by a liberal interpretation, be called super-sensory or perceptual. Only a brief review of these tests, of course, is here permissible.

As a whole, the sensory tests, with the exception of the consonance test, have stood up well under the criticism of ten years, though even their ardent advocates confess to their present need of revision. In other words, they individually answer affirmatively our first question: "Do these tests really measure what they claim to measure?" The pitch test, for instance, by a series of comparisons of tone pairs, establishes the smallest perceptible pitch difference which the ear can detect. It has, it is true, been criticized because it employs artificial laboratory conditions, tuning-fork tones, namely, instead of musical tones, in order to eliminate complications due to overtones. Yet the test is unquestionably one of the most reliable as well as the most basic of the whole "battery."

More serious, however, are the objections to the intensity test. Here, namely, the smallest perceptible difference in loudness is measured by comparison of successive buzzes produced by electric coils. That the same results would obtain if musical tones were employed is by no means certain, especially when one bears in mind that some psychologists, Wundt, for instance, have held that musical tones and noises are received by separate organs of the inner ear.

The third, the time test, measures the smallest discernible difference between two time intervals. This test, again, is unnecessarily impaired by the employment of three clicks instead of musical tones to form the time divisions. Yet this test also is valuable, though the detection of the smallest possible time difference has probably a less direct bearing on the musical reaction than the establishment of the greatest possible time-span, that is the greatest number of time impressions which the mind is capable of grasping as a unit, as measured by Wundt, for instance.

The consonance test, on the other hand, is, as already indicated, far more questionable. It consists of a comparison of all the possible intervals within the chromatic scale, each with every other, the subject being required to decide in each case which of the two is characterized by the most complete blending, smoothness and purity of its component tones. For the objections to this test are almost too numerous for mention. If it be given to children—and it is primarily for them that the tests are designed—it is impossible to make them clearly understand the fine distinctions between three abstract properties so closely allied, and, of course, far more difficult to make three judgments at one throw. Invariably they get "balled up," and, in the end, make their decision simply as to which interval they "like best." That, of course, introduces an affective element which, in the author's own words, "must be eliminated on the ground that it is a variable criterion." Even if given to adults this difficulty is inescapable. How completely the test is invalidated by substituting the criterion of agreeableness for tone-fusion—since tone-fusion, after all, fairly well sums up the author's three criteria which, for the consonant intervals at least, rank practically parallel with each other in these three respects—becomes strikingly apparent from the table below. The ranking as to fusion has been obtained by averaging the results of the investigations of Helmholtz, Stumpf, Faist, Meinong, Buch, Krueger, and Pear, as quoted on page 147 of Professor Seashore's work. The ranking as to agreeableness is the result of experimental tests. Like most tests requiring

affective decisions, these tests brought out considerable individual differences, especially as to the relative rank of the three perfect consonances among themselves as well as among the four imperfect consonances. The preference of the imperfect over the perfect consonances, however, was marked. This ranking, furthermore, coincides with the estimates of most musicians. The results as to the dissonances, it may be added, were entirely inconclusive; at any rate, they do not materially enter into our discussion.

RANK	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Degree of Fusion	Perfect 8ve	Perfect 5th	Perfect 4th	Major 6th	Major 3d	Minor 6th	Minor 3d
Degree of Agreeableness	Major 6th	Major 3d	Minor 6th	Minor 3d	Perfect 4th	Perfect 5th	Perfect 8ve

Added to these contradictory results is the fact that the adult, who from childhood has learned to hear intervals as parts of harmonic progressions, with strongly pronounced harmonic and melodic affinities, finds it impossible to conceive them in detachment, as mere acoustic phenomena. Hence it is not surprising that this test is wholly devoid of reliability. Still another difficulty confronts us, however, if we average up the three preceding sensorial and the two succeeding cognitive tests with this affective test in order to arrive at the total musical I. Q. Even the averaging of purely cognitive test results may lead to wholly erroneous conclusions, as will appear when we shall speak of the rhythm test. What then if sensorial, cognitive and affective results are combined? Does not, in fact, any mathematical treatment of psychic elements ultimately rest on the assumption that the mind works with isolated mental facts—an assumption which the author himself strongly disclaims? And if this be poor psychology it is worse mathematics. For it is equivalent to saying that three apples, plus one pear, plus two plums, divided by six makes one orange, a solution that would stagger even the doughtiest mathematician.

The two remaining Seashore tests, measuring Rhythm and Tonal Memory, have already been called "super-sensory," in so far as they deal not merely with simple sense impressions, but with their coördination into more comprehensive units. But if

we look at these tests a little closer we shall find that the types of coördination they measure are of the most incipient. Not only that the units which they evaluate are extremely brief. But, what is far more important, they measure even these brief units in a very partial, inadequate way. The rhythm test measures the capacity to discern differences of accentuation and duration in short rhythmical patterns. It is of a vintage later than the other five tests. In the chapter on Rhythm in "The Psychology of Musical Talent," the author indeed suggests that "the measure of the sense of time and the sense of intensity are also measures of capacity for precision in the perception of rhythm," the implication being that the average of the time test and the rhythm test would serve as a measure of the rhythmical sense. Later it was discovered, however, that no such correlation exists—a striking instance of the failure of the mathematical treatment of test results already mentioned. But is the rhythm test as it now stands a more satisfactory measure of the rhythmic sense as employed in music? It does measure, it is true, the discrimination of likeness or unlikeness between short rhythmical motives. But is that all there is of the rhythmical sense? Let me quote from the chapter on "The Sense of Rhythm" some—though by no means all—of the mental phases which enter into the rhythmic sense. After speaking of the influence of rhythm on the circulation, respiration, and all the secretions of the body, the author goes on to say: "Herein we find the groundwork of emotion; for rhythm, whether in perception or in action, is emotional when highly developed." Again, when detailing the two basic capacities for rhythm, after mentioning the senses of time and intensity as constituting one of these capacities, he enumerates as the other auditory imagery and motor imagery—that is, the ability to reproduce in memory rhythmic forms and the incipient bodily motions roused thereby. "These two," he asserts, "are measures of the capacity for realistic vividness, one of the flow of sound, the other of the motor response to that sound in the perception of rhythm." Another phase touched upon is the release, through rhythmical perception, of non-auditory ideational associations. "Our consciousness of pleasure in music," he writes, "is often a consciousness of seeing and doing things rather than a consciousness of hearing rhythm, the tendency being to project ourselves through the sensory cue of hearing into the more common fields of vision and action." Now, admirable as is this "inventory of the sources of pleasure in rhythm"—and the chapter contains much more that is equally fine—its very fullness of analysis

serves to emphasize the paucity of the test devised to measure the rhythmical sense. For it leaves wholly out of account the emotional phase, probably the most far-reaching source of rhythmic effect. It barely touches the element of auditory imagery, in so far, namely, as one rhythmical pattern has to be held fast in the mind to be compared with the other. But it ignores again the motor phase, for meaningless short rhythmical fragments such as are employed for the test cannot possibly impose on the subject that feeling of rhythmical swing which is the psychological equivalent of our incipient motor activity, and which plays so large a part in rhythmical effect. And, of course, the associational element is wholly conspicuous by its absence. To say, then, that the rhythm test furnishes but a partial, inadequate measure of the rhythmic sense is as charitable a way of expressing the facts as circumstances allow. It is no wonder, therefore, that the author himself, towards the end of the chapter, leaves it to the musician to appraise the child's rhythmical capacity from out of his own practical experience. In this evaluation, it is true, the chapter so often referred to, by its lucid, penetrating analysis does proffer extremely valuable aid. For evaluation will prove comparatively easy when the teacher knows precisely what to evaluate. The test, however, offers little if any assistance in this task.

The Tonal Memory Test measures the momentary memory span for pitch. Short tone-successions, increasing in length from two to six tones, are given, each motive twice, with one note varied in the repetition, the hearer then being required to indicate by ordinal number which note has been changed. This test has been criticized—unfairly, so Dr. Kwalwasser asserts in his "Tests and Measurements in Music"—because the tone-sequences are selected at random, bearing no melodic, harmonic or even key relationships to each other, in other words, making no musical sense. The test, so this writer claims, must be "elemental." The test material, that is to say, must remain unaffected by the results of musical experience, else the musically experienced has the advantage over the inexperienced, and the test is thereby vitiated. But is the test, even in the form in which it is given, elemental, unvitiated, an actual aptitude test? And does it really measure memory as it is operative in music? As to the first question, the tests in general are designed for pupils from the fifth grade upward, that is, accepting Professor Seashore's own average, children over ten years of age. Is the mind of the average child at the age of ten a musical blank? After listening to music during all these

most impressionable years, from his mother's lips, his playmates, in church, in school, via the phonograph and the radio, with four years of systematic teaching in rote and sight-singing in school behind him, in 33% of the cases engaged in the study of some musical instrument—can there still be any question of innate musical aptitude? Has not the major scale with its key relationships by this time eaten an indelible groove in his mind? Have not its principal major chords, at least, become the atmospheric medium wherein move all musical contents? And now, all at once, he is asked to judge musical tone-forms from an entirely different angle, as detached, as having no meaning, in many cases, in fact, flying in the face of his entire experience, disconcerting him with progressions that violate every standard he has formed. Not less, but probably more than the adult, even the adult musician, is the child influenced by what he has learned of music. For the latter, in the school of experience and study, has become habituated to inhibitions and self-repressions of every kind, musical and otherwise, while the child is notoriously a creature of his mental preoccupations. No unfairness then, assuredly, is contained in the criticism that this test does not possess musical validity. For what it measures has no application in music, in fact runs counter to the most pervasive musical process, the hearing within a key, the law of tonality. Indeed, it does not even reliably measure what it claims to measure, atonal retention, for the varying learning attainments of the different hearers form highly disturbing, uncontrollable conditions for the test. If the tester, during this test, will use his eyes he will see significant smiles, wry faces, shakings of the heads when a particularly atrocious-sounding pattern is given out, even though the phonograph reproduction of the soft, vague tuning-fork tones somewhat mollifies the more musical pupils' distress. Given on the piano, with a nearer approach to musical conditions, the signs of perturbation become more pronounced. And if, after the test, he will take the trouble to find out what was in the pupil's mind during the test, he will, upon asking the children what they think of the test material, receive adjectives ranging all the way from funny, not pretty, etc., to awful, ugly, crazy, etc., according to the violence of the clash between the way they felt it ought to sound and the way it did sound. That test conditions like these should yield uniform, objective, scientific results could scarcely be expected.

As to the second question, whether the tonal memory test measures memory as it is operative in music, the answer is baldly

negative. Of course, a test of this nature could have but the remotest reference to musical memory as commonly understood, that is, musical performance from memory. That involves, in addition to auditory memory proper, visual, kinæsthetic and a host of other factors wholly foreign to a fundamental test. At the same time, restricting ourselves to mere auditory processes, it is equally true that a test which lays claim to prognostic value in the determination of musical talent must measure that phase or those phases of the retentive function which preëminently enter into musical activity as carried on by those possessed of such talent. Now the tonal memory test, as already stated, is designed as a measure of the memory span for pitch. The retentive function entering into the test, however, extends merely over the exceedingly brief time space required for the comparison of the two successive tone-patterns, is, in other words, merely momentary. The prime aspect, however, under which memory as ordinarily understood is measured, is the relative permanence with which a mental content is held fast in the mind. A person, in other words, is said to possess a good memory if he remembers over a long space of time. If he can retain mental facts merely long enough to clearly mark their differences he may be said to possess a fine sense of discrimination. But that is quite a different matter. It may, of course, be contended that clear discrimination as conditioned by this rudimentary retentive process is the prerequisite of permanent retention, and to that extent a measure of memory. To measure one thing by another, in a scientific sense, means, however, to establish a constant relation between the two. Now clear discrimination, it is true, in many cases does go hand in hand with permanent retentive power. Often, however, it does not. For it is a common experience that the ponderous mentality is often more tenacious of its acquisitions than the quick, flash-in-the-pan mind. The momentary memory measured by the tonal memory test can hence by no means be accepted as a measure of the permanent musical memory which unquestionably forms one of the most important, perhaps the most important characteristic of the musically talented mind. That there is a radical distinction between these two retentive phases Professor Seashore himself readily admits. "Memory," he writes, "is not a single faculty or capacity; it is several capacities, each with definite aspects." Again, "Memories differ in various stages, so that a person may be strong in the registering of immediate impressions, in long retention, in accurate recall, in realistic imagery, and other aspects." And still more pertinently he states

that "those who have a good memory span vary in their ability to retain." Yet he provides a test for "immediate impressions" which, in his estimation, can be measured, and leaves out of account the "long retention" which does not lend itself to measurement. Fine discrimination as measured by the test under consideration has, however, little if anything to do with musical activity, hence with musical talent, large as it may bulk in the scientist's eyes. Melodic patterns such as those contrasted in the tonal memory test are, in fact, not only not consciously differentiated from each other by the musical mind in hearing music, but, conversely, are, under the aspect of resemblance, integrated as successive stages of a coherent melodic whole. Permanent retention, however, in its various stages of vividness, forms the background, the matrix, of all musical activity. As a vaguely remembered scheme of tone-relations it constitutes the key-feeling. As the accumulated deposit of long experienced melodic trends and chordal affinities this deepens into the conception of tonality. The vivid retention of melodic units opens up the wide range of thematic development. A still wider reach of the retentive power becomes the vehicle for the conception of musical form. In the light of this the declaration that "more significant than the memory of melodies and harmonies is the discriminative memory for fine distinctions"—again by the author of "Measures of Musical Talent"—assumes the character of an unintentional pleasantry. It is equivalent to saying that the mote is greater than the beam because, forsooth, the one can be measured while the other is too massive to respond to the refinements of laboratory method.

Two more recent tests, both constructed by Dr. Max Schoen, deserve mention here, because, like the Seashore tests, they measure sensory, or at least no more than incipient perceptual capacity. Both of these tests appeared in The Musical Quarterly for April, 1928, in an article entitled "Musical Talent and its Measurement." One is a "Rhythm Test," identical with the Seashore Rhythm Test in that the subject must locate slight duration difference in two otherwise similar rhythm-patterns; only in this case the rhythmic figures are much more extended and involved, making the test very difficult, if not impossible, for the musically untrained. The test, too, is restricted to mere duration changes, ignores, in other words, the stress or intensity element, and to that extent is incomplete. Else all that has been said when reviewing the Seashore Rhythm test is equally applicable to this test.

The second of these tests, called the "Relative Pitch Test," in the author's own words, measures "one's power to judge the

difference between two successive pitch intervals as to their distance apart." "The experimenter plays in succession two different tones, followed by another two tones, and the person is asked to state whether the pitch interval between the second two tones is larger or smaller than the pitch interval between the first two tones." This capacity of measuring pitch distance is asserted to be "a fairly good criterion of musicalness." If for "musicalness" the word "acousticalness" were substituted the assertion would appear quite plausible. For accuracy of judgment of relative pitch distance plays a disappearingly small part in musical processes. It is passing strange how experimental psychologists are obsessed with quantitative relationships when dealing with musical matters, to the point where they often refuse to take cognizance of the most fundamental condition under which the musical mind functions. That fundamental condition is tonality, scale relationship. Is it really scientific to measure a thing which the ear can be made to do, just because it is measurable, or supposed to be measurable, and then, on the basis of such measurement, to ascribe to it another wholly different capacity? Experimental psychology itself has time and again demonstrated the futility of this procedure. In this particular instance not only does the musical mind not habitually judge tone-relations in respect to their accurate distance, but it does something quite different: it constantly and flagrantly accepts acoustically non-equidistant intervals as identical. For instance, the whole principle of sequential progression, which forms the basis of all music comprehension, rests on the acceptance by the mind of one melodic figure as a repetition of another when acoustically they are unequal. Take as an instance a sequence of broken thirds or sixths: c e, d f, e g, etc., or e c, f d, g e, etc., or any of the innumerable melodic figures based on this progression. In each case the successive two-note patterns are cheerfully accepted as repetitions of each other, and not as variants, although they consist of intervals of differing sizes, major and minor thirds or sixths alternating irregularly with each other. The same holds true in the different devices based upon the principle of imitation. Even in the most rigorous of the imitative forms, the fugue, if the theme begins with dominant, tonic—g c in the key of c—the answer responds with tonic, dominant—c g—that is, the fourth is answered by the fifth and the mind unquestioningly accepts one as the repetition of the other. In the same way 7–8 is answered by 6–8, thus increasing the pitch distance two—in minor even threefold without destroying the thematic identity. And similar cases literally occur by

the thousand in free compositions, showing only too plainly that pitch distance as such is of but little concern to the musical mind as long as the demands of tonality and sequential progression are satisfied. But, of course, the relations whose sum makes up the tonal feeling are so recondite and various that they defy the methods of the experimental scientist—they cannot be reduced to scientific-looking tables and picturesque graphs. So they are left in outer psychological darkness. Other things, however, that do lend themselves to purposes of measurement, though they enter into musical activity only in the most casual way, are made to appear as indices of musical talent, measures, that is to say, of a capacity in the function of which they play an altogether negligible part.

It is highly questionable, moreover, whether this test actually measures what it purports to measure. It consists, namely, of sixty pairs of intervals. In the first thirty pairs the intervals to be compared have one tone in common. One pair, for instance, consists of the intervals e–b, e–b♭. Questioning after the test reveals the fact that in most cases, instead of comparing actual tone distances the subject, noting the common tone of the two tone pairs, here e, discovers that the second tone of the second pair, b♭, is lower than the second tone of the first pair b. Hence, by a palpable inference, he concludes that the second interval must be smaller than the first. That, of course, makes the first half of the test so easy that perfect scores are quite frequent. Questioning on the second half of the test, on the other hand, discloses the fact that the untrained subjects were all at sea, that there exists no sense of tone-distance analogous to the sense of space-distance, that, in other words, the test was reduced to what might be called enlightened guessing. According to the law of chance, 50% of the guesses at least have to be correct. Add to this the cases where the difference between the distances is so great that it could not escape even the dullest, and it is not in the least surprising that the result of the entire test in the majority of cases is over 75% right. The author does not give his test results. But whatever they are, no actual judgment of interval size need be made to make a good score. The test, hence, not only lacks musical significance but is even acoustically devoid of validity.

With this review of individual tests as a basis we should now be in a position to appraise the value of this type of testing in its relation to musical talent as a whole. Are these tests really "Measures of Musical Talent?" Or, to put the question more

directly, are all those persons who could make average or more than average scores in these tests, who, in short, have "good ears," are they all possessed of musical talent? Evidently not. Else musically talented people would be the rule and not, as common experience teaches, the exception. Yet if a thing is a measure of another, the relation between the two ought to be constant. It might, of course, be objected that musical talent may be existent, but owing to unfavorable circumstances fail to be developed, and so remain unrecognized. In some cases this may be true. But with the present inescapable opportunities for hearing music, and the almost equally inescapable necessity of making music in some form at one time of life or another, it is not likely that many lack musical contacts sufficient to ignite the musical spark, provided it exists. The fact, then, remains uncontested: fine, discriminating ears are many, but musical talents very few. There exists, in other words, no constant relation between aural discrimination, or the tests which measure it, and musical talent. And this, of course, for the simple reason that the organs of aural discrimination were developed, not in response to music-æsthetic necessity, but in response to biological necessity. Good aural discrimination, in other words, had to become the common property of the race so that it might survive, not that it might make music.

It might, of course, be said that musical talent, where it does exist, at least goes hand in hand with high aural discrimination. In the absence of sufficient experimental statistics on this phase, however, it would be rash to claim even that much. Musicians of a high order, of course, are popularly credited with highly sensitive ears. In their case, however, the reference is really not so much to the auditory organs as such, as to the psychic ear: intensive study, constant close observation, makes them so keenly aware of faulty intonation, poor tone-production, wrong notes, excrescences of shading, etc., that they experience actual distress where the less sophisticated remains wholly unmoved. Here, of course, Mozart is the classical instance sure to be cited in support of this popular belief. "His ear was so delicate," his biographer tells us, "that he could remember to the next day a difference of a half-a-quarter of a tone, and so susceptible that he fainted away at the sound of a trumpet." But what does a pitch discrimination of 1/8 tone signify when experimental science in some cases demonstrates the presence of sensibility to 1/200 of a tone—I quote Professor Seashore's own figure. The significant thing, in this instance, was not the fine discrimination but

the retention of this pitch difference—and that was an evidence of permanent retention—a non-sensory and non-measurable capacity. As to the fainting at the sound of a trumpet, many a sensitive, high-strung child is equally susceptible to loud sounds without being an incipient Mozart. To offset this case, however, there is that of Beethoven's deafness. After all that has been written about it, it is not clear whether his defective hearing was due to congenital causes or contracted later in life. If the former, he could never have possessed high discrimination—and there is not a single fact on record to indicate that he did. But even if his defective hearing was the aftermath of severe colds, as some maintain, it is at least highly significant that his musical genius should have continued to develop unhampered for twenty-seven years while his auditory sense steadily declined. Clara Schumann, likewise, became an outstanding musical artist despite the fact that she was slightly deaf from childhood. As a class, of course, musicians probably do possess an auditory discrimination somewhat above the average. For, aurally speaking, they are a selected class: only ear-minded people on one hand habitually gravitate towards music, while, on the other, a musician with deficient hearing would soon be weeded out. But while good auditory discrimination is no doubt a necessity for the musician, and that to a higher degree than for anyone else, a very moderate endowment of this capacity is sufficient for the requirements of music. Take the matter of intonation, for example. No singer, not even the greatest artist, ever sings in anything like true pitch, Some, indeed, deviate quite considerably from correct intonation and yet preserve a high artistic standing—Professor Seashore himself mentions a well-known singer who, despite a pitch discrimination "very poor for a musician," yet stood high in her art. And we all could multiply such instances, not only of singers but of violinists of highest standing as well. Similarly with intensity discrimination. The same author, discussing this subject, writes for instance: "If a person's defect is not sufficient to be traced in conversation, it should not be regarded as a serious obstacle to music." Indeed, language as employed by the average intelligent, cultured person, with the minute inflections and stresses that are the means of coloring our meanings even in everyday conversation, makes probably as great, if not greater demands than music upon both our pitch and intensity discrimination. And the very fact that language can thus serve as a universal and efficient vehicle of communication proves the high state of perfection which these sensibilities have attained among the great mass of

mankind. Even some of the higher animals show a sense of pitch and intensity in some respects, at least, superior to man's. Recent investigations have shown that dogs, for instance, have a higher upper auditory limit and a keener sense of intensity than man, while the demonstrated pitch discrimination is but slightly inferior to man's. And, owing to the difficulties of experimenting with lower intelligences, the possibility is by no means excluded that the actual canine pitch discrimination also is equal, perhaps even superior, to man's. Yet dogs are not usually ranked exceptionally high as to musical attainments. And no different is it with regard to sensitivity to time. For the universal strong appeal which the time elements make to most people—in jazz music, for instance—makes it fully apparent that the time sense, too, in the average person is quite sufficiently developed—if in fact not overdeveloped—to cope with the exigencies of music. Sensory capacity, hence, even if somewhat higher in some respects in musicians than in non-musicians, can assuredly be no measure of musical talent. It is a favorable condition for the existence of musical talent. For its essence, however, we must look elsewhere.

Some of the more far-seeing of the advocates of musical testing are becoming increasingly aware of the inadequacy of the sensory tests, and the added unreliability of what we have called the super-sensory tests of rhythm, tonal memory, and relative pitch. After ten years of testing it is at last becoming evident that a type of mental activity as highly specialized as musical talent must be met on its own ground if results worth while may be hoped for. Attention accordingly is being more and more directed towards the distinctly æsthetical phases of musical activity. These, following the present trend of psychological endeavor, are, of course, likewise treated by experimental methods. And while the results thus far have done little more than confirm what practical experience had long before taught musicians, thoughtful members of that profession cannot but welcome every effort in this direction. For classification, corroboration, systematizing of experience, after all, remains one of the important tasks of science. Investigations like those published under the title "The Effects of Music," under the editorship of Dr. Max Schoen, should indeed enlist the interest of every serious-minded student of the tone art, especially since they content themselves with throwing light into some of the dark places of musical activity, and do not venture into the controversial field of musical measurement.

Meanwhile efforts to subject some of these æsthetic phases to measurement have not been wanting. Such an attempt, for

instance, is Dr. Jacob Kwalwasser's "Tonal Sequence Test," available as Victor Record 35773. This test is in two divisions. The first division, the "Melodic Sensitivity Test," consists of 35 two-measure melodic progressions, the hearer being required to distinguish the good from the bad. The criteria for the bad—displeasure-giving—progressions are enumerated as: bad resolutions, incompatible tones, awkward rhythms, failure to turn after a wide skip, lack of design or purposiveness, distorted balance, incompleteness of melody or rhythm, etc. Good—or pleasure-giving—progressions, of course, are marked by the opposite characteristics. The second division, the "Harmonic Sensitivity Test," is made up of the same number of harmonic progressions of three chords each, the hearer again distinguishing the good from the bad, the earmarks of the latter being: parallel fifths and octaves, wrong doublings, bad-sounding voice movement, bad part omission, digressions, unprepared modulations, unresolved dissonances, too wide voice distribution, etc. Both these tests have been criticized, and justly so, by P. W. Dykema, in an article on "Recent Developments in Music Testing Materials," appearing in the "Music Supervisor's Journal" for February 27, for being too fragmentary, since, as he pertinently remarks, "the æsthetic judgment depends on the relationship of larger wholes." To this might have been added that the tests are still further vitiated by the lack of stressing and dynamic shading of the test material, due to the fact that the records were made from organ performance. More important than either of these shortcomings, however, is the nature of the criteria by which these fragments are to be judged. True, as the author says, they sum up the established laws for melodic and harmonic progressions of merit. But are these so-called "laws" really laws such as underlie scientific procedure? A scientific law establishes a uniform, unvarying connection between a cause and an effect. Would anyone maintain that a melodic or harmonic sequence which satisfies these "laws," by virtue of this has æsthetic value, that it gives the hearer, in other words, æsthetic pleasure? It would be what theoreticians call correct. But would it be what the hearer calls beautiful? We know only too well that no such necessary connection obtains—reams of music, correct enough, but æsthetically still-born, published year after year, attest to the fact that no such connection exists. And suppose one hearer would find such a composition æsthetically satisfying, would others? Or if his response is pleasurable at one time, in the early stages of his musical progress, would it be the same at another, after being

inured to the beauties of ultra-modern music, for instance? And if beautiful to an Occidental would it be the same to an Oriental? Would a musical primitive of the twelfth century have reacted in the same manner as a jazz-addict to-day? Surely not. For these "laws" themselves change. The laws invoked are those of a hundred years ago. Most of us can scarcely suppress an embarrassed smile when we teach them to-day. Those who do not have to teach them laugh out loud. Bad resolutions have given way to no resolutions at all. All tones are compatible—in the right place. We perform in 3/4, 4/4, 5/4 time, all in one breath. Jazz music flaunts all design and purposiveness and makes it a rule—I almost had said a "law"—to stop in the middle, leaving us suspended beneath heaven and what is beneath the earth. Harmonically speaking, consecutive fifths and octaves have become almost as common as they were when harmony was born into art-music. Outlandish modulations have made the time-honored "prepared" digressions into nearly related keys sound fatuous. Bristling, unresolved dissonances have become food for musical babes and sucklings. What was bad yesterday is good to-day. What is bad for one is good for another. Surely such variable standards cannot serve as units of measurement. It may be objected that these tests are designed for children, measure native aptitude, untouched as yet by differentiating musical experience. But this objection too, as already stated, is wholly illusory. Musically there is a world of difference between the child attending the red brick rural school and the city child of the same age. The former's musical experience may be limited to a few Sunday School hymns, a few patriotic songs and sentimental ditties. The other has heard elaborate choral productions, instrumental performances of a high order, probably a school orchestra of symphonic proportions, possibly even taken part in some of them. Even in children from the same schoolroom the differences in musical nurture are incalculable. If the tests are to measure innate aptitude they must be administered to infants in the cradle—and that might have its difficulties considering the abstract nature of these æsthetic laws. These laws might possibly serve as the basis for an exceedingly rough, tentative estimate of melodic and harmonic sensitivity. But as a reliable, constant measure, never!

Much the same may be said of the "Tonal Sequence Test" designed by Dr. Schoen. This test consists of four four-measure phrases from standard compositions, each followed by four complementary phrases, one of which is the terminal member of the original melody. The other three terminal phrases are of various

degrees of melodic merit, and the hearer is required to determine the relative merit of the four endings. Here again, there at once arises the question of æsthetic standards. Granted that the æsthetic standard of the author of the test is that of ripe musicianship. Yet here comes another scientist-musician of equally unimpeachable standing, in the person of Dr. Kwalwasser in his "Tests and Measurements in Music," and gives as his opinion that Dr. Schoen, "in one or possibly two cases, has improved upon the original version of the melodies." That, of course, is no mean compliment to the test-builder's musicianship. At the same time, however, it impeaches his judgment as to the relative merit of these melodies, shows it to be lacking in objectivity. And if the doctors disagree, what about the patient? Suppose the latter to be a six- or eight-year old child, might he not, after the broad, unbroken, involved melody line of the Beethoven phrase (the first four measures of the Variation-Theme, Sonata Op. 26) prefer a succinct, clearly articulated closing phrase to the original? Most likely he would prefer some foolish, disjointed, stereotyped ditty to the whole of the immortal Beethoven melody. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* With equal truth might it be said: *De gustibus non est mensurandum.* Of course, one might contend that the judgment of the musician of recognized standing, re-enforced by that of a century of musical opinion, would constitute a valid standard of æsthetic value. But facts are stubborn things. Such a standard may hold for a limited class possessed of a considerable degree of talent and training. But, unfortunately, it does not hold for the vast majority of those not so favorably conditioned. And there are few who would assume the responsibility of saying that the æsthetic enjoyment of the musically elect alone has saving grace, that those outside the ken are destined to æsthetic perdition. There is no one æsthetic standard. There are as many standards as there are listeners, or at least as there are broad classes of listeners. Measurement of æsthetic talent, hence, in the sense of establishing a constant relationship between the hearer and the heard, is impossible. If it does not predicate such constant relationship, however, it ceases to be measurement and becomes a mere personal opinion.

Yet another fact militates against the validity of at the least the first division of this test, the lack, namely, of harmonic support of the melodies employed. In simple melodies of the folk-song type, where the accompaniment acts as a mere filler, the omission might be of slight concern. In music of greater depth and complexity, however, the accompaniment is not a mere vacant

background, it is part and parcel of the æsthetic conception. No composer who is worth his salt, for instance, would, when evolving a melody, fail to indicate even in his first draft its salient harmonies. Beethoven, in his Sketch Books, constantly does that. The implication is obvious: the harmonies define the melody, give it its real significance. In the Beethoven melody used for this test, what, for instance, becomes of the loveliness, the depth, the richness, the yearning intensity when the melody is stripped of its chordal investiture? And where is the insouciant lilt of Dr. Arne's "The Lass with the delicate Air," when the melody is reduced to a mere bloodless, fleshless note-skeleton? That a judgment which admittedly is based on the feeling element, but from which the feeling element itself is thus largely eliminated, can have but little value is self-evident. If the melodies were to be performed with their proper harmonic setting, and with genuine artistic expression, the procedure suggested by this test might conceivably be made a very valuable means of training the æsthetic judgment. But as a means of measurement it could, even then, evidently ensure no reliable results whatever.

The surveyors of musical capacity, however, have not been content with applying this yardstick to the living. Even the dead could not escape their prodigious industry. In Vol. II of "Genetic Studies of Genius," by Terman-Cox, an attempt has been made to determine by laboratory methods the mental capacities of three hundred geniuses, among them the most outstanding musicians. On the basis of biographical facts, "psychograms" of these historical personalities were constructed which, in turn, by means of the usual statistical methods, were converted into Intelligence Quotients. In the case of musicians these I. Q's. are the joint result of both, the rating of specific musical capacity and of general intelligence. From these ratings it appears that musicians, as compared with geniuses in other fields, occupy second place in an ascending scale of inherited mental capacity, the order being: soldiers, musicians, religious leaders, statesmen, scientists, writers, artists, philosophers. Among themselves the I. Q's. of the musicians, again arranged in an ascending scale, appear as follows: Palestrina 110; Haydn 120; Bach 125; Beethoven and Wagner 135; Handel 145; Mendelssohn and Mozart 150. With the relative rank of great musicians as compared to other geniuses we need not concern ourselves. With equal cogency might one say that a bird is a being superior to a quadruped because it can fly faster than the other can run. The author herself, in fact, admits that "the correlation between

musical achievement and intelligence is unknown." But even the ranking of the musicians among themselves is invalidated by this lack of correlation. For a composer with a high intellectual I. Q. might easily outrank another with a higher musical I. Q., as is the case, for instance, with Mendelssohn on one hand and Beethoven and Wagner on the other, though the latter, of course, are incomparably greater musicians than the former. More damaging still to this method of post-mortem measurement is the fact that the less there is known of a composer's life the lower will be his rating. Thus Palestrina's I. Q. is but 110, that is, but a trifle higher than the average man's I. Q. of 100, simply because practically nothing is known of this composer's youth. Add to this the practically inescapable bias of biographical writers, amounting often to deliberate misrepresentation, and it becomes almost incomprehensible how sober-minded scientists, who everlastingly prate of precision, verifiable fact, objectivity, etc., as the sole basis of scientific thought, can offer such a hodgepodge of guesswork for serious consideration. How much guesswork has gone into these ratings is made strikingly evident by the discrepancies between the estimates of the individual raters themselves—for the figures given are averages of several collaborators. The lowest ranking for Handel, for instance, is 125, the highest 170, for Beethoven 110 and 160, for Mozart even 125 and 190. The latter, in other words, by one investigator is credited with a mentality equal to that of the average business man, by another, presumably just as competent, with the mental capacity of some of the greatest of philosophers—Descartes, Leibnitz, Mills, for instance. Implicitly, in fact, the futility of these results is acknowledged by the author through the admission of environmental factors, character traits, etc., as co-determinants of genius, and by the addition to the I. Q's. derived from biographical facts of a parallel column of "corrected I. Q's.," which, in the author's own words, represent "an attempt at the elimination of the incompleteness of the records." This latter attempt, of course, is a mere euphemism for substituting a purely subjective rating on the basis of achievement for a measurement of capacity based on facts, a complete begging of the question. Yet the results of these measurements purport to be "reliable enough for practical purposes." What these practical purposes are—beyond the merit of piling another subscience, "historiometry," on the already top-heavy science of psychology—is not entirely clear.

Summing up our findings, then, we may say that the sensory tests, with the exception of the consonance test, while they are a

fair measure of the elemental psychic ingredients of musical activity, do not furnish an index of musical talent because there exists no constant relation between the test results and musical endowment. Regarding the supersensory or perceptual tests we have reached the conclusion that they fail as measures of musical talent inasmuch as they evaluate aural processes unrelated to musical activity. The sensitivity tests, in the third place, fall short of their objective because, on one hand, the test material is presented under inadequate musical conditions, while on the other the absence of uniform æsthetic standards precludes valid results. To this indictment there must now be added the further fact that neither of these tests even remotely touches the two mental phases which are most distinctive of musical activity of that high order which is the manifestation of musical talent: Musical Emotion and Musical Intelligence. Since the former is largely the product of the latter we shall first touch upon Musical Intelligence.

At the outset it must be made clear that under musical intelligence we do not here understand knowledge about music, as, for instance, historical facts, or rules of Harmony, Counterpoint, Form, etc. For we here restrict the term to those mental activities of an intellectual order which go into the actual appreciation, performance and creation of music. Are there really such activities?

Candor compels us to admit that the participation of the intellectual faculties in musical activities finds but scanty recognition. For those whose opinion in such matters carries most weight, the psychologists, are, with few exceptions, neither music-minded nor musically trained. They hence accept without further question the popular view of musical activity as a sort of passive immersion in an intoxicating emotional medium. The musicians, on the other hand, on their part, fight shy of such matters: they are either too much preoccupied with technical matters, or too much wrapped up in the inspirational phases of their art to concern themselves with attempts to unravel its mental intricacies. And yet a few brief considerations will indubitably prove that intellectual elements do play a part, and by no means a negligible part, in musical activities of a higher order.

These intellectual processes are, of course, abstract in nature. They do not, like the major part of our thinking, relate themselves to the practical affairs of life. Neither, however, do countless conceptions of which verbal language is the carrier, like mathematical, philosophical, scientific, and religious abstractions, which

nevertheless serve as thought material. Like these, musical thought material to the unmusical may seem so intangible as to be considered non-existent. Yet to the music-minded they are real, bearing all the hall-marks of other ideational contents, those derived from the sense of vision, for instance, for they are readily identified, recallable in memory, related with each other, communicable like other means of mental exchange.

Music-thinking processes, like other thought processes, are of three types, shading, it is true, imperceptibly into each other, yet sufficiently distinct to be separately considered, namely, Conceptual, Imaginative and Reflective. Conception in general may be described as an act of mentally grouping a series of impressions in such a way that they assume a certain significance, a meaning. It is a process centrally initiated; it results in a mental unit which as such is retained in memory; and this unit possesses a certain completeness, an individuality, on one hand, which detaches it from certain other similar psychic facts and, on the other, causes it to gravitate towards others, affecting their meaning and being in turn modified by them. Does this process find its equivalent in the musical response? Most assuredly it does. Does not the hearer's mind constantly go out and actively grasp the incoming impressions and consolidate them into motives, phrases, etc.? Do not these units stock the well-furnished musical mind? Do they not irresistibly attract others? Does not the meaning of one motive or phrase derive from its neighbors, so that they appear linked into an inevitable chain, a larger meaning which appears as the fulfillment of a process of vital growth? Wherein, then, does it differ from the ordinary conceptual processes? In nothing but in the thought material. As a process it is identical with conceptual thinking as ordinarily carried on.

The second stage of thought, Imaginative Thinking, has aptly been described as "an insight into the as yet obscure, the vision of realities not yet within the field of sense-perception." The grouping process now is on a larger scale; it is a selective process and contains an element of pre-vision. What thought material is felt to be foreign to an issue dimly foreseen is permitted to pass down the stream of consciousness unheeded; that, however, which is felt to be pertinent is held fast and built into the structure of our thought. And this process is unquestionably the most universal and the most distinctive mental phase involved in musical activity. The composer's mind, for instance, in the act of creation is in an attitude of constant active search. Among the thought fragments emerging above the horizon of his con-

sciousness he singles out those which have a bearing on the æsthetic vision hovering before his mind, co-ordinating them into the larger entities that shape themselves in his musical mind. The executive artist, too, possesses the gift for pre-hearing in his psychic ear these incipient musical thoughts, first those divined from the printed page, to which he then adds other meanings evolved from within the depths of his own consciousness, relating, amalgamating, the two concepts into one in the laboratory stage of his performance. Even the listener's state of mind is fundamentally the same. His mind constantly reaches out beyond the immediate impression while yet clinging to the past. From his previous musical experience, from what has just happened musically, spring up expectations of what is to follow, a plot-interest, satisfied, or only partly satisfied, suspended, deferred, denied, in an infinite variety of ways, but always carried on in an intensely active mental attitude. True, all these processes are largely intuitive, many only imperfectly performed, and all so deeply buried under emotional effluviæ that they may easily escape detection. But is not that true of most of our habitual thinking processes of every-day life? It is but on rare occasions that we really think our thoughts through. Most of our thinking processes are left hanging in mid-air unless some emergency forces us to nail our thoughts down so that we are sure to find them intact later when we want them again. Our music thinking, like our other imaginal thinking, is performed with hazy, fleeting, ill-directed psychic odds and ends, thought matter not yet hardened into an unyielding mass, amorphous, plastic, fluid, and pregnant precisely in proportion as it has failed to assume a static condition.

The third and most highly developed thought form, Reflective Thinking, differs from that preceding not so much in nature as in the extensity and intensity with which it is carried on. The consciousness, namely, is now confronted with a problem, definite and yet not fully discerned, which, however, becomes fully revealed by being deliberately viewed in the light of former experience. Now the creative musician, in the act of composition, undoubtedly carries his imaginal processes far enough to merit the term "reflective thought." His problem is the work as a whole, which, by a species of clair-audition, he preconceives at the very outset. From the wealth of his reproductive imagination he then seizes upon those passing whisps of musical thought which to him seem to have an æsthetical bearing upon his conception, which seem to carry this conception forward, relating, co-ordinating these elements until his pre-conception finally

stands revealed in the definite musical conception. Even the performing artist passes through a similar process. For his rendition is not a mere reproduction, but a re-creation. He performs, of course, what the composer has predetermined through the printed page. Yet the individual manner of his performance, his interpretation, is again the product of a weighing process, of a correlation of parts in an endeavor to arrive at a whole foreshadowed from the beginning. In the act of listening, however, the mental processes are too swift, too inconclusive, too much objectively imposed to rise to the dignity of reflective thought. To conclude from this, however, that the mere act of listening to music even involves no thinking processes, represents in other words a mere passive registering of impressions, is far from the truth. Active thought elements are vitally concerned in all musical response. That they are predominantly of the conceptual and imaginal type by no means removes the musical response from the sphere of intellectual activity. For intrinsically conceptual and imaginal thought is just as legitimate a psychic activity as reflective thinking; extrinsically, in the mental economy of the human race, probably far more important. Unquestionably, on that high level of musical activity which we associate with musical talent, the ability to grasp, to retain, to co-ordinate, to organize musical meanings, is one of the prime requisites. Up to the present scarcely an attempt has been made to measure this music-thinking capacity. Quite possibly it will defy such attempts when they shall be made. For the higher we rise in the hierarchy of the mental powers, the more inadequate become mental testing methods. Be that as it may, however, any measuring method which at present purports to evaluate musical talent, while leaving out of reckoning this all-important phase of the musical response, can scarcely lay claim to serious consideration.

Musical Emotion, the other phase which present-day mental test methods leave almost wholly untouched, is, as already stated, largely the product of music-thinking processes. Yet by no means wholly so. For the emotional element, as it enters into the musical reaction, is in itself an exceedingly complex psychic fact, probably the most complex and recondite of all the elements which combine in that bewildering maze of psychic phenomena summed up by the term "musical response." At one extreme there are: the sense-feelings, pleasurable in character, as are most æsthetic feelings, which add an ever-present affective tone to the sense stimulations of pitch, intensity, time, consonance, etc.—a considerable body of the total æsthetic effect. At the other

extreme are: the intellectual emotions proper, the affective accompaniment of the intellectual processes above described. Which of the two feeling complexes is the weightier it would be idle to speculate about. Probably one might be safe in saying that the sense feelings outweigh the intellectual feelings in the relatively untalented and untrained, while the opposite holds good in the case of the highly talented and the musically trained. At any rate, they cannot be clearly separated from each other; nor are they individually directly measurable. Indirectly the sense-feelings, so some of the advocates of test methods hold, can be evaluated through measurement of their respective sense capacities. This assumption, however, has never been demonstrated, in fact, even lacks probability, for the keen-sensed individual in most cases is of the rational, not of the emotional cast. And the intellectual feelings, of course, admit of no measurement at all, since not even the intellectual processes which form their source are subject to test methods. Hence we need not be surprised that Professor Seashore himself, in the opening sentence of his chapter on "Musical Feelings," admits that "the experimental psychology of music has very little to offer in the way of objective rating or measures of the experience of feeling." In still another place we read: "Last, but not least, the very heart of music is feeling, for without musical feeling music is soulless." To reconcile these two statements with the purpose supposedly subserved by the "Measures of Musical Talent," which do not even attempt to measure musical feeling, demands a feat of mental legerdemain far beyond the ken of the ordinary mind. Unquestionably the musical emotions are the most obvious as well as the most deep-lying and pervasive psychical traits of all musical activity, for they are the psychical equivalent of a reaction of practically the entire physical as well as psychical organism. How then can a test method which confessedly has "very little"—one might as well frankly say, nothing—to offer in the way of evaluating the most striking feature of an activity, be said to furnish a measure of this activity?

Our examination of the musical capacity tests as at present constituted, then, has led us to largely negative results. It has demonstrated the unreliability of some, and the inadequacy of all of these tests, the greatly exaggerated claims made in their behalf, their emphasis of the sensorial over the distinctly æsthetic traits of musical talent. This condemnation of the tests, however, need by no means be construed as a wholesale condemnation of the movement of which they are the outgrowth. This movement, in fact, has initiated a highly beneficial leavening process in musical

affairs. For the application of the methods of experimental psychology has furnished a counterirritant to the extreme conservatism and subjectivity that for so long has characterized music-teaching methods. Any test, indeed, will disclose more than no test at all. And present test methods may, in time, be conceivably so amended that they may provide an approximate estimate of musical endowment at least, if not a measurement. In fact, crude as they are at present, in group-teaching in the public schoolroom they have already greatly aided in exposing the huge waste incurred by grouping pupils for musical instruction according to general intellectual instead of musical capacity. They have, furthermore, given an impetus towards a re-examination of the entire music-teaching procedure in the schoolroom, and have in no small measure contributed towards raising the status of music-study from a mere diversion to an integral part of the educational curriculum.

To the private teacher, it is true, they probably never will discover much that he could not himself find out very soon in the regular course of instruction, provided he is wide-awake and well-trained. Slowly but surely, however, as he rubs shoulders with his confrère in the schoolroom, he is awaking to the fact that training for teaching must include pedagogical, not merely musical training. And pedagogical training, he is bound to find out before long, implies a liberal dose of educational psychology, which, in its turn, takes its color largely from experimental study. Hence, while the tests in their present form will afford him little comfort, he will, if he be wise, broaden and deepen his pedagogical vision by such studies on music-psychological subjects as have within the last few years been forthcoming with gratifying frequency. They will aid him in seeing his problems with far greater clearness than heretofore. And a problem clearly perceived is already well on its way towards solution.

MUSIC IN THE LIFE OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS

By HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

FOR those of us who live in the twentieth century of the Christian Era, nearly two thousand years since the last of all that made "the glory that was Greece" ceased to operate, music has little or no part in "le miracle grec." That it had a part in its creation we know, but so completely have the songs, the flute-dances, the martial trumpet-calls which constituted such music, failed to leave any continuing record, that most of us refuse to take any trouble to discover what that part was. We are content to know that some of it was intimately associated with songs and dramas that have become models alike of thought and language for all nations, but that now stand alone without any music except that of the richness of the vowel sounds and the perfect balance of their verbal rhythm. Even the magnificent studies of the technique and character of Greek music which have been made by such authorities as H. S. McCran, Westphal, Louis Laloy, Monro, and Abert fail, as a rule, to give us any real idea of the position which the art of music took in the life of the people. The comprehensive new edition of *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* has a long and learned article on the tonalities of Greek music, with scarcely a single word as to the daily practice of the art which gave rise to those tonalities. In this respect modern musical historians outvie the ancient Greeks themselves who, as Georges Clemenceau has said, loved "la musique de parler" without any action arising from or corresponding to their well-formed and roundly delivered words and phrases.

Yet all the records of practitioners and theorists which remain to us lead to the assumption that music, the music of voices and instruments, must have taken a very considerable position in nearly every department of Greek life, artistic, religious, social and political. Even these technical studies suggest something of the place it took in the political life of the nation, for they tell us that the original modes or scales were called Phrygian, Lydian, Ionian, and Dorian after the chief tribes which, at the end of a long period of mutual struggles, eventually became loosely united as the Hellenic nation or Empire. Few of them,

however, make any suggestion that these modes grew out of the natural music, the music that was often artless and unscientific, of the people whose names they bore, and so acquired the different characteristics which made Plato and others recommend or denounce them according to their virility or their effeminacy. To read many of these technical descriptions of Greek music one might suppose that the scales were artificially formed and arbitrarily named, after which some little use, in what manner and to what extent would appear to be a matter alike of ignorance and indifference, was made of them by composers and executants whose lack of skill was balanced by their roughness and conceit.

So far from this being true, the character of these modes and of the music in which they developed was the character of the people themselves who sang and played such music, and was exhibited not only in their music but in all their arts, emotional or representative. To this day we use the adjective Doric when we speak of the broad-vowelled dialect of Scotland, because in character that dialect corresponds with standard southern English in much the same way as the Dorian dialect corresponded with the Ionian Greek spoken by the Athenians, while the differences between Doric and Ionic architecture are much the same as those between the forms of the language and the innate character of the music.

Whether there was any reflex action or influence, whether the poets and musicians, the architects and their colleagues exercising themselves in the plastic and graphic arts, *as artists*, influenced the character of the tribes among whom they lived and worked is a question which can be discussed only as an abstract one of theoretical psychology and ethnology, for we have no certain evidence either way. In any case, the whole circumstances provide an early, but very definite case of tribal, national or racial character in music.

It is, unfortunately, true that the remains of ancient Greek music, if it can be said that there are any real remains at all, are such as give us little or no idea of what their melodies were. One thing which may be taken as certain is that their music varied in type and quality, in popularity and official recognition, in application, in every respect and every aspect, in fact, at all the various times when and in all the various places where it was practised. We can just as readily say that the music of the Anglo-Saxons is or is not a certain thing as we can say the same of the music of the Ancient Greeks. It is not altogether unlikely, even, that there was as much difference between the music of the

time of Homer and that of Ptolemy as there is between that of (say) Bishop Anselm and of Edward Elgar. Equally the practice of music would, and did, vary, and it is possible to trace some such variations as between the earlier and later periods, and as between the Ionians and the Spartans, though more difficult to trace any differences between those of the other tribes except as they remain in the different modes.

The traditions on which Greek music were based dated from the most primitive times, possibly, if not probably, from those of the Stone Age, and the legends which Homer gathered into his great poems were sung, so far as we can tell, some of them to the verses which now pass as his, by minstrels who travelled through the islands and mainland around the Ægean Sea. Some of this early music, also, was in all probability of a religious character, at least to the extent that Homer's work is religious; and we may remember in this connection that the work of Homer took much the same position among the Greeks as the Rig-Veda among the Indians, the Bible among the Jews and Christians, and the Koran among the Moslems. A question not without some degree of importance in considering the origins of music as an art, and of the origin of national music, arises here. This is as to how far it arose from the mere desire to produce pleasant sounds, how far it was an impulsive expression of ecstatic emotions, and how far it came from what Prof. Charles Picard has described as "an unconscious need—suggested, maybe by fear, maybe by sympathy —of fixing the magic and formidable influences of the gods or the dead." Certainly the use of music among the earliest Phrygian tribes, among the earliest organised people of the Western world, was largely a religious and therefore an eschatological one. Exactly what the relation of these earliest Phrygians was to the later tribe of the same name or to the Greeks generally is not clear. Of them, as of all the Greeks, and particularly of those of the classical period, it may be said that they

confondirent hardiment le beau et le bon; ils goutèrent l'art de façon sensuelle, parce qu'il excitait en eux l'illusion de la vie, et même, quelquefois (on le sait par les aventures de certaines statues) le trouble du désir. C'est vers la décadence seulement que la sagesse philosophique commençait à disserter sur l'esthétique, à une époque où l'on voit bien déjà que l'art ne créait plus guère de vrais chefs-d'œuvre. . . . À mesure qu'on pénètre l'originalité de l'art hellénique, *en comprenant aussi l'importance des influences exercercées sur lui par le déhors*, on se rend compte que le mérite souverain de la Grèce n'est pas tant d'avoir été une patrie d'idées nouvelles, que de parfaites techniques. Pour le raisonnement et les instruments de l'intelligence, plutôt qu'elle n'a

enrichi l'esprit lui-même. Dans l'art aussi, le "miracle grec" fut surtout la création d'une méthode. (Picard, *La Sculpture Antique*, Tome I).[1]

One brings in the whole of this long quotation here in order to give a definite starting-point to the discussion as to whom we mean by the Ancient Greeks. If we take Athens as the center of Greek culture, we may do so on the assumption that all the art, whether plastic, graphic or tonal, of that center was very strongly influenced by that of the surrounding tribes, so that to understand it, it is desirable we should know something of that which was exercised over a fairly large area outside Athens itself. One of the strongest of these influences was without question that of the Dorians, or as we generally know them from the name of their capital and only city, the Spartans. It is probable that the reason for this was the fact that at that period of the world's history fighting of necessity formed an important part of men's lives; that is, fighting with their fellowmen, either to acquire something better than they had or to defend their already acquired possessions, or fighting with the beasts in order to defend their lives and their homes. The Athenians were not by nature fighters. They were, as Clemenceau says, "Ioniens aux longs cheveux y affluent pour les recoulements de philosophie," but circumstances made it necessary they should take their share in the struggles of the world. The Spartans, on the other hand, were keen fighters, and their music was of a character likely to make good fighters.

Says Jardé, in his very suggestive work on *La Formation du peuple grec:*

C'est en Ionie que naissent l'art, la science, la littérature hellénique. Si l'Ionie s'est trouvée en avance sur le reste du monde grec, elle le doit au contact de civilisations plus anciennes. L'Ionie a beaucoup appris de l'Orient, mais elle en a transformé l'esprit pour faire vraiment œuvre grecque.[2]

[1]. . . boldly confounded the beautiful and the good; they enjoyed art in a sensuous manner, because it awoke in them the illusion of life, and even, at times (as we know from the adventures of certain statues) the disturbance of desire. It was only toward the decadence that philosophic wisdom began to discuss æsthetics, at an epoch when it was quite clear that art would no longer create any real master-works. . . . According as one discovers the originality of Hellenic art, *while at the same time realising the importance of the influences exercised upon it from without,* one sees that the sovereign merit of Greece is not so much that she was the natal land of new ideas, but of perfected techniques, of reason and the tools of the intelligence, rather than of the enrichment of the mind itself. In art as well, the "Greek miracle" was, above all, the creation of a method.

[2]It is in Ionia that Hellenic art, science and literature are born. If Ionia found herself in advance of the rest of the Greek world, it was due to her contact with more ancient civilisations. Ionia learned much from the Orient, yet she transformed the character of her acquisitions to make them truly Greek.

Not only did she acquire this from the older civilisations, however, but she acquired it also from the outposts of her own civilisations and from the barbarians whom her citizens so affected to despise. Let us see, then, what the Spartans, whose music was set up by the greatest musicians and the greatest philosophers of Athens as a model for the young Greek to copy, and as the only kind that was suitable for a healthy-minded youth to sing and play, and from which he was to acquire mental, moral and physical virility, was like.

The Dorians in historical times were a diminishing race, the native population of Sparta being reduced almost to the vanishing point. Yet so warlike were those who remained that when they were too few to form the armies necessary for the purposes of defending their own land and that of their conquered and conquering allies, they put into the field under the leadership of a few of themselves hordes of helots and mercenaries. No wonder, then, that physical culture was held in high honour, while intellectual culture was comparatively neglected. One form of culture, however, they could not afford to neglect; that is, the moral culture which comes from the use of music. "Les poèmes d'Homère, quelques chants guerriers, quelques poésies morales," were, as Jardé says, "a literary baggage sufficient for the soldier." It sounds very little, but with the means of learning available it was not so small as might be supposed. At the age of seven, the son of Spartan parents was placed at school (education was in the fullest sense of the term compulsory), where he would learn the business of life; in other words, all the art and science of war. Tyrtæus, an Athenian by birth but a Spartan by education and choice as well as by force of circumstances, was the poet and singer whose works were set as tasks, not to parse and analyse, but to learn by rote and to follow in their moral teaching. "It is fine to fall in the front rank as a brave man fighting for his country," was one of the sentiments impressed by these poems, and the strong Dorian melody to which the song was sung would help to drive home the force of the words on the mind of the young warrior-student.

That Tyrtæus was himself a lame schoolmaster and could do no fighting might with such people have been a deterrent to the choice of his works, but his story was as stirring as that of many a hero. At the time of the second war between the Spartans and the Messenians, so it was traditionally reported, the Oracle commanded the latter to take a leader from among the Athenians. But the Athenians, whatever their official relations with the

Spartans at the time, were actually not at all disposed to help. They therefore, in derision, sent as the divinely appointed leader the lame young pupil-teacher who had as yet won no reputation. And as so often happens, Fate overruled them, for by his songs and his personal encouragement Tyrtæus so inspired the Spartan soldiers that they fought with unexampled courage and so came off as victors. After this how could the Spartans do otherwise than give not only his art but his individual works an important place in the education of their youth.

So it came that music and dancing took leading places in the curriculum of the State schools, the dancing because it formed not only an excellent physical exercise, but also gave a sense of discipline and combined movement, the music because it would serve to enable the young soldier to understand the trumpet-signals, to sing his way to victory and to join in the pæans when this was achieved. "The Muses had a sanctuary at Sparta, because music and singing had their place in the life of the soldier. The hoplites (heavily armed foot soldiers) advanced to the combat to the song of flutes, of lyres and of cithers; they thanked the Gods of Victory by intoning the pæan. Choral singing embellished the feasts of the city; at the feast of the Gymnopædiæ, of which the fame attracted many strangers, the Lacedemonian youth executed songs and dances in honour of Apollo. If Sparta has not given birth to poets, she has gladly gathered those who, coming from outside, took their share in her public life; Terpander of Lesbos, Tyrtæus of Athens, Thaletas of Crete, Alcman of Sardes, became the national poets of the city which adopted them."

That music had for the Spartans and for the other Greek tribes the same attractive powers as it has for the rest of the world to-day, when the surest way of getting all classes together is to send round the streets a military band or even single players, is evident from the various uses to which it was put for military and civil signalling. It is commonly said, and there is little reason to doubt it even if the circumstantial evidence in favour of the statement is not strong, that at one time the use of the trumpet for marches, particularly before a fight, was forbidden on the ground that it roused the frenzy of the soldiers to such an extent as to make them too venturesome and too little self-controlled, and that in place of it the flute (or pan-pipes) was used, by which means the men were both inspired to valour and restrained from rash action. Yet the trumpet, as its carrying power on the battlefield was much greater and its call more decisive, was used

for signalling. In other cases of urgency the trumpet was used not only on the battlefield, but in the towns to call the people together. The great earthquake of 464 B.C., when twenty thousand people lost their lives, might, according to some authorities, have had much more serious results had it not been for the presence of mind of the King, Archidamos II (he later led the Dorians against the Ionians and conquered Athens), who ordered trumpets to be sounded so that all the people assembled in one place outside the city of Sparta. The fact that other authorities consider this action on the part of the King to have been a mistake, and say that it was one of the causes which made the loss of life so great, rather than a means of keeping it within limits, does not alter the interest from the point of view of the musician, which arises from the fact that a musical instrument was regarded as the most effective means of calling the people out of their houses—whether to save their lives or to lose them is, at this distance of time, a matter of indifference.

These were the people whose warlike prowess united all Greece. It was not until, first by martial methods and then by their superior force of character, they had thoroughly conquered the other tribes of the Levant, that Greek art developed in such a manner as to become a great world-art. Previously the influence of the Ionians had been fairly strong, but their conquest by the Persians reduced their strength so greatly as almost to bring it to an end. The Arcadians were too isolated in their separate cantons to have any great influence; the Lydians were semi-orientals who, although they had lost much of the masculine qualities of their Dorian cousins, possessed, as a result of their Eastern relationships, a culture which though fine was of an entirely unaggressive nature. In spite of the fact that by origin most of the citizens were Ionians by long descent, Heredotus tells us they "blushed" to be given that name. Yet if their shame was not entirely uncalled for, neither was it completely justified, and, by the time of Thucydides they had realised this and had become more or less proud of the name.

The subtlety of the Athenians arose, in fact, as much from the philosophic effeminacy of the Ionians, which enabled them to develop theoretically and practically the music and other arts of the neighbouring tribes, and to combine them in a complete entity, as from the physical energy and virility of the Spartans. Such development and unification certainly owed little to the stolidity of their nearest neighbors, the Boetian boers. Also, if the Ionians were effeminate, they gave a high place in their artistic culture to

women, and it was to them that the musical activity of the Greek women was chiefly to be attributed. Woman was the personification of virtue and beauty, two terms that to the Greeks were almost synonymous. She was also, however, an active partner in the creation of what was beautiful, and, after the primary duty of the procreation of the species of which she was the most beautiful example, particularly of what was beautiful in sound. The Æolians, among whom musical culture took a place inferior to that which it took among the Ionians, held women in less honour. Sappho was an Ionian, and her influence as a musician was not only of an unquestionably high character, but it became very widespread largely through the activities of her girl pupils, who came from all parts of the Greek Empire. "Much importance was attached to the musical formation of the girls," says Professor Hillen, in his handbook on Greek Culture; "for they often, just as did the boys, appeared in festival choruses and in the choruses of the dramas." Alcman, the greatest of the adopted poets of Sparta, who sang "but as the birds sing," wrote a number of choruses for girls' voices, and on occasion he danced in front of a procession of girls, playing the lyre to accompany their voices.

This is not surprising when we remember that among all the Greek tribes, and right through their history, music formed one of the chief occupations of the women in their homes. At the times when and in the places where they were isolated in seraglios, they occupied themselves with ordering the domestic conditions, with needlework, with beautifying themselves so as to make their appearance attractive to their husbands in accordance with the moral principles with which from childhood they were imbued, in playing the cither and in singing songs. Even in the palmiest days of Athens as the metropolis of art and philosophy, the household conditions made the practice of music among women a means of relieving the monotony of their lives, and, incidentally, of acquiring from the ballads and odes such a knowledge of history and moral philosophy as would enable them to take their proper share in the education of the girls and of the boys who were not yet of an age to attend the rigourous schools where they were trained to the arduous, or supposedly arduous, duties of citizenship. The husband and father was out much of the day, either controlling the work of the serfs who did his trading or worked in his fields, the rougher work of the house being done by women serfs, or in disputing with his friends or listening to the orations of the philosophers. As items of the furniture would be a lyre, a

cither, or other standing instrument and, possibly, a reed instrument or a set of pan-pipes hanging on the wall. Reading scarcely existed, except among those who were themselves authors and who read or sang their compositions in public. From these, or from her own mother and women teachers, the young woman learnt the songs suited to her position in life, and when the work of distributing their tasks to the household servants, and of beautifying herself with draperies and cosmetics was finished, the only thing to do was to talk to the other women who might, as members of the family, be living with her or be paying her a visit, and to the children, and to sing these songs to the accompaniment of one or other of the musical instruments. By this means a tradition of ballad music and ballad history was handed down, free from any impurities that might otherwise be brought in from the street or the public places.

Not that the musical influence of the women was always a good one. When they began to sing and play for the pleasure of their husbands rather than for their own pleasure and moral development, their art began to deteriorate, and still more did it lose its moral and artistic position when some of them joined in providing music for the men's symposiums, or clubs, which met in the taverns for discussion and relaxation. These symposiums had originally a character that was in a certain measure intellectual. After dinner the men would meet to discuss the events and problems of the day, to invent, propound and answer enigmas of varied character and standards, and to sing songs, often of a political or satirical character. These Meliboean songs in time became debased, wanton songs sung as solos made their appearance, sword-dancers, male and female, acrobats and jesters, were invited to assist those who were unable to provide their own entertainment, and women flute-players of more than doubtful reputation shared with strong drink the task of making the hearts of their members merry. On the other hand, a few such gatherings maintained their original high standard, and became great centers of artistic and scientific discussions in which the subject of music took a not unimportant place.

In other ways the musical life of the ancient Greeks had much in common with our own, and at least in one respect it set a good example for that of our own days. Not only amongst the warlike Spartans, but in Athens itself, music formed an important item in the educational curriculum of the children and young people, and the music-masters had the same disciplinary powers, the same authority to inflict punishment and to confer rewards,

as the teachers of other subjects. The training of professional musicians was chiefly traditional and aural, but it was thorough, while their general education was wide, for they had to have a knowledge of other arts and of life itself, so that in their often improvised songs they could represent the life of their own day or the history of the past. As is the case to-day among the Western nations, most of them became teachers in the official schools or founded schools of their own, though some few devoted themselves chiefly, if not entirely, to performing and composing. Artists, singers and instrumentalists of various kinds, travelled to the many Greek colonies which stretched from one end of the Mediterranean to the other, giving recitals either on their own initiative or at the invitation of patrons or societies who engaged them for the purpose. That some of such recitals were given in the open-air theaters or even in the market-places and streets does not mean that the artists were in the slightest degree what we should now call street-singers; often they were the finest and most famous artists, but the climate and the conditions of life generally lent themselves to *al fresco* performances, so that concert-halls did not exist.

Like those of professional artists of to-day, these travels served the purpose rather of spreading and continuing a knowledge of standard and successful works of the metropolis than of gathering any new ideas from the places visited. It is even questionable whether, in matters of art, the Greek colonies were not more dependent upon the Mother Country and its social centers than are those of modern empires, for these colonies were merely trading settlements at the mouths of the rivers, and their populations regarded the people with whom they were sent to trade as barbarians who had no art of their own and from whom they could learn nothing. Some of the larger colonies had their own theaters, but the dramas and other ceremonies were exclusively repetitions and imitations of those at Athens.

While most Greek drama was in the nature of what we should now call opera, some of it was rather a predecessor of oratorio, and even of cantata. A number of works discovered have little literary value, their chief claim to attention being that the words are such as can be sung easily and distinctly with an even rhythmic movement. The actor was always a singer and some, like Æschylus, combined in themselves the qualities of poet, actor, stage-manager and composer. "The tragedies," it has been said, "arose out of the music, and not the music out of the tragedies." While in course of time, however, the music of the chorus in the tragedies

gradually decreased in importance, in the Dithyrambs—the great Dyonisian feasts of which dancing formed a very important feature—it eventually took the leading position, so that something in the same nature as our great choirs and choral societies came into existence.

It was in these feasts also that the early instances of what we now know as community singing took place, though the method of such mass performances was entirely different from that of to-day. Whether these continued beyond the earliest times or not it is difficult to say, for we know that in some cases the place of the general body of worshippers or feast-makers was gradually taken by trained choirs. In the beginning the form or structure of the songs was their one continuing factor, for the songs themselves were extemporised by the leader, whose poetic and musical frenzy was aided by ample libations. As he sang the people responded in more or less the same words and the same melody (the variations arising from the lack of ability of the ordinary person to repeat exactly what he has just heard), so that in time the Circular Hymn, a rudimentary Dithyramb, was developed.

Sport as an occasion for community singing, as it is now practised at football matches, is also a matter of combined knowledge and conjecture, the dividing line of which is vague and uncertain. As has been said of the Spartans alone, so also we may say of the whole of the Greek people; music had an organised part in the Games. There were, certainly, in course of time, the "agogee," or musical competitions which comprised playing on the flute and cither, singing and recitation, with or without accompaniment. From the smaller and more miscellaneous of these competitions gradually arose the dramatic competitions for which the most famous dramas were written, with the declamation and vocal and instrumental music that belonged to them. The victors' songs at the Games were sometimes spontaneous and even extempore, and sometimes either traditional songs or songs specially written by some official or popular artist.

With all this official music of various types and characters, and with the love of the Greek for the sound of his own voice, it is difficult to think that the crowd of onlookers did not, in an organised or unorganised manner, claim its share and join lustily in some of the odes or ditties with which it was familiar. Such an occasion, when practically the whole of the population was present, afforded Solon (and probably his successors) an opportunity of singing, in the form of elementary verses, the new laws which he had formulated, and Thognis put his rules of life into

the same form, so that they were sung to the accompaniment of the flute, though whether by official singers alone or by the general public we do not know. "Under the plane trees of the Altis which bordered on the Olympic stadium," says Monceau in *La Grèce avant Alexandre*, "all the sons of Hellas joined, in a motley of costumes and of dialects, in one and the same conception of religion, of social life, of the common Fatherland, of art and of life," and here whatever there was of music, from the most popular to the most esoteric, found its outlet on these occasions.

One other important musical custom, in which the women had a large share and which has had a great influence on all subsequent tonal art, was that of wailing or keening. This is one of the customs that Greece had in common with other nations of the time, and while we find it among the Jews and the Egyptians it has also been continued in one form or another right down to the present time among the Irish and some other small nations. This was not unassociated with the music of the Temple which, as a rule, was directly concerned with the spirits of the departed, for the hero-worship, the worship of gods and demi-gods who were more than half human, in which the Greeks sought to come into touch with the Eternal, was in its nature very near akin to ancestor-worship. And it was essential that music should form a part of the various services. Not only were the regular and frequent sacrifices accompanied by rites in which the recitation of words and the rhythmic movements of the body were combined with the music of the flute or reed instrument, but the solemn annual consecration of the temple was performed in much the same way, the whole of the words being recited to the sound of the flute. The flute-player was, in fact, second only in importance to the priest, and wore similar vestments suggestive of the great dignity of his office and of his personal purity. Keening, on the other hand, was a custom practised in the household immediately after death, and while the temple flute-player, or a flute-player unattached to the temple, and often a much less desirable person from the point of view alike of morality and of social qualities, had his place in it, much of it was indulged in by members of the family or by professional keeners who not only sang dirges but made horrible noises expressive of the sorrow of relations and friends at the loss of the deceased. It is not unlikely, also, that the female voices engaged in singing dirges were accompanied by cithers, though this is by no means certain.

Whatever be the truth on this point, however, it is clear that professional and amateur joined in musical performances on all

Three Muses Playing on Musical Instruments

From a Greek Vase

solemn occasions, and that the Greek women, far from being entirely silent at home and in public, bore a considerable share in the making of public and private music. In fact, the more one studies the life of the Greeks at all periods of their history, the more evident does it become that their use of music in all departments of their lives was much the same as ours. They had instruments of less power and range than our own, their harmonic and instrumental technic was more limited, but their ideas of the necessary or desirable immanence of music were the same.

More elementary than that of the temple and the theater, in all probability, was the music that accompanied nearly all the work done by both men and women. Even in this, as I have pointed out previously (*The Undulations of Technique*, THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY, January, 1929), the regular, unvarying rhythm that binds activity and music together, there is a certain and often highly developed technic. The melodies themselves, were, no doubt, of the same character as the simpler chanties of seamen and landworkers in recent centuries the world over, with even a greater degree of monotony. Yet we find records of not only vocal accompaniment to the loom and spinning-wheel, but of flute accompaniment to bread-making, of flute and voice combined to the work of mowing, grinding and treading the corn, and preparing other foodstuffs, the pumping and carrying of water, as well as (it goes almost without saying) rowing by slaves and freemen, and hauling. As music and drama were inseparable, and as drama, in spite of its artificialities and conventionalities, was a reflex of the life of the time, so music and life were equally inseparable. How far the music of such activity was affected by, and how far it affected, art music we cannot now say. From literary remains, from Homer onwards, however, we know that there was some mutual and reflex influence, so that whether we turn to the life of the artists and art-lovers, to that of the wealthy patrons and their dependent minstrels, to the houses of the bourgeois whose moderate means made the indulgence in art matters a personal one, or to the physical labourer (one does not say the manual labourer, for his work was more often than not done with the whole of his body) whose sole object was the lightening of his heavy tasks, we find from top to bottom of society and in all the various tribes which made up the nation, a musical activity that equalled, if it did not greatly exceed, that of the most musical nations of modern history.

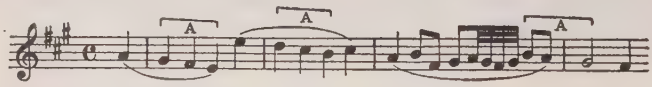
THAT "FINGER-PRINT" OF BEETHOVEN

By HUGH ARTHUR SCOTT

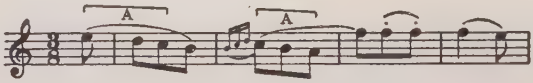
THE term is Mr. Ernest Newman's, and a very happy one, for those characteristic figures and phrases, little turns of expression and other distinctive mannerisms which are to be found almost invariably in the works of every composer. He may employ them consciously or unconsciously—more often, probably, the latter—but in any case they will almost certainly be present in some form or other.

Mendelssohn supplies a typical instance in his familiar "Three Blind Mice" motive (as it might be called), that occurs and recurs with the most amazing frequency throughout his music as, for example, in four out of the first six "Songs Without Words":—

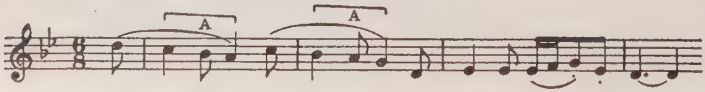
From the first:



From the second:

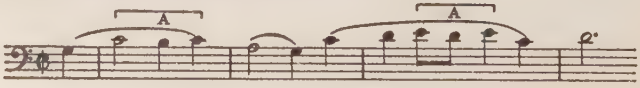


From the sixth:

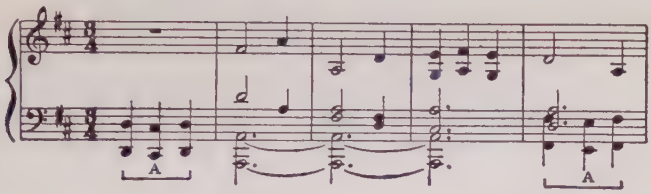


Brahms has a similar pet phrase which he employs with a frequency no less remarkable, to wit, the little three-note figure marked A in the following examples, which may be found, in one form or another, either as a constituent part of his themes, as an inner part, as an element of his bass, or what not, in about seventy-five per cent of his works. Here, for instance, are examples of his employment of it drawn from each of his four symphonies:

From the finale of the first:

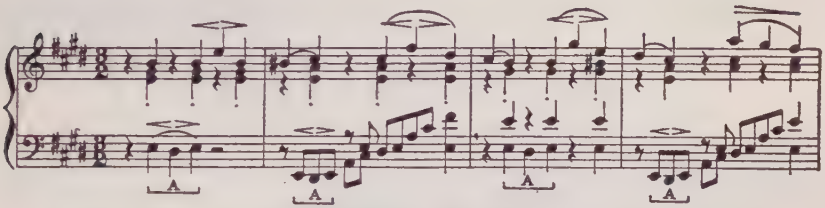


From the first movement of the second:



From the finale of the third:

From the finale of the fourth:



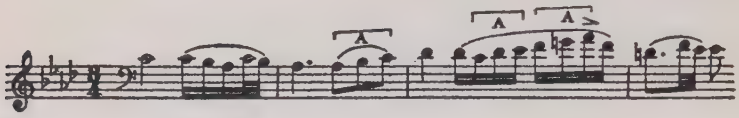
I may say, perhaps, that, so far as I am aware, I was the first to call attention, many years ago (in the long-since defunct "Musician," 1897) to this rather curious "finger-print" of Brahms —and apparently I was also the last, since I have never seen or heard any further allusion to the matter since. Yet a more singular case of its kind, I think, could hardly be found.

Now Mr. Newman, in his book, "The Unconscious Beethoven," has pointed out a similar "leading motive" or "finger-print" that occurs with equal persistency in the works of Beethoven, though it seems hitherto to have been overlooked. But, as Mr. Newman says, nothing is more curious than the way in which, even in the case of the most familiar composers, mannerisms of this kind can remain unperceived until attention is called to them, when they are seen to crop up at every turn. So it is in the case of this little phrase of Beethoven that Mr. Newman has apparently been the first to notice, since he certainly succeeds in showing that it occurs with quite extraordinary frequency. Whether, however, there is justification for the significance which he attaches to it is another matter, and I cannot help feeling myself that he is disposed, with the not unnatural enthusiasm, perhaps, of one who has achieved a "find," to make rather too much of his little discovery. But more on that point presently.

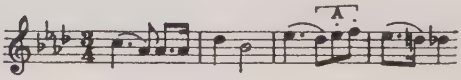
Let us see, in the first place, what is this "finger-print" of

Beethoven that Mr. Newman has discovered. It is certainly a very simple one, being merely a short figure of three consecutive ascending notes, which, Mr. Newman points out further, is to be found more especially in Beethoven's slow movements. Here are some typical examples of it, taken at random from those cited by Mr. Newman, the phrase in question being marked A in each case:

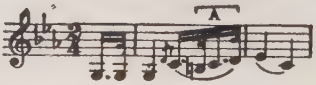
From the Adagio of the Thirteenth Pianoforte Sonata:



From the opening of the Thirty-first Pianoforte Sonata:

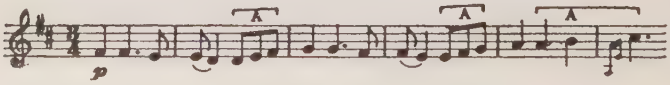


From the slow movement of the Eroica Symphony:



From the Adagio of the Fifth Pianoforte Concerto:

From the slow movement of the Pianoforte Trio in B flat:



So far as the facts of the matter go, it may certainly be agreed that Mr. Newman has proved his case, since the examples given above are only a few of the scores that he quotes. When, however, he proceeds to enlarge on the inner meaning of the phrase, and to discuss its emotional significance, it is less easy to agree with all that he says. He admits, certainly, that the figure in question is a quite ordinary and commonplace one, but he finds it full of significance, none the less, as it is employed by Beethoven, because of the particular manner in which he employs it—that is, usually at the same point in the melodic design, and usually also to perform the same expressive function. As he puts it:

It goes without saying that this figure will be found in other men's music; that is inevitable, seeing the limited number of notes that form the octave. What makes this or any other phrase a "finger-print" of a particular composer, however, is the fact that in no other composer's music will it be found to recur so persistently and always at relatively the same point and with the same purpose.

As to this "purpose," the phrase is, he suggests, as used by Beethoven, almost invariably charged with a certain definite emotional significance associated with a feeling of uplift or tension, or emotional intensification, of yearning towards a height or soaring resolution; and he goes on to develop this suggestion in terms which have a curiously transcendental ring:

That obsession [viz., for the figure in question] is perhaps the most remarkable of the many features of Beethoven's style that tempt us to speak of him as the unconscious medium through which a musical idea worked, rather than as the conscious discoverer and manipulator of the idea. But here again we must beware of being led astray by words. No one would contend that either Beethoven or any other composer has been a merely passive mouthpiece through which some undiscoverable spirit spoke. The processes of the human soul are too subtle and too complex to be described in this rough and ready way. But every one whose daily business is with literature or art knows that nowhere in the whole domain of psychology is the old problem of free will and predestination more baffling than here. Undoubtedly we shape, or fancy we shape, our ideas into the forms we desire; but as undoubtedly the ideas have a life of their own. . . . It is Beethoven's paradox that he, seemingly the freest of instrumental composers, the richest in invention, the most fertile in technical devices for the realisation of his ideas, should be the one who can most clearly be seen at almost every point to be obeying a voice of which he was unconscious, but whose commands were imperative.

Mr. Newman's argument should be read in full, of course, for its full appreciation, though I must confess for my own part that even after the most attentive perusal and consideration I am quite unable to follow him or to accept his conclusions. Musical psychology, including such matters as the secret of music's power and emotional evocativeness, the processes of composition and so on, is admittedly a very obscure and difficult branch of study, but it seems to be merely darkening counsel to introduce such strangely mystical theories in explanation of what appears to be, in this particular instance, such a perfectly simple and straightforward matter.

Beethoven used this particular figure so often, I take it, in just the same way that Mendelssohn and Brahms used their pet

phrases, not in response to the mysterious promptings of some invisible agency, but simply because it was one which came readily to him, which he fell consequently into the habit of using frequently, and which finally, therefore, became a constantly used formula. There seems not the slightest necessity to look farther than this for a complete explanation of all the facts. That composers have a natural tendency to adopt phrases and figures of this kind, which they get into the habit of employing to excess, is not only a well-recognized fact, but one which it is also perfectly easy to account for. It is merely another instance of that universal habit-forming tendency which results from the greater ease and readiness with which an accustomed action is performed than an unaccustomed one, and which is illustrated not only in the characteristic tricks and mannerisms of writers, composers and other creative artists, but in the everyday procedures of all of us.

So far as musical habits are concerned, extemporisation supplies a typical instance, I imagine, of the way in which they are acquired. Every one who has ever attempted anything in this way—or listened to others doing so—will know how inevitably the same harmonies, progressions and other details are apt to repeat themselves; and the tricks and mannerisms of even the greatest composers are acquired, no doubt, in precisely the same way. As to this particular formula of Beethoven, I must confess that I can see nothing in it, or in the manner in which Beethoven employs it, to differentiate it materially from any other phrase or figure of the same kind. Mr. Newman says that it always occupies the same position in the melodic design and always has the same emotional purport, but just the same kind of thing can usually be said of these recurring mannerisms. Whatever their precise character, they are likewise nearly always employed in the same manner and with the same expressive significance, though this does not make them any the less an affair of simple use and wont. If, therefore, Beethoven generally uses this particular formula in a certain way and with a certain effect—though it may be noted that in point of fact he does not invariably do this, by any means—this is no more than might be expected, and the fact does not, to my mind, afford any warrant for the suggestion that it is in any exceptional degree significant. At the same time there are, I think, purely musical reasons which go far to account, alike for the partiality which Beethoven evidently had for this figure, and for the manner in which he employed it.

As to why it appealed to him so strongly we need not go beyond the fact of his notorious preference for themes formed of consecutive notes. One might say, indeed, that this little figure of three ascending notes is merely a necessary part of the themes which he was always making since, given his preference for themes of the conjunct type, he could not possibly construct them without employing it.

As to its being employed by him so frequently in the particular manner specified by Mr. Newman, namely at the climactic point of the melodic design, this again would seem to be quite easily accounted for by the simple fact that melodies almost invariably rise to their climax, so that nothing could have been more natural than that, having fallen into the habit of constantly using this little figure, he should introduce it frequently at this particular point.

If, however, any further explanation of the figure and its use by Beethoven be required, it is to be found in the simple fact that this same phrase of three consecutive ascending notes happens to be one of the most widely used of all such formulas to be found in all music, and to have been universally recognised by composers of all ages and races as being exceptionally expressive. As Mr. Carl Engel put the matter in an admirable article on the subject, which appeared in a previous issue of this magazine (Oct. 1927):

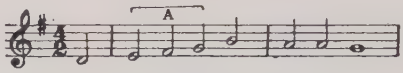
> Mr. Newman's "three blind (and unconscious) mice" in upward scale formation can hardly be called a personal "formula" that originated with Beethoven. They are a purely structural tool of musical expression, as impersonal and generally employed as the conjunction "and" is in speech. In music it is a connecting bridge, or what some German analysts have called an "anlauf". . . . The immediate parent of Beethoven's "finger-print" was a form of the ascending *port de voix* prevalent in the music of the eighteenth century. But the ancestry goes back to the ascending *ternaria ligatura* of the mensural notation, to the *scandicus* of the Gregorian chant, and backward to the dim beginnings of modulated human utterance, when the short ascending "speech-curve" first acquired its emotive stress, its accent of pleading, the suggestion of *Innigkeit* which is the true characteristic of the three, and sometimes more, ascending notes as used by Beethoven in certain places with such felicitous effect. He neither invented the device, nor did he use it more than others did. Older masters knew its value. See the emotive "anlauf" of three notes to the culminating *herzig* in Mozart's phrase *Es war ein herzig's Veilchen.* That is a typical example of a common usage.

"It goes without saying," Mr. Newman remarks, "that this figure will be found in other men's music; that is inevitable seeing the limited number of notes which form the octave"; but he can

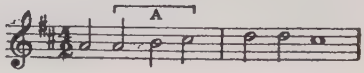
hardly have been aware, I think, of the full extent to which it is actually to be found in the works of other composers. A few examples out of the hundreds which might be cited will prove this.

In plain-song and other kinds of devotional and liturgical music, both early and late, you find it incessantly, *e.g.*,

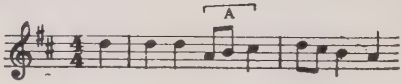
In the way of hymn tunes, there is Tallis's Canon:



Ratisbon:

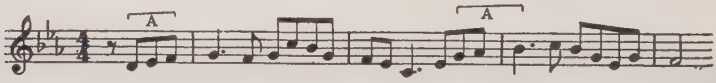


Ein' feste Burg:

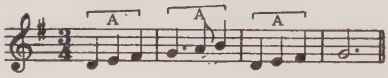


It abounds in folk-songs, and in traditional and popular melodies of every kind, ancient and modern:

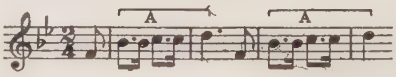
Londonderry Air:



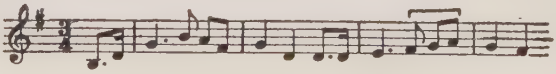
"Robin Adair":



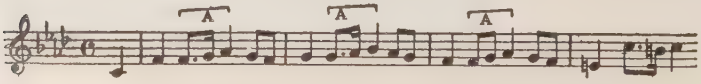
"Annie Laurie":



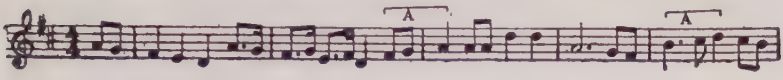
"The Banks of Allan Water":



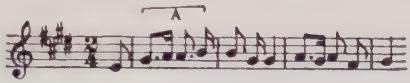
"The Oak and the Ash":



"The Bailiff's Daughter":



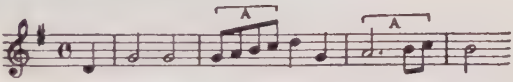
"Home, Sweet Home":



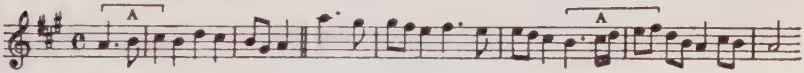
It figures in practically all of the great patriotic airs and national anthems:

"God Save the King":

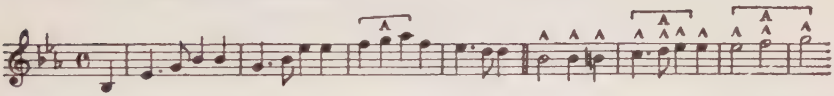
"Rule, Britannia":



Austrian National Anthem:

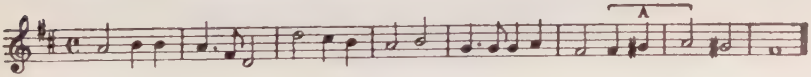


"Die Wacht am Rhein":

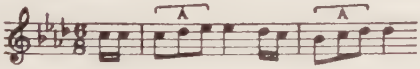


"La Marseillaise":

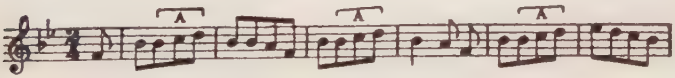
Russian National Anthem:



"Star-Spangled Banner":

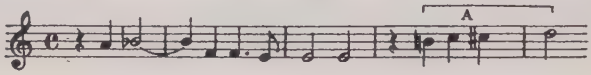


"Yankee Doodle":

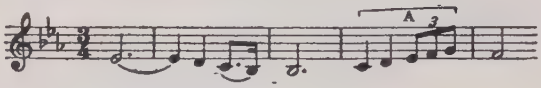


In the melodies and themes of all the great composers it is equally prominent, as could be shown by countless instances, of which, however, only a few can be given here.

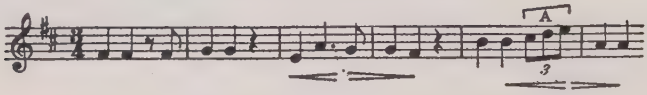
As an early example of its expressive use Monteverdi's famous Lament, "Lasciatemi morire," supplies a typical instance:



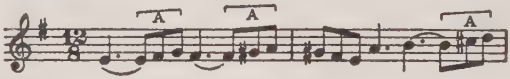
Handel has it in "Ombra mai fu":



Likewise in "Lascia ch'io pianga":

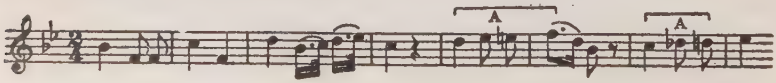


Bach employs it constantly as a leading constituent of what Schweitzer calls his "Joy" formula, and elsewhere, as in the opening chorus of the "Passion according to St. Matthew."



From the innumerable examples to be found in other masters the following may serve as typical:

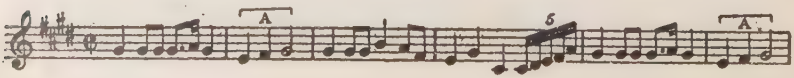
Mozart, "Voi che sapete":



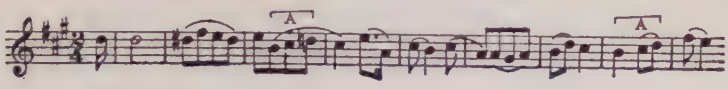
Haydn, Pianoforte trio in C-major, Andante:

Schubert, A-minor quartet, Allegro:

Schubert, "Wanderer" Fantasia, Adagio:

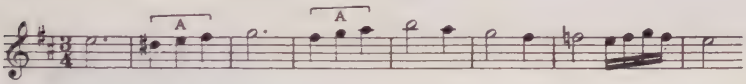


Mendelssohn, Scotch Symphony, Adagio:

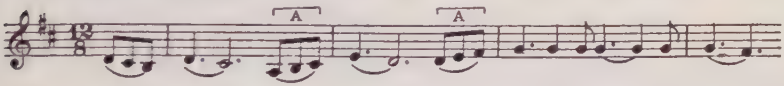


Schumann, Symphony in B-flat, Larghetto:

Brahms, Violin Concerto, first movement:

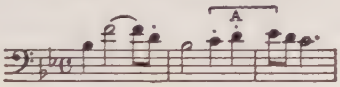


Tchaikovsky, Fifth Symphony, Andante cantabile:



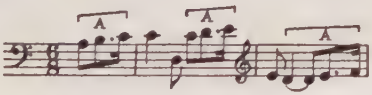
As to Wagner, one could give scores of instances showing how this particular sequence of notes figures again and again in his more expressive and exalted themes. Here are a few:

From the "Ring," "Siegfried the Hero":

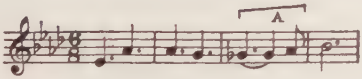


From "Tristan und Isolde," "Yearning" motive:

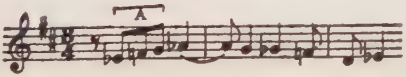
"Gaze" motive:



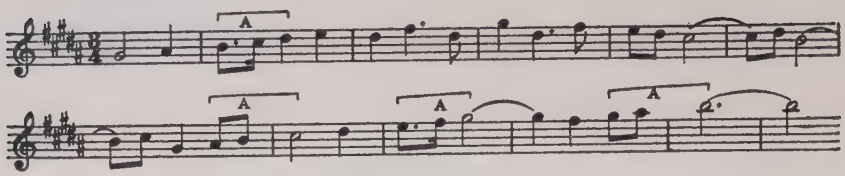
Death Song:



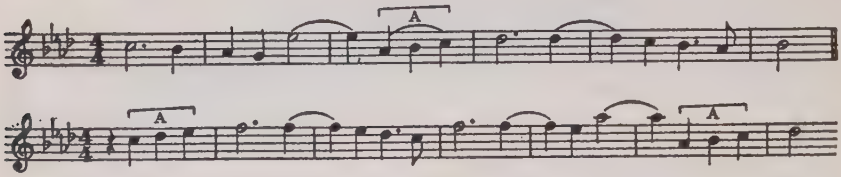
From "Parsifal," "Saviour's Agony" motive:



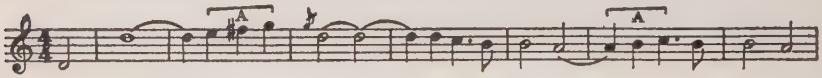
"Flowery Mead" motive:



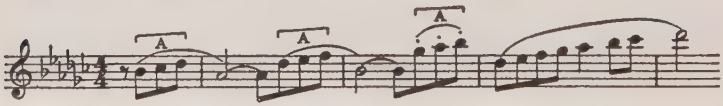
Coming to living composers, you have Elgar, First Symphony, main theme:



Richard Strauss, in turn, supplies many instances, of which two may suffice. From "Don Juan," "Love" theme:



From "Ein Heldenleben," "Love" theme:



The foregoing examples, only a few among the hundreds which could have been given, will have been sufficient to show how very common is this formula of three rising notes, and how very far it is from being in any way peculiar to Beethoven. Probably, indeed, it would not be going too far to say that it is absolutely the most frequently employed of all such figures. For it is employed not only expressively, and as an integral part of the theme in which it occurs, but constantly, also, as a mere connecting link and part of the ordinary texture of the music. In a large proportion of cases, however, it will be found that it is used expressively, and in the majority of the instances which I have cited it is so employed.

Thus all of the folk-songs quoted from are plaintive or pathetic in character, and the astonishing frequency with which

it is to be found in airs of this class—for countless further examples could be given from the folk-tunes of all countries—testifies clearly enough that it has been felt instinctively to be especially suitable thus used. Similarly its employment in the case of so many of the national anthems and other patriotic songs implying depth and intensity of feeling is equally significant; and not less so is its equally frequent appearance in so many instrumental movements of the more emotional type. Certainly it hardly admits of doubt, I think, in view of the number of examples quoted, to say nothing of the thousands of others which might be added to them, that this particular sequence of notes does figure in the music of all ages and kinds with a frequency which irresistibly points to the conclusion suggested, namely, that it has been universally felt to be in a peculiar degree eloquent and expressive.

If one asks the explanation of this—that is to say, why this particular figure should seem to carry the particular kind of emotional significance suggested, involving the sense of uplift and exaltation and a general intensification of feeling, it is not so very difficult, I think, to understand how the connection may have been established. The problem involved in such cases is, no doubt, a difficult one, at any rate if it is sought to arrive at any really precise explanation of the matter. But we are all sufficiently familiar with the fact that music can be in the highest degree expressive, even though it may be difficult to explain in terms of psychology precisely why one particular set of notes should produce one kind of emotional effect, and another set an effect totally different. And we can also go much farther than this and say that in certain cases, at least, the connection—between the music and the impression produced—is obvious enough. It is not very hard, for instance, to account for the totally different effects produced by the "Tristan" "Yearning" motive (Ex. 44) and, say, the "Sword" motive from the "Ring"—

the wailing chromatics of the one, so strongly suggestive of vocal moaning and lamentation, accounting readily for the mournful impression which it produces, while it is equally easy to understand that the octave leap, the diatonic intervals and the clear-cut outline of the "Sword" motive naturally suggest vigour, energy and cheerfulness.

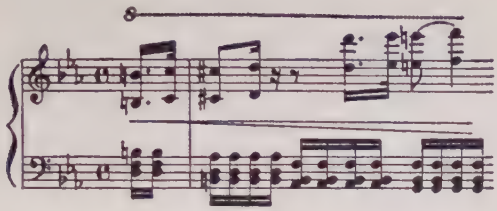
And so with this figure of rising notes there is not much difficulty in at least imagining how it may have come about that it produces the emotional impression which we have found to be so generally associated with it. There is, for one thing, the fact that rising intervals connote more of energy, vitality and intensity than falling ones, probably owing to the fact that in the case of vocal tones rising notes demand more muscular effort than falling ones; while the suggestion of steady onward ordered movement which may possibly be conveyed by the fact that the notes are consecutive, may, perhaps, also play a part in contributing to the general impression produced.

It may be considered puzzling, perhaps, that the same phrase may apparently be equally effective for the expression of pathos, as in the case of so many of the folk-songs, and exaltation, as in the case of the national anthems, but this is merely an illustration of the fact that the expressiveness of music varies within very wide limits, although it may be so obvious and unmistakable in certain instances. No one, for example, could conceivably regard the opening of the "Tristan" prelude above quoted as a cheerful strain, and similarly it would be equally impossible to take the "Sword" motive for a mournful one. But in the case of less distinctive figures and phrases, such as the one here in question, such definite significance is not to be expected, and all that can be said in such cases is that such figures are expressive in a more general way.

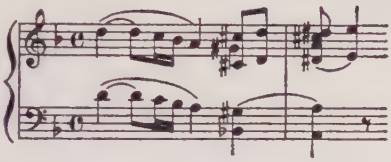
I should add, perhaps, as regards the various examples which I have quoted, that I am not suggesting that these are in all cases on all fours with those cited from Beethoven by Mr. Newman; for while a great many of them are this, others are not. Very often, for example, they begin the melody, instead of occurring, as in most of the Beethoven instances, at what Mr. Newman calls its climactic point. But this is really not a detail of very great moment. The main point is that the same phrase is employed, and employed in the same expressive manner, and whether it occurs at the beginning of the tune or in the middle does not greatly affect the matter.

I would point out further that, so far is this particular phrase from being in any way peculiar to Beethoven, that it has previously been the subject of remark as one which, on account of its expressiveness, has been used with exceptional frequency by many composers. Thus it has been pointed out that even such an extreme form of it as that employed by Wagner in "Tristan" (Ex. 44), which might well be regarded as exceptional, can be found in

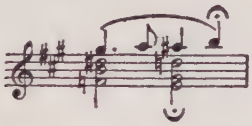
numerous instances elsewhere. Thus you have it, not only in Beethoven ("Pathetic" Sonata)—



but also in Schumann (D-Minor Trio)—



in Liszt (Song, "Ich möchte hingeh'n")—



and in many other composers.

On the whole, therefore, I think the conclusion must be that while it is of interest to find Beethoven resorting so frequently to this particular figure, the fact is not one to which any particular significance can properly be attached.

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MUSIC, THE INVISIBLE ART

By WINTHROP PARKHURST

I

THE happiest hunting-ground for human absurdities is the field of music. As there is no mania like the mania of a genius, so there is no subject like eloquence for attracting bathos. Ordinary men and average subjects never manage to soar to great altitudes; but if they do not fly high, on the one hand, they do not fall hard, on the other. One can doubtless find dull and pointless theories on subjects ranging from cookery to criminology, but no chef and no penologist ever made a thorough fool of himself in expounding his hobby. If one wants to find complete folly, folly transcending every semblance of common foolishness, one must go those places where extremes are able to meet in grand collisions. Music, of all these places, is the place where such accidents occur oftenest.

The nature of the art of tone is (in the original sense of the adjective) a peculiar one. For music is unique in all particulars. It is different from literature, and it is different from painting and sculpture. Its materials are not drawn from a substance which men use daily in their intercourse, and it departs from the graphic and plastic arts in that it does not seek to imitate that world which both the latter arts boldly copy or slyly adumbrate. It stands quite alone in its method, and it stands very nearly alone in its mission. If it makes use of sound, the sounds it conjures with are distinct from the sounds in language; if it makes use of rhythm, its rhythms have no genuine counterpart on this planet; and if we say that it possesses colour and structure, its alleged colours might as properly be called odours (seeing that

the eye no more senses music than the nose does), whilst its structural properties are neither visible nor yet are tangible. As far as the ear alone is concerned, therefore, music and the other arts are independent—and no organ save the ear apprehends it.

Music is thus an art so utterly isolated, substantially and structurally speaking, that no other art is an actual check placed upon it. Nor is there any check of common sense, either, upon discussions of it. Faulty descriptions of music, in terms of the other senses, are hence impossible. What we might name a sheer error is a mere irrelevance. There is nothing demonstrably false in identifying a musical phrase with (1) a moonbeam, (2) the dance of an electron in an arc light, (3) the arrival of Fate at the front door, or (4) the departure of Fate by the back door. And this fact that all bets are off, so to speak, when we once begin to talk of music in some alien language, renders ridicule of any particular simile illegitimate. It is a plain abuse of the articulate privilege of human beings to describe the first four notes in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony as a "Fate motif"; it is as plain an abuse of that same privilege to talk of "Butterfly" études and "Moonlight" sonatas. Beethoven's pianoforte sonata in C-sharp minor has no more to do with moonlight than with starlight, and no more to do with starlight than with gaslight; conversely, it has as much to do with Fate's knuckles as with illumination. But between the merits of such abuses no choice is possible. If one comparison is fond, the rest are folly.

It is one thing, however, to uphold the equality of various absurdities, and another to uphold those absurdities. The mystic's vocabulary, it so happens, makes me laugh more heartily as a musician than the vocabulary of any other man who, pretending to discuss music, prates of everything this side of the grave but the art tonal. And because I have been sickened for many years by the mystic's drivel, perhaps deriving from it more than my quota of sour snickers, I shall speak later of this particular tendency in current criticism. But before approaching the cabalistic sayings of these soothsayers, the door-step outside their temple must be darkened. It is well to pause there a moment, accustoming our ears to sounds foreign to music, and our minds to thoughts alien to mentality.

II

Some critic once observed that talking about music is like singing about economics; and it must be admitted that most conversation about music supports the apophthegm, for it is

commonly as strange a perversion of the subject as would be the transformation of *Das Kapital* into a lullaby. Deliberately, so it would seem, and persistently, so it must be admitted, outstanding features of the art of tone are neglected in order that native characteristics of other arts may be hymned vociferously. It is not enough that ordinary descriptive parts of speech, pertaining to foreign sense-data and borrowed as a makeshift for the moment, should be foisted upon an art that is purely aural; it is not enough that optical images should be saddled bodily upon an art that is as blind as Milton; every conceivable attempt is made, in tutored as well as in untutored discourse, to approach music as if it were a phenomenon to be gazed upon, stared at, studied with the eyes through a pair of spectacles, thought about with a pair of brain-lobes that are deaf congenitally.

It is only to be expected, naturally, that musical allusions should be occasionally framed in optical figures. The most vivid of our metaphors are visual ones. Most of us—Dr. Watson to the laryngeal contrary, notwithstanding—do the greater part of our thinking with our eye-balls, and no Sherlock Holmes is required to detect the reason: our sense of sight is more important than our gift for gabbing. Conceding a chronic tendency of the human race, and even humouring it upon necessity or for special reasons, is a matter radically different, however, from exploiting it in season and out of season. And nothing less than the exploitation of sensations which never at any time pertain to music—this, in sum, is the æsthetic nuisance I belabour. Until nausea lays me so low that toleration and gruel are my sole diet, I shall declaim against this nuisance which offends my nostrils. Until the thing is carted away, I shall blow to windward. . . .

It may be objected that I inveigh against sins that are venial. "After all," some one may reply, "these optical, tactual, thermal gustatory, and olfactory figures of speech, which enter into discussions of music, do no damage to the art itself and hence are harmless. Even granting that the majority of them are analytically useless, leaving the reader exactly where he was before he read them, they still can hardly corrupt his appreciation. After Fate has worn its knuckles bloody on fanciful front doors, the opening of Beethoven's symphony remains unaltered—three eighth-notes descending a major third in 2-4 rhythm. The entire work, indeed, would stand secure and unblemished though all the metaphors in the world were poured over it. Indignation and anxiety are hence both pointless. The worst that can be said of these non-aural allusions is to call them useless—and it is foolish

even to call them that, since their power to stimulate the imagination renders them, in the opinion of many men, distinctly useful."

Now, to this representative retort I have no rejoinder at all, with respect to the damage done to music. For, obviously, no damage is done to music. Reading rainbows and waterfalls into a musical composition no more hurts that musical composition than reading horse-power into a waterfall hurts the waterfall, or reading colours out of a rainbow hurts the rainbow. The physicist and the real-estate promoter, for all that they think in terms of æther-waves and industrial development, leave the waterfall and rainbow optical phenomena. But the attitude of the beholder is utterly altered, in so far as he is really persuaded to shift his viewpoint. And it is hence the grave injury worked upon an auditor's musical experience—which ceases to be a musical experience to the extent that it ceases to be an experience purely aural—that I speak of, protest against, and grieve for. For there is no offence against music that is commoner, and no act that is more antagonistic to its unique mission, than this violation of the very spirit of the art invisible. First of all and last of all it is an audible art, and he that hath ears to hear music will only keep them wide open when he keeps his eyes shut.

The tendency to approach music through the eye-ball is a special case of a visual tendency which is widespread. It seems to grow apace, in fact, with the centuries, and is well illustrated by another art, namely, literature. As more of us read, and as more of us read more than we used to read, the spoken word is being supplanted by the written—to such an extent, forsooth, that a great many persons have all but lost the power of judging a literary labour upon merely hearing it: they must *see* for themselves the printed symbols. And here, as I say, we have a striking instance of a symptom found in music—*i.e.*, a general tendency to approach the whole world as a spectacle. But (as I have also said) a visual approach to the musical art is not merely a reflection of a broad human tendency to stare at things; it is the perversion of a habit in a custom, and the hardening of a custom in a tradition. Moreover, to make matters still worse, other senses besides sight are invoked frequently. And finally—to treble the follies so far collated—all these insidious appeals to strictly non-aural phenomena are elaborated in descriptions and interpretations of music that not only miss the native significance of the art of tone, but also mar every reasonable hope that men will grasp it.

My gravamen is not, as a few may hastily suppose, program-music; for all program-music worthy of the second half of its title

is music standing in no need of a program. "Till Eulenspiegel," to take an example at random, is generally catalogued as a piece of program-music; in fact, Strauss himself has placed this work definitely in that category by fastening an anecdote to the tail of his orchestral witticism; that superb witticism, nevertheless, would touch the æsthetic funny bone of any musician were the anecdote omitted entirely, or were some lugubrious title substituted for it. For his jest is universal and not local. It would be quite as god-like in its humour were it called "Reflections on the Rise of Prohibition."[1] And any other example of program-music that is worthy of a musical ranking with this modern masterpiece would tell exactly the same story: it needs no story. Indeed, as I am maintaining, a story not only is no help: it is a positive hindrance. It adulterates our attention by soliciting it with extra-aural matters which, being no part of music itself, are a sheer impertinence; and, in adulterating our attention, it corrupts it. What I berate, and what I bewail, therefore, is not so-called program-music which needs no program; it is the pernicious popular custom, which is a custom twice as pernicious for being popular, of trying to turn all compositions into vehicles of extraneous sensations; of reading pictures into a tonal universe which has neither sun, moon, nor stars wherewith to light them, and which in consequence are simply furniture to stumble over. It is this custom, followed by nearly every program-annotator before the event, and again followed by nearly every critic after the event, which I am naming not only a folly but a downright perversion of the art's central mission, for it is fundamentally at variance with music's purpose. In that music is an aural art it is, I repeat, an invisible art; but besides being an aural art its substance is altogether unworldly, even with respect to its very materials; and until this basic doctrine is fully recognized, every approach to the art of tone is half-way faulty.

III

It is the utterly unworldly character of music—its repudiation of all else save its own substance—that gives permanent point to

[1]I am grieved to have to report that Mr. Ernest Newman thrusts his neck through my halter. His defence of program-music is familiar, but the reader may have overlooked a passage (*Musical Studies*, p. 154) that seems almost to have been penned for this very foot-note. "Let any one listen to 'Till Eulenspiegel' [he says] with no more knowledge of the composer's intentions than is given in the title, and I can understand him failing to make head or tail of it." What Strauss himself would say to this is conjectural; but if he has as much respect for his own music as I have, I fancy hearing him murmur, like the man who had just reached the guillotine: "This is the unkindest cut of all!"

the criticism which I have vented. But it is that same unworldly character, it is to be noted, which leads various persons to approach the art mystically, and this scribe to indulge some sour laughter.

True enough, like mathematics, music seems to invite a mystical attitude, being as indifferent as the binomial theorem to the infelicities and ambitions of the universe. Its struggles are resolved entirely within itself, and its ambitions point inward rather than outward. At every moment it is self-contained and self-sufficient, being tormented only by a desire for fresh achievements which, as soon as they become articulate, are accomplished. In a sentence, it is a chaos contained within a cosmos, and again is a cosmos within a chaos; and, under the circumstances, a little mysticism seems natural and almost necessary. Nevertheless, as I have confessed, nothing amuses me more as a musician than discussions of music by mystics. And it is now time to explain why my laughter curdles. It is time to attend to that particular collision caused by a meeting between the art of tone and the hooded gentry.

I might scoop up a handful of that gentry, but I shall confine myself to the soothsayings of a single member. Would you be instructed in the meaning of music? Would you like to have the high-up low-down on the esoteric significance of a single tone—say E? Would you care to learn, not only what the single tone E signifies, but also what it is spiritually related to? Then hearken to this solemn revelation:

> The tone E is mana consciousness. Its correspondence among the elements is the air. That consciousness is half-human, half of the earth. It is the state of semi-conscious infancy. In the adult it is that state of semi-consciousness which is manifest in moods. By a semitone E slides into F, the passions; as B, the dream, slides by a semitone into C, which is intuition. . . .

This, as a beginning, is excellent. Especially when you are in a state of semi-consciousness, E would seem to be taken care of ably. We not only know what E is, but we also know what E slides into. However, this is only a beginning; for, besides being mana consciousness and possessing a heretofore unsuspected talent for sliding, E overflows with other talents fully as remarkable. For:

> To revert to E, in its relation to the sky it is the wind; relating to the earth it is a tree; relating to man it is a mood. It refers to the air and to sound; therefore, with reference to art it is music. The corresponding colour is green (chrome green). In taste, the nearest approach to its correspondence is chicken liver. The gesture corresponding to E is from right to left.

Here the inner nature of a single tone—E—is unrolled before us. It is green (chrome green) in colour, it is a wind, it is a tree, it looks like a gesture from right to left, and, finally, its flavour is of chicken-liver. What E sounds like we are left to conjecture, for this author draws a veil over this not wholly irrelevant little detail. But musical truth is too great a thing to be left hidden; therefore, in case you did not already know it,

> Scriabin wrote ten sonatas; and although the number may have been chance, it may also have been, since he was a theosophist, that the ten sonatas conform in some way to the ten Sephiroth of the Qabalah.

Of course, you may conceivably dissent from this. You may be so sceptical as to ascribe Beethoven's nine symphonies to a cause far removed from the fact that the number of the classical muses was nine also. But you dissent at your own risk. For you must remember that "the scale tone and tonic of the Dorian mode represent Saturn and the Sun, Leo and Capricorn, the triangle and the hexagon"—to say nothing of the other tidbits already mentioned—and there is no telling at all what might not issue from such colossal versatility.

I myself, as I have confessed, am amused inordinately by examples of such insanity, the source of which I leave anonymous in kindness to a very competent concert pianist. But my mirth is very sour indeed around the corners. It is pitiful that any one the hither side of Bedlam should publish the doggerel I have quoted verbatim as musical analysis. Nor is it more cheerful to realise that these puerile would-be interpretations, these revelations that reveal naught but the interpreter's ability to compound nonsense, reflect a woolly state of mind notoriously widespread.

On the other hand, whilst the mouthings of the mystics are certainly funny, the joke after all is only a special case of a more popular, and a hardly less perfect, absurdity—namely, the continual confounding of the isolated character of music, and the translating of what is plain music into plain obscurity. And since my wrath is aimed primarily at the whole target, a chrome-green bull's-eye tasting like chicken-liver is unimportant.

A shining instance of this general folly is the attribution to different keys, differing only in pitch, of special qualities:

> C-major expresses feeling in a pure, certain, and decisive manner. G-major expresses sincerity of faith. A-major excels all the other keys in portraying sincerity of feeling. A-minor is . . . most effective for exhibiting the quiet melancholy sentiment of northern nations.

It was such nonsense as this that Edmund Gurney, in his *Power of Sound*, ridiculed mercilessly and justly a half-century

ago. And longer ago than that, Schumann took a thrust at the poet Schubart for insisting that E-minor was "a girl dressed in white with a rose-coloured breastknot"—a sartorial gem certainly on a par with Franck's illuminating belief that the key of F-sharp major is "the light of heaven."

What, fundamentally, is the cause of this prevalent malady? Why is it all but impossible, apparently, for apparently intelligent people to discuss and appraise music in terms of anything save the optic nerve, the palate, and the nostrils? The only explanation I can think of is a touch of madness, and whether it is possible to administer a cure, I am doubtful. All I am confident of is that musical appreciation is certain to suffer until every alien sensation is routed out as an impertinence, and until every mention of one is publicly regarded as a confession of the deafness of auditors. Musical appreciation, until that fair dawn, will remain swathed and slobbering in its swaddling clothes.

THE MUSICAL ÆSTHETICS OF THE COMTE DE GOBINEAU

By ANDRÉ CŒUROY

IT is a matter of general knowledge that the Count spent the winter of 1881–1882 at Bayreuth in the company of Wagner, with whom he was on the most friendly terms. The titles of his principal works, however—"Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines," "Histoire des Perses," or "Otto Jarl, pirate norvégien"—would not lead one to think that he was greatly interested in music. Though the field is somewhat barren for the gleaners, there is yet meaning in what little we actually do reap. Gobineau shows himself as a symbol of the French scholar, the intelligent intellectual who is incapable of loving music for its own sake. He is a man who interprets, an analyst who, though devoid of technical culture, is determined to supersede mere sensation. He justifies musical sensation only when reflection carries him away into the realm of imagination and literary expression.

From the beginning of his career we become aware of that mental acumen he showed when, as a linguist, he interprets phonetic phenomena. Like Wilhelm von Humboldt, he is convinced that sounds in language are not applied to ideas in any fortuitous manner, but that their choice has been directed by the recognition of a certain logical relationship between external noises picked up by the ear of man and an image which his throat or his tongue wished to reproduce.

Without carrying remarks, true in themselves, right into the domain of the fantastic, it is possible to admit that primitive language was able, as far as possible, to use impressions of hearing in the forming of some categories of words, and that, in the creation of the rest, it was guided by a sense of the mysterious relationships between certain notions of an abstract nature and certain particular noises. Thus, for instance, the sound of *i* seems fitted to express dissolution; that of *w*, physical and moral vagueness, the wind, vows or prayers; that of *m*, the condition of motherhood. This doctrine, confined within very prudent limits, finds its application with sufficient frequency to compel the recognition that there is some reality in it, though, indeed, it cannot be employed too cautiously, under penalty of finding oneself wandering along a dark, unlit path where common sense soon goes grievously astray.

These few hints and indications, though poor and feeble, show that material necessity alone has not controlled the formation of languages and that men have employed their highest powers in the task. In no

arbitrary fashion have they applied sounds to things and ideas. In this matter, they have acted only by virtue of a pre-established order whose revelation they found within themselves.[1]

If from phonetics we pass to music, we see how Gobineau feeds his hatred for the arbitrary and the unexplained, and satisfies his liking for concrete and logical interpretation. He upholds the theory that genius in the arts is close akin to madness, that their creative cause dwells, not in the prudent, organising feelings of our nature, but in the "revolt of the senses"; that if it was the civilisation of the white races that invented laws, instilled discipline, "in a word, acted reasonably," then the source from which sprang the arts (and principally music) must be alien to the civilising instincts of the white races, and, consequently, be "hidden away in the blood of the black races." Hence it follows that pure music shares in the sensual life alone, that it strictly belongs to Negro art and is of value only when the mind transforms it in some way. An attempt is made to prove this in a passage of the "Essai" (II, 7), where everything concurs to increase "the exercise of thought":

It will be alleged that I am placing a beautiful wreath on the unshapely head of the Negro and doing him very great honour when I make him the centre of the harmonious choir of the Muses. The honour is not so great as is imagined. I did not say that all the Pierides were there assembled; the noblest are absent, *those who trust to reflection*, those who desire beauty in preference to passion. Again, what is required in order to make a lyre? A fragment of shell, and a few pieces of wood. I am not aware that any one has ever attributed to the crawling tortoise, to the cypress, or even to the entrails of swine or the metal from the mine, the merits of a musician's song: and yet, without these necessary ingredients, where would be our melodious music, our inspired songs?

Assuredly, the black element is indispensable for developing artistic genius in a race, because we have seen how much fire and flame, enthusiasm and inconsiderateness, dwells within it, and to what extent imagination, that mirror of sensuality, along with all the cravings towards matter, make it calculated to receive the impressions produced by the arts, in a degree of intensity utterly unknown to the other human families. This is my starting-point, and, if there were nothing more to add, the Negro would certainly stand forth as the lyrical poet, the musician, the sculptor *par excellence*.

But this is not all; other considerations largely modify the aspect of the question. The Negro is indeed the human creature most powerfully affected by artistic emotion, though on the one indispensable condition that *his intellect* has penetrated its meaning and grasped its bearing. But if you show him the Juno of Polycletes, it is doubtful whether he will admire it. He does not know what Juno is, and this marble image, intended to represent certain transcendental ideas of beauty that are

[1] "Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines," I, 15.

The Comte de Gobineau
(After a pencil sketch by the Countess La Tour)

even more unknown to him, will leave him as cold and indifferent as the expounding of a problem in algebra. Similarly, if you translate for him some lines from the Odyssey, in particular the meeting of Ulysses with Nausicaa, the sublime peak of reflective inspiration: he will fall asleep. In all beings, if sympathy is to show forth, *the mind must previously have understood;* herein lies the difficulty with the Negro—whose mind is obtuse, incapable of rising above the lowest levels—the moment he has *to reflect, to compare, to deduce consequences.* The artistic sensitiveness of this being, in itself potent beyond expression, will thus of necessity be restricted to the most paltry uses. It will become passionately enflamed . . . for what? For ridiculous and highly coloured images. It will thrill in adoration before a hideous block of wood, more profoundly stirred, infinitely more entranced by this degrading spectacle than ever was the refined soul of Pericles at the feet of Olympian Jupiter. This is because the Negro can raise his thought to the ridiculous image, the block of shapeless wood, whereas when confronted with true beauty, this thought is deaf and dumb and blind from birth. And so in this direction there is no training possible for it. Also, among all the arts that the melanian prefers, music comes first, *in so far as it charms his ear by a succession of sounds and makes no demand on the thinking part of his brain.* The Negro is very fond of music; he plays it to excess, and yet! how alien he remains *to those subtle conventions whereby European imagination has learnt to ennoble the sensations!*

In Paolino's charming air from "*The Secret Marriage*"; *Pria che spunti in ciel l'aurora*, etc., the sensuality of the enlightened white man, *guided by science and reflection*, will make a picture for itself, as it were, from the very first bars. *The magic of sounds* evokes around him a fantastic horizon whereon the early rays of dawn beam out upon the already azure vault. The happy listener feels the cool breath of a spring morning bespread and permeate this ideal atmosphere into which he is ravished. The flowers open; they shake off the dew and subtly spread their odours over the moist turf already strewn with their petals. The gate of the garden opens, and, beneath the vine and the clematis which half conceal it, appear in close embrace the two lovers, on the point of flight. *A delightful dream! The senses gently lift the mind and bear it away to those ideal spheres where memory and inclination offer it all that is most delightful and dainty and pleasing.*

The Negro sees nothing of all this; he does not understand it in the least; and yet, if his instincts can but be roused, his enthusiasm and emotion will be far more intense than the restrained delight and satisfaction of cultured people.

I can imagine a Bambara listening to one of the airs that please him. His face is aflame; his eyes glow. He laughs, and his wide mouth shows his sharp white teeth shining in the middle of his dusky countenance. Then comes real enjoyment; the African clings to his seat; you would think, as he crouches there, his legs bent under him, that he was trying, by lessening the surface-extent of his body, to concentrate more completely within his breast and his head the irritating tumultuous heavings of maddening satisfaction through which he is passing. Inarticulate sounds attempt to force their way through his throat, all convulsed by passion; great tears roll down his protruding cheeks; another moment, and he will cry out. The music stops: he is limp as a rag.

In our refined habits we have converted art into something so closely bound up with all that is most sublime in intellectual meditation and scientific suggestion, that only with a certain amount of effort, and abstractedly, as it were, are we able to conceive of dancing as art. For the Negro, on the other hand, dancing, along with music, is of the most irresistible and passionate interest. This is because sensuality is almost—if not altogether—everything in dancing. Consequently, it occupied a very important place in the public and private life of the Assyrians and the Egyptians, and where the ancient world of Rome encountered it in its strangest and most thrilling aspects, we moderns also seek it; among the Semitic peoples of Spain, principally at Cadiz.

And so musical enjoyment, which is an end in itself, the joy which a musical soul may find in simply hearing a detached chord, would appear to be only an inferior type of enjoyment, worthy of the grotesque Bambara. The fact is, Gobineau belongs to that class of intellect which cannot conceive of musical pleasure apart from an imaginative interpretation. For this conception, music itself, at the time of the author and in the form of opera or symphonic poem, is partially responsible: the intellectual and visual element only too clearly aims at thrusting the musical element into the background. When Wagner requested his friends to shut their eyes, or to look elsewhere than on the stage, he clearly saw the ambiguous character of all lyrical work. On the other hand; the program-music of such men as Berlioz and Liszt—who were both quite as literary as they were musical—has in no slight measure contributed to maintain the illusion which proclaims that there is no music without definite evocations placed above the notes which they end by ejecting.

This precisely is the spirit in which Conrad, one of the characters in Gobineau's novel "Les Pléïades," likes to hear the Countess Tonska sing: because of the images which her singing suggests to him. She sings Serbian, Cossack and Circassian airs. The Serbian airs cause the listener to wander "through the forests of Herzegovina"; the Cossack airs induce him to cross "the steppes of the Ukraine behind the Cossack's funeral procession"; the Circassian airs make him "ride off on horseback" and lay bare the secrets of the harem. "She sang, and at the same time *she talked.*" Highest praise of all: her singing is a pictured conversation, a travel narrative; therefore Conrad is perfectly right in praising her for those "descriptions" which the song conveys to his mind.

This need for description is closely akin to psychological analysis: after the description for the eye, through the notes, comes the description for the soul. Few writers escape this.

Gobineau, in one of his best novels, "La Danseuse de Shamakha," describes as follows the feelings of a civilised individual on rediscovering a piece of music that had long been forgotten:

> They seemed to be nothing but isolated chords, notes following each other without any purpose whatsoever linked them to one another. Gradually an air emerged from this uncertain melody, exactly like some ethereal apparition which rises from the depths of a fog, gradually approaches, and is recognised. A prey to irrepressible emotion, violent curiosity and an overwhelming memory, Assanof raised his head and listened. Oh! it was clear that he was listening intently, with mind and heart and soul! The Swiss have their *Ranz des Vaches;* the Scotch, the droning call of the bagpipe. Assanof found himself caught up by just such a wave of emotion.

Music, then has a part to play in rousing and increasing amorous passion. This discovery, from the time of Senancour and the Germans, is one of the most characteristic in romanticism. Gobineau makes it in his turn; and so once more we see justified what M. Seillière has ingeniously called his "romantisme instinctif." Though he affects not to fall victim to the feelings and passions of his characters, he is yet defenceless in the presence of the holy and sacred and poetical emotions aroused by music. In "Les Pléïades," that ingenious and complex psychological mechanism, Gobineau attributes to music the same importance as George Sand, his contemporary, does in her novels: and the meeting of the ironical diplomat with the inspired communist, in the musical analysis of passion, is not without a savour of its own. Most of the romantic themes of "Consuelo" or of "La Comtesse de Rudolstadt" are found in "Les Pléïades," and each of the principal characters—Countess Tonska, Conrad Lanze, Liliane, Wilfrid More, Harriet,[1] makes music accord with emotion. No need to say that the love between the Countess and Conrad is liberated through the agency of music. This good old romantic theme is not something isolated in the case of Gobineau: in the narrative of the "Mouchoir rouge," a young man sings "an air by Solomo, the Zantiot poet and musician," and his voice produces a powerful impression on the heroine, an evident sign (notes a chance observer) that she loves the singer. Similarly, in the *Chasse au Caribou*, young Jenny as she sings an Irish melody, brings tears and "a look instinct with love" into the eyes of her friend. With the musical theme Gobineau adroitly blends the visual theme: the Countess's adorable hands, "slender and exquisite in form, of the whiteness of marble, so active, agile and

[1]Another heroine is named Aurora Pamina, probably reminiscent of "*The Magic Flute.*"

skilful," make Conrad lightheaded as they move up and down the keyboard. Later, when alone and unhappy, the Countess sings "a psalm of Marcello" to console herself; and the very choice of this music carries us back to the well-known preferences—in their novels, at least—of Sand and Balzac.

Conrad in love does not dishonour the romantic lineage of "finished" artists. Just as George Sand's Teverino, an excellent painter, is also an excellent musician, so Conrad Lanze, the sculptor, is very fond of Rossini and is not afraid of playing before the Countess a waltz of his own composition: twin brother of the Frédéric in the "Education sentimentale" who composes German waltzes, elder brother of Octave Feuillet's Jacques de Lerne,[1] who composes "symphonies of quite superior merit."

In Liliane, Conrad's sister, we see how refined becomes the musical sense in proportion to the growth of passion. Very young and knowing nothing of love, Liliane plays without any emotion whatsoever, "like a child who has not yet felt anything." On becoming engaged to be married, however, everything changes, and the emotion in her playing is now to vie with that in her heart. Evidently, Gobineau considers that "to play an adagio in such fashion as to show that one understands it" is a sign of amorous ecstasy. We are now within measurable reach of Murger himself.

The other characters are musically analysed or defined as though they were taken from the pages of the "Vie de Bohème." Wilfrid More says of his friend Harriet: "She played upon my thoughts and feelings as on the keys of a piano." Harriet herself cultivated her mind in solitude "beyond ordinary bounds, like the nightingale cultivating her voice to sing in the wilderness." Could one have believed that the "theme of music" was thus to lead astray Gobineau's dainty appreciation of it? This ironist, a friend of Mérimée, cannot resist the temptation of seriously linking together music and love. He even goes so far as to write in the "Vie de Voyage": "The song that the two lovers felt humming in their hearts burst forth like a symphony whose chords and accents filled the whole of their being." From this we see how even the most original intellects, the minds most sure of themselves, are influenced by the age in which they live—and his age was one that could not evoke love without a musical accompaniment—an accompaniment uncertain and artificial, imperiously verbal, though necessary all the same.

And now we come to Wagner. H. S. Chamberlain tells us that Wagner, when on a journey to Italy in 1876, met Gobineau,

[1] "Histoire d'une Parisienne."

who became a frequent guest of his at Bayreuth. Fired by the reading of "La Renaissance," he immediately bore witness, before his fellow-countrymen, to the talent of the writer; and so the *cénacle* of Bayreuth laid the foundation of Gobineau's fame. *Gobinisme* in Germany is partially to be explained by the belief of the Wagnerians that Gobineau had exercised considerable influence over the Master, and this illusion led them "to exalt immoderately a star that was dazzling enough momentarily to impart its own illumination to so great a satellite." Consequently, to praise Gobineau was indirectly to praise Wagner. The Bayreuth faithful at once imagined they recognised, in the portrait of Michelangelo drawn by Gobineau in his "Renaissance," the "instinctive and anticipated" portrait of Wagner himself.

Hence it follows that many regard German *Gobinisme* as a Bayreuthian mission: the memory of one of the few men who could claim Wagner as a friend must be preserved.[1] Here it is not our business to seek out the ideas common to both: these have but the faintest connection with music. Wagner the philosopher is interested in Gobineau; Gobineau the thinker is interested in Wagner and follows the fashion of his time by approaching Wagnerism along the bypaths of metaphysics and literature. In the Wagnerian theatre, Gobineau admires what he had already admired—long before his visit to Bayreuth—in the Persian theatre as described in his "Religions dans l'Asie centrale": the sublime expression of national and religious life, the manifestation of a priesthood. "Tristan" pleases him far less for its music than for its philosophy representing the "triumph in death," which he in his turn extols in "Amadis." M. Thérive has abundant grounds for writing as follows:

> It is no exaggeration to say that this symbolic epic poem, however execrable it be, counts in the history of Wagnerism. . . . A surprising

[1]Not, indeed, that Wagner says much about Gobineau in his writings. In them we find: a few pages of preface (X, 33, Breitkopf's popular edition) for the only article that Gobineau contributed to the "Bayreuther Blätter" (May-June, 1881): *Un jugement sur l'état actuel du monde;*—a few allusions (1881) in "Religion and Art" (2nd part, X, 275), in the open letter (1882) to Friedrich Schön of Worms (X, 292), and in a note (1883) to H. von Stein (X, 317). On the 3rd of June, 1881, Wagner dedicated to Gobineau (Germanised into "Gowinhof") his complete works, in the four following lines (XII, 387):

> Das wäre ein Bund—
> Normann' und Sachse;
> was da noch gesund,
> das blüh' und wachse.

The "Bayreuther Blätter" also published two articles in memory of Gobineau: the one, anonymous: *Graf Arthur Gobineau, ein Erinnerungslied aus Wahnfried* (Nov.-Dec., 1882); the other by Philipp von Hertefeld (probably a pseudonym for Eulenburg): *Eine Erinnerung an Graf Arthur Gobineau* (May, 1886).

blend of fairy tales and of ethnology, a theogony, an opera, even an *opéra comique:* such is this unfinished "*Amadis*", which no one will ever attempt to summarise and certainly not to understand.[1] In it the author leaves with us the hope that music, in the decline of the feudal society which he describes, will come and console the world through the agency of Tannhäuser, to whom allusion is made in an innocent allegory:

> Alors mes enfants, c'est la chevalerie
> Qui revient et prend soin de la plante flétrie.
> Quels sublimes concerts. . . . Les grottes du Taunus
> Pressent le ménestrel dans les bras de Vénus.

Associated, at the time of the "Essai," with the Bambara, music now becomes, from consideration for Wagner, a beneficent fairy named Urgande. All the same, the thought of Gobineau has not varied. If there is nothing apart from sensual enjoyment, this enjoyment is nothing without intellectual interpretation to refine it. Doubtless Gobineau, in his latter years, smiled at his early idea which regarded the power of art (and especially of music) over the masses as in direct ratio to the amount of black blood flowing in their veins. Doubtless, as Seillière says in "Le comte de Gobineau et l'aryanisme historique": "Richard Wagner would at a later period have had much to forgive in his friend, had this latter persisted in his youthful attitude towards æsthetics. How indeed could one justify by such an ethnical interpretation the moral rôle of Germanic music, the regenerating mission of the art of Bayreuth, the wholly popular affinities of a theatre revived by musical drama?" This is perfectly true, but it cannot be said that Gobineau ever found in music the pleasure that Wagner would have liked to see him find in it. We see this clearly in the scanty attention he pays to the music of his period (only once, in "Ternove," does one of the characters chance to hum *un air d'opéra comique*) as also to the Oriental music which he heard so frequently in the course of his many travels.

Whereas Gérard de Nerval is passionately fond of Oriental airs and instruments, Gobineau is content to note that the musicians have a light guitar or *târ*, a kind of rebeck or *kemantjtek*, a *rebab* and a tambourine;[2] that in all Asiatic music "the rhythm must be very pronounced," that the melody accompanying the *lesghy* dance is "barbarous," and that artillery music consists of oboes and tambourines.[3] Such music calls for passive enjoyment,

[1] *Revue Universelle* (Mai 1, 1922): *Gobineau poète.* M. Thérive also notes in Gobineau the obsession of imitative harmony and the melodic, "even symphonic," sense which already showed itself in the collection "Aphroïssa," where the *Petite Chanson* of a Gipsy girl is written "with the intention of considering both the words and the lines as pure notes and cadences."

[2] "La Danseuse de Shamakha."

[3] "Histoire de Gamber-Aly."

and this has but slight interest for him. Hence, in the sphere of French education, we come upon a Gobineau who is preëminently and essentially traditional. Hence, too, he remains one of the purest champions of "the exercise of thought." And may it not be this exercise of thought which, in "Les Pléïades," gives to Harriet, who is not beautiful, that which is "more than Beauty"?

(Translated by Fred Rothwell)

SOME OBSCURE ENGLISH DIARISTS AND THEIR MUSIC

By EVA MARY GREW

PEPYS, as all the world that reads about music and musicians is aware, brings music very freely and plentifully into his famous diary. And he is not the only English diarist of the first rank to do that. His contemporary, Evelyn, was a lover of music, and *his* diary—more staid than that of Pepys—contains some quite notable disquisitions upon the art and upon his experiences of it. But our leading diarists in the nineteenth century did not form part of so truly musical a generation as those of the seventeenth and eighteenth, and of all the great men and women of the Victorian epoch who kept these daily records of thoughts and experiences, George Eliot is the only one—so far as my reading goes—to speak of music in a way to interest and instruct musicians.

Diary reading is as delightful as diary keeping. Every new book of this kind which I take in hand thrills me with the expectation that I may find a new friend in the writer, and chance upon some hitherto unknown kinship with a man or woman long dead. Failing this, there remains the prospect of discovering fresh light on old subjects, shining still from remote periods, or of being entertained with accounts of some very personal hobby or a description of some object of curiosity.

Professional musicians do not appear to be specially blessed with the genius for making journals of the kind to satisfy my desires for novel entertainment and direct human associations in this direction. The public life they live makes them, perhaps, too self-conscious. Their rather exclusive preoccupation with their art certainly prevents them from being genial, general, and discursive in the right diarist's manner and tone. Spohr's "Autobiography," compiled as it was from a set of day-by-day notes, is more or less an exception, because of the delightful simple-mindedness of the author: he speaks about himself all the while with the ingenuousness of a child. Burney's "Memorials," like his "Travels," is a book thoroughly alive to-day for any reader of an imaginative turn of mind. But for the rest (Wagner excepted, though he was no diarist) it is by their letters, and not by what-

ever current records they happened to keep, that musicians give the kind of pleasure and instruction I have in mind. Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Schumann are among the great letter-writers, almost as much as Shelley is; and since we have their correspondence with friends, we do not lament that we have no actual diaries by them.

As a literary form—if it be a true literary form—the diary flourished mainly in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. (Walt Whitman's "Specimen Days" is, in certain respects of style and matter, something of a survival from those earlier times, allowance being made for the great nature of the man and the tremendous years in which he lived.) So very characteristic is the diary of the eighteenth-century man of culture that it can be imitated. Thus we had published in England recently (by Williams and Norgate, Ltd.) a book called "A Diary of an Eighteenth-century Garden," written by Dion Clayton Calthrop; into which come a few passing musical references, though only as to music as a part of social life:

> The church choir to visit me with carols of that good King who did look out on the feast of Stephen and many others. Mighty pretty to see and to hear, with lanthorns gleaming on the snow and the cobbler playing on his fiddle.

Few of us can, however, search out the diaries of obscure men and women of the past, most of them remaining still in private hands and existing only in the original manuscripts. We are therefore compelled to give ourselves up to the guidance of such literary explorers and enthusiasts as Arthur Ponsonby, and to be content with what they bring home from their wanderings. Mr. Ponsonby's own cargoes are rich enough. The latest is called "More English Diaries," adventuring among which I discovered for myself many curious bales and bundles of that merchandise which is music.

Here, for example, is a note made one day in 1672, by a Sir Justinian Isham:

> Mr. Jackson the music master who formerly lived with us came here. He has now got a good engagement at Norwich, which brings him in at least forty pounds per annum. There came with him a gentleman named Stepkins from Sir William Langham's, the like of whom you will scarcely find in all England to play so well upon the fiddle. Sir William Langham came in the afternoon and having staid a short time went home with Jackson.

History knows nothing of this Mr. Jackson, "passing rich on forty pounds a year." Nor does it know of a Stepkins. But it

certainly knows of a Stefkins; and so Sir Justinian could not have caught his name aright, or (what is more likely) when his diary came to be printed, the printer read Stefkins as Stepkins, and no one noticed the error. There were two brothers of the name: Dietricht, the elder, was a member of Charles I's band; Theodore, "a foreign professor of the lute and the viol," was acclaimed in this year of 1672 by Thomas Salmon in an important "Essay on the Advancement of Music." Two of Theodore's sons played later in the royal band of King William and Queen Mary. And of all this I knew nothing, until the obscure diarist of 1672 inspired me to open and search through the dictionaries.

Anthony Wood is not obscure, since he is one of the more celebrated of the antiquarian authors of the second rank in his century, the seventeenth. He always refers to himself in the third person, using the initials A. W.; thus:

> Tho. Baltzar, a Lubecker borne, and the most famous Artist for the Violin that the World has yet produced, was now [1658] in Oxon, and this day A. W. was with him and Mr. Ed. Low, lately organist of Ch. Church, at the Meeting-House of Will. Ellis. A. W. did then and there, to his very great astonishment, heare him play on the Violin. He then saw him run up his Fingers to the end of the Finger-board of the Violin, and run them back insensibly, and all with alacrity and in very good tune, which he nor any in England saw the like before. . . . The Company perceiving A. W. standing behind in a corner neare the dore, they haled him in among them, and play, forsooth, he must against him. Whereupon he being not able to avoid it, he took up a Violin, and behaved himself as poor Troylus did against Achilles. He was abash'd at it, yet honour he got by playing with and against such a grand Master as Baltzar was. Mr. Davis Mell was accounted hitherto the best for the Violin in England, as I have before told you; but after Baltzar came into England, and shew'd his most wonderful parts on that instrument, Mell was not so admired; yet he play'd sweeter, was a well-bred Gentleman, and not given to excessive drinking as Baltzar was.

This Mell was a clock-maker by trade, but he became a member of Charles II's band. Baltzar was leader of the King's band of twenty-four violins; he died at the age of thirty-three, and his grave is in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

Anthony Wood was a progressivist. He adopted the violin while yet it was scorned:—

> The gentlemen in privat meetings which A. W. frequented, play'd three, four, and five parts all with viols, as treble-viol, tenor, countertenor and bass, with either an organ or virginal or harpsicon joyn'd with them; and they esteem'd a violin to be an instrument only belonging to a common fiddler, and could not indure that it should come among them for feare of making their meetings to be vaine and fiddling.

That word *fiddle* was used long before the violin was invented. The Elizabethan dramatists have "fiddle-faddle" to signify a trifle; and the people of that time who despised music as something of little or no importance called all playing "fiddling." A. W. shows us in his diary how fiddle would be applied in scorn to the violin ("little viol"), until as so often happens, the thing adopted its term of ridicule and converted it into a term of affection. (As the name of a musical instrument, this word goes back to Saxon times.)

Returning for another moment to A. W.—who lived practically all his life in the same set of rooms in Merton Lane, Oxford—he tells us that he had "from his most tender years an extraordinary ravishing delight in music," and that bell-ringing was one of his hobbies. He, like King Charles II, was drawn to the violin because it was "more airy and brisk" than the viol.

A diarist named James Woodforde, whose years lay in the middle of the eighteenth century, visits some friends:

> I there saw an Instrument which Mrs. Custance played on that I never saw or heard before. It is called Sticcardo Pastorale. It is very soft music indeed. It is several long pieces of glass laid in order in a case, resting on each end of every piece of glass and is played in the middle parts of the glasses by two little sticks with Nobbs at the end of them striking the glass. It is a very small Instrument and looks when covered like a working Box for ladies.

Mr. Woodforde does not cast his sentences well, though his meaning is clear enough. The instrument Mrs. Custance played on is properly called a Harmonica. The name Sticcardo (*sticcato*) was used when the vibrating material was wood, the learned term for the wooden instrument being *Ligneum Psalterium.* A hundred or so years ago the instrument was known in Germany as the Xyloharmonica or Xylosistrum. To-day it is the Xylophone, and its tone has changed, so that Saint-Saëns can bring it into his "Danse Macabre" to suggest the rattle of dry bones and the creak of skeletons. The instrument hails originally from Russia, Poland and Tartary; the pieces of wood were laid on belts of straw, and so it was called a "straw-fiddle."—Mr. James Woodforde should have written *pastrole,* not *pastorale,* the former being the right word.

Gilbert White, of Selbourne, the famous naturalist, had a parson brother, Henry, the rector of Fyfield in Hampshire. The Rev. Henry White and his family were energetic musicians. They owned a pianoforte, a spinet, a violin, and a 'cello, and could therefore make themselves into a modest orchestra.

Mr. White himself had some practical knowledge—he could even requill and tune the harpsichord. His diary contains many notes concerning his musical interests.

Dined at Redenham with Mr. and Mrs. Butcher; Chute Lodge family came to tea. Whist instead of Music, dreadful alternative. Alas! Alas! Alas! [We sympathise with the Rev. Henry, we who have so often been martyrs of politeness to a Chute Lodge family.] Harpsichord unpacked and brt. very safe. Its touch is not inferior to that of any new instrument and ye tone very soft and equal to any new or old and it is very complete indeed and well worth ye expense. . . . Began tuning ye Harpsichord and quilling it. Took out ye Piano top and discovered ye reason of ye keys sticking so sadly, it was ye want of more play in ye pinholes and also casting of two of ye long keys Mr. Pether's wood not being well seasoned; soon rectified by ye assistance of ye carpr. . . . Harpsichord carried upstairs for ye summer.

The composer Gluck had *his* harpsichord carried out into a flowering meadow for the summer when in the mood for composition; and there, with a bottle of champagne at either end, devised such immortal melodies as "Che Farò."

Cowper the poet, lover of domestic music and loather of music public, would probably have approved of the musical interests of the Henry White family. But he would have strongly condemned a certain Irish family, named Herbert, for—as I read in Dorothea Herbert's "Retrospections"—

The children were all musical and delighted in acting. They had a harpsichord which was brought over to Ireland from England. The father was eternally at his flute, while jocanes [?], jewsharps, and an old wretched guitar were going from morning till night. Sometimes a musical guest would come to stay, notably one Mr. Gwynne, who greatly admired the joint performances of the family. Handel's "Water Piece," which Fanny and I played double, made him bounce like a crazy man.

William Cowper would not entirely object to Handel because he set the story of the Messiah[1] to music; but he would certainly

[1]Man praises man. Desert in arts or arms
Wins public honour; and ten thousand sit
Patiently present at a sacred song,
Commemoration-mad; content to hear
(O wonderful effect of music's pow'r!)
Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake!
But less, methinks, than sacrilege might serve—
(For, was it less, what heathen would have dar'd
To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath,
And hang it up in honour of a man?)
Much less might serve, when all that we design
Is but to gratify an itching ear,
And give the day to a musician's praise.
Remember Handel? Who, that was not born

object to his pieces setting a listener bouncing like a crazy man. Still more would he object to the way Miss Catherine Battie, a lovely girl of twenty, spent her time as a guest of Gilbert White, at Selbourne, in 1763. Here is a paragraph from her diary.

> Morn was spent at the Harpsichord, a Ball at Night, began minuets at halfanhour after 7, then danced country dances till near 11, went to supper, after supper sat some time, sung, laught, talked, and then went to dancing again, danced till 3 in the morning, at halfanhour after 4 the Company all went away; we danced 30. Never had such a dance in all my life, nor ever shall I have such a one again I believe. [Next day.] Got up at 10 in very good spirits. Who can be otherwise in this dear place?

That day of Catherine's lives yet in her artless description. But what a day! What energy, moreover, to make a note of it in a diary before tumbling into bed at half-past four for a short five-hours' sleep!

Catherine must have been a jolly, free, sensible girl of the type then thoroughly modern; and she would have "laught" heartily at the sketch of a proper young lady which was drawn by some diarist of an earlier day (whose name I have not by me):

> She should be a sight in letters, in musicke, in drawinge or peincting, and skilfull in daunsinge and in devising sportes and pastimes. If she daunces or playes she ought to be brought to it with suffring herself somewhat to be prayed and with a certain basfulness that may declare the noble shamefastness that is contrarye to headinesse.

Among my most animated of all diarists is Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Hawkes, soldier, sportsman, pianist, and music-lover. Peter was a Somerset man, born 1786, died 1853. An entirely perfect day for him was a day of shooting; but when shooting was impossible, then the day could be made sufficiently perfect by music. "I went on a musical excursion which except a wild fowl expedition is the only event which would have brought me here," that is, to Manchester. Sport and music join hands in many sentences in his diary:

> I read to-day with tears of the death of the unrivalled Malibran; and I also lost my beautiful Newfoundland dog of distemper.

> Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,
> Or can, the more than Homer of his age?
> Yes—we remember him; and, while we praise
> A talent so divine, remember too
> That His most holy book from whom it came
> Was never meant, was never us'd before,
> To buckram out the mem'ry of a man.
>
> Cowper, "The Task," VI, 632–652.

He visits the Lakes in Westmoreland:

In a word the view creates a sort of sensation which we feel on hearing Mozart's music, seeing Shakespeare's tragedies, hearing Braham sing or seeing ourselves surrounded by a good evening flight of wild fowl.

Again:

I sent to Poole for the unrivalled James Reade, the Mozart of all the wild fowl men.

The Colonel made music his consolation and stand-by in all times and places. He and his family are staying at Keyhaven. There is a great storm, with floods.

We have out punts floating at our door in the street ready to rescue our family in case of danger. What a scene! shutter, doors and pails afloat; birds killed while diving and washed up by the tide; and in short the best representation I have yet seen of a second deluge. My dear children, instead of being alarmed or ill, were amused with the scramble; and I by way of aping Nero (who fiddled while Rome was burning) sat at my old humstrum and boggled through a given number of Bach's fugues.

He was quite a scientific pianist. In fact, he invented a hand-mould and wrote some "Instructions to young performers for acquiring, by means of patent hand moulds, the best position for strength and articulation on the Pianoforte." The book, published in 1840, passed through three editions. He went over into France and Holland to introduce his moulds to the musical profession of those countries. At Haarlem he plays on the gigantic organ, and then:

I took the organist to the church porch, delighted him much with the sight of my hand moulds for the piano, gave him a prospectus of them, shook hands with him and galloped off.

The Colonel attends the "glorious Philharmonic," where Thalberg drives him crazy with delight. On another occasion in London, he says: "I went in the evening to Covent Garden Theatre in order to hear my favourite overture of Der Freischütz conducted by the immortal composer himself, Carl Maria von Weber."

These were serious and dignified musical activities. He had others of another kind.

Toddled into Lymington in a lobster cart to the high diversion of ourselves and petrefaction of all the staring dandies and repaired to old Klitz, the Clementi of the place. There Langstaff joined in a trio while I went foraging and it came on a determined wet night, for which we were all well armed; as we brought off a fiddle, a tuning hammer and all the music we could borrow and sat in with a good fire, for a thorough batch of such noise that neither the wind nor the rain was thought of.

There was often conviviality with music in this manner. But this delightful old sportsman and music-lover, last in my list of "obscure diarists," could be happy enough without companions; and the picture of him which I carry most in my mind is this:

> Frost and snow. Alone from morning till night and I have not passed so pleasant a day for these 15 years; what with writing, reading, and strapping hard at my long-lost music I could have stayed up till daylight next morning.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S INTEREST IN MUSIC

By GUSTAV HETSCH

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, the Danish poet, extremely responsive to all manifestations of the Beautiful, was alive to the marvels of Art and Nature. Thanks to his impressionable imagination, to his profound love of music (concerning which his ideas were decidedly rudimentary), his writings discover many traces of the impressions he received from that art, as well as numerous reflections and opinions touching the artists and the works which had delighted him—or disappointed him.

How greatly he appreciated chamber-music may be gathered by reading his romance "Lykke Peer" (Lucky Peter), Chap. XI (the scene with the singing-teacher):

> One evening, in the public concert-hall, a grand orchestra played the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven. From that moment Peer realized that descriptive music—music in which Nature is reflected and where the emotions of the human heart find an echo—that it was this music whereby the depths of his being were stirred. Beethoven and Haydn became his best-loved composers.
>
> Once a week they had a session of chamber-music. The magnificent tone-poems of Beethoven and Mozart thrilled their ears, their souls, their minds. For a long time Peer had heard no fine, well-executed music. It was like a kiss of passion, electrifying his frame, penetrating his every nerve. His eyes filled with tears. Every musical soirée was a festive event of an artistic charm that no operatic presentation in the theatre could equal, where there is always some imperfection to spoil one's pleasure; either the singer's words are indistinct or inaudible, as unintelligible for a Chinese as for an Eskimo, or the effect is weakened by a lack of dramatic talent on the singer's part or by some vocal defect manifesting itself, in certain phrases, by assuming the tone of a music-box, or by slurring off the pitch. And then there is the sense of unrealness in scenery and costumes. All this is absent in the case of chamber-music. The works stand out in all their sovereign splendor; their precious tapestries cover the walls of the concert-room. Peer feels himself transported into a fairyland of tones created by the marvellous genius of the masters.

In his youth Andersen had conceived the naïve ambition to become a singer himself; and in old age there still lingered a lively interest in and a pronounced predilection for vocal music—a taste wherein a majority of the music-lovers of his time participated.

Hans Christian Andersen

(From a painting by C. A. Jensen, about 1838)

When he happened to be in Copenhagen—he was a great traveller—he regularly attended the Royal Theatre, where operas were given twice a week. In his letters he mentions *La Juive*, *Le Domino noir* ("far better staged than in Paris"), *La Muette de Portici*, etc. He enumerates in minute detail the qualities and defects of the several singers of both sexes, comparing them with one another and with artists he had heard abroad in the same rôles. He very often prefers the Danish interpreters—though quite without chauvinism, for his critical faculty was aroused, and Andersen always strives to be just towards all and sundry.

Italian music had early captivated his heart. In 1838 he wrote, in a letter to a Danish lady whose brother, a young musician, was about to depart for Italy: "He will enter the realm of music; may his ears be opened down yonder!" And to the young man himself, in another letter: "You are going to Italy; harken to the melodies and become a composer for the heart. Of calm, cold intelligence nothing is born to stir the emotions." In these few words Andersen's whole musical credo is contained.

Norma is "his best souvenir of Italy." In it he heard the Malibran. Her name constantly recurs in his writings. The art of this great singer made an indelible impression on him. In the course of his first visit to Italy, in 1834, Madame Malibran had already fascinated him instantly at Naples as Norma, and in *Il Barbiere*. For him it was "a miracle," "a revelation." One can feel the vibration of the spell she cast over him on reading his romance, "The Improvvisatore," the opening chapters of which were written in Rome. In the heroine of the tale, Annunziata, we discover traits borrowed from the diva. As for her singing, he describes it in his letters:

> I have just passed the evening in the San Carlo theatre, where I heard the celebrated Madame Malibran in Bellini's opera (*Norma*)—a human heart transfigured in music. I shed tears. The audience applauded enthusiastically, but—think of it!—there was one spectator who hissed, only one, every time that my heart felt ready to burst with bliss. How can anyone be so mean? . . . Among my most ravishing artistic impressions must be reckoned the three operas in which I have heard the world-renowned Madame Malibran. Her voice is not one of those that impress one by its dazzling qualities; it is a soul that expresses itself unreservedly in music—which is worth far more to me. It was as though I heard a swan, now winging its way on high through the ethereal waves, now diving deep down in the sea, while from its dying heart the lifeblood was ebbing away drop by drop, transforming itself into music.

In 1836 Andersen revisited Naples, but this time he found the San Carlo theatre closed; to him the great edifice looks like

"a mausoleum reared above the tomb of the Queen of Song."—Mme. Malibran was dead. And he recalls the first time that he heard her: . . .

clad in white, her forehead encircled by a crown, as were she the Muse of Song, so she appeared on the stage, Norma-Malibran; yes, it was the Muse herself! Never in my life have I heard such singing as here. It was as though the profoundest emotions of the heart were revealed in music; I felt a thrill such as one always experiences in presence of a divine revelation. I could see, I could hear, only her. What a voice, what dramatic art—and how lovely she was!

Later (it was *Il Barbiere*): ". . . what vivacity, what esprit!" He adds, that for him the Malibran's singing expressed all the marvels of Italy.

Another singer, the Grisi, whom he heard as Norma in Paris, in 1843, surprises him by the power, the opulence of her vocal organ; contrariwise, young Adelina Patti pleases him not at all; he finds her artificial. But his praises of the singer Luigi Lablache are pitched very nearly as high as those of the Malibran: "the foremost basso cantante of Europe," Lablache, was an unforgettable Figaro for Andersen.

As regards Italian opera, his admiration makes halt before the works of Verdi. In 1863, at Genoa—always on the search after novelties—he hears *Un Ballo in Maschera*, which does not interest him.

What chiefly impressed him at the *Opéra* in Paris was the mise-en-scène, the decorations, the lighting-effects, the costumes. He mentions, though in a few words, the operas *Faust*, *l'Africaine*, *Robert*, and *Les Huguenots*. Of *Hamlet* (by Thomas) he writes in "Lykke Peer," Chap. XVI (the scene between Peer and the singing-master): "I know the tragedy by Shakespeare well (says Peer), but not, as yet, the opera by Thomas."—"This opera ought properly to be named 'Ophelia' (says the singing-master). Shakespeare, in his tragedy, lets the Queen recount the death of Ophelia, and in the musical reproduction the latter becomes the central figure. We do not get the 'Hamlet' of Shakespeare, just as, in the opera *Faust*, we did not get the 'Faust' of Goethe. A thinker is not a musical subject. That which rises, in these two tragedies, to the height of a musical poem, is the love-scenes." And further on in the same chapter we find the following reflections:

The singers' rôles, in most Italian operas, are a canvas, as it were, whereon impersonators of talent display their spirit and intelligence by portraying in diversified and changeful coloration the beings prescribed by the poetic text. How far more brilliantly can they express themselves

in a music whose melodies are created and directed by a true conception of the characters! That is what Gounod and Thomas so well understood.

And as for German music? Andersen does not speak of it in his letters, but we have already seen how he was moved by the works of Beethoven, and in the sequel we shall see other proofs of the influence exercised by German music on the poet's soul.

In 1831, after hearing *Der Freischütz* at Hamburg, Andersen has nothing to say about Weber's score, but he describes with admiration the manner in which the scene in the *Wolfsschlucht* was staged: "The Huntsman curses, and Will-o'-the-wisps of a brilliant transparency appear on the stage in the semblance of astonishing misty shapes." The representations of *Fidelio*, *Don Juan*, and *The Magic Flute*, elicited no comment in his correspondence; he merely states that he attended them. They undoubtedly gave him no particular pleasure—for the reason that none of the singers struck him as extraordinary. Andersen—why deny it?—felt himself more deeply stirred by a vocal and instrumental performance of dazzling virtuosity or touching sensibility than by the musical work *per se*. Truth to tell, in music he would appear to take an even greater interest in the artist than in the art, but in this matter, too, his taste agrees with that of most of his contemporaries. The fact that the tenor Wachtel had been a cab-driver sufficed to make Andersen regret that he had missed an opportunity of hearing him by not staying one evening longer in Hamburg!

Naturally, as he took so keen an interest in dramatic music and travelled so frequently in Germany, Andersen does not avoid broaching the problem of Wagner. To begin with, in his autobiography, "The Story of My Life," he speaks of Wagner, of his artistic conception, of his works; and speaks of them in so explicit a manner as to prove that this question, at all events in 1852, had aroused his liveliest interest. He writes:

> People tell me that Wagner is the greatest composer of our time. With my wholly natural and simple emotionality I am quite unable to approve such an opinion. It seems to me that all his music is composed by dint of intellectual effort; in *Tannhäuser* I admire the recitatives, so marvellously declaimed, for example in the scene of Tannhäuser's return from Rome and the recital of his pilgrimage—it is charming! I appreciate all that is grand and picturesque in the musical poem, but for me one thing is lacking, the flower of music—melody. Wagner, who himself has written the librettos of his operas, ranks as a poet among the greatest. He has created situations of most diversified character. The first time I heard his music I felt as if I were submerged in a sea of tones, carried away body and soul. After a performance of *Lohengrin*, late in the

evening, Liszt, still all life and fire, entered my box and found me faint and perturbed. "Well, what do you say now?" he demanded. And I replied: "I'm half dead!" On me *Lohengrin* has the effect of a tree vibrating with marvellous murmurings of its foliage, but barren of flowers and fruit. Do not misunderstand me—after all, my opinion is of no importance—but in this art, as in poetry, I insist on three elements—intelligence, imagination, feeling; and this last reveals itself in melody! In Wagner I see a contemporary composer-philosopher, great in his intelligence and will-power, a puissant destroyer of all blameworthy principles handed down from the past; but I do not find in him the divine genius of a Mozart or a Beethoven.

Despite his reserve on these points, Andersen was one of the first protagonists of Wagner. It was at Leipzig, in a *Gewandhaus* concert, that he found himself confronted for the first time with the name of Wagner and his music. The overture to *Tannhäuser* figured on the program. "The picturesque aspect of this musical poem ravished me, and I applauded spontaneously with enthusiasm —almost alone in all the hall. My neighbors were scandalized and gave vent to their disapproval, but I held fast to my own conception, applauded yet more loudly, and cried 'Bravo!'"—Andersen always had the courage of his convictions.

We find in "Lykke Peer" (Chap. XV), in the conversation between the singing-master ("representing the old school") and the hero of the tale, a singer and future composer, the following dialogue:

The "music of the future," as it is called, the new style in opera, whose foremost banner-bearer is Wagner, had a defender and admirer in the person of our youthful friend. He found its characters depicted with such clarity, such a wealth of ideas in its recitatives, the entire action worked up into a dramatic movement unretarded by ever-recurring melodies. "It is really an unnatural device, all these interpolated grand arias."[1] "Yes, interpolated!" replies the singing-master, "but wherever —as with the majority of the great masters—the arias burst in upon the action, they are altogether indispensable! Where can a lyric rôle find room, if not in the opera?" And he cites the aria of Don Ottavio in *Don Juan*, that resembles an alluring pool in the forest, on whose bank one reposes, soothed by the murmurous voices of the woodland. "I do reverence to the skill of our new-style musicians, but I do not care to dance, as you do, round their calf of gold! Besides, what you just told me is not your serious opinion, or else your ideas on the subject are not quite clear."—"It is in some opera of Wagner's that I wish to sing!" says the young man. "If I cannot express in words what my heart feels, I shall do it in song and action."—He chose *Lohengrin*.

[1]In the same chapter Andersen says, of this young musician: Withal, he preferred the opera properly so-called to the musical comedy, in which the transition from singing to spoken dialogue and vice versa antagonized his sense for the fitness of things. "It is (so he says) as if one were to quit a marble stairway and go over to a wooden one—frequently even to a poultry-ladder—and then back again to the marble stair. The poem, from end to end, ought to live and breathe, without interruption, in the music."

This work haunts Andersen's mind—an astonishing proof of the resiliency of the poet's taste. He gives himself no end of trouble to defend *Lohengrin* viva voce from the attacks of his contemporaries, even in those self-styled musical circles where the incomprehension of Wagner's art irritates him. He is censured because, in his books, he shows himself a too fervent champion of the "music of the future." Does he not, in a manner, play the rôle of Hans Sachs between Beckmesser (the singing-master) and Walther (the young musician of the advance guard)?

But it is not only his impressions from performances of operas that are reflected in Andersen's works. He also attends concerts given by leading musicians at Copenhagen and abroad. The pianists Clara Schumann, Liszt, and Sigismund Thalberg, the violinists Ernst, Ole Bull, Hubert Léonard, Joseph Joachim, and others, afford him delights whose echo is found in his letters and books. Liszt and Ole Bull, like Mendelssohn and Robert Schumann, were his close friends. None other, however, exerted on his soul an influence comparable to that of Jenny Lind. This great Swedish singer—whose acquaintance Andersen made at Copenhagen in 1840, when she was wholly unknown outside of her own country—fascinated him by her grace, her kindliness, and the nobility of her character, no less than by the ineffable charm of her voice. On the stage, he admires her; in private life he adores her. He loves her, without receiving in return anything more than her friendship, sincere and faithful. To him she is the inspiration for poems and tales ("The Nightingale," "The Angel," "Beneath the Pillar"). Down to the year 1854 Andersen and Jenny Lind often meet abroad—at Berlin, at Weimar, at London, at Vienna. They exchange letters—and presently all is over, without evident reason. Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt is in America.

How much Jenny Lind contributed toward evolving and ripening the genius of Andersen, he himself avows in the following words: "No book or personality whatever has exerted a more ennobling influence on me, as a poet, than Jenny Lind. For me she opened the sanctuary of art." She was never absent from his thought.

In the foregoing we have spoken of musical manifestations as supplying the works of Andersen with more or less palpable traits, but only as regards details. Sometimes it also happened that he was inspired by some musical work to write a tale. It was, above all, *The Magic Flute* that fructified his imagination in a singular manner. In 1869 he confides to his Diary: "In the theatre

to hear *The Magic Flute.* I left the auditorium after the third act because I had conceived the idea for a tale, 'The Comet.' On coming home I wrote out half of it."—And two days later: "In the theatre I heard *The Magic Flute*, felt a sudden inspiration, went home and wrote the tale 'Sunshine Stories.' " And seven days thereafter: "I heard the second act of *The Magic Flute*, went home, and wrote the tale 'Quaek.' " (Never published, perhaps unfinished.) But *Don Juan* likewise furnished him with an inspiration: "The idea for the tale of 'The Firtree' came to me one evening in the theatre while listening to *Don Juan.*" In fact, Andersen worshipped Mozart with peculiar devotion, as was further manifested in 1869 by his pilgrimage to the places in Salzburg where souvenirs of the master are kept.

* *
*

In return for the profound affection entertained by Andersen for the realm of music, he suggested to many musicians—and not the least among these!—works which enhanced their fame.

Naturally, it was above all the Danish composers, his compatriots, who delved in his poems and tales both for song-texts and for the framework of operas and operettas. Among his countrymen were Carl Nielsen, for songs, and Finn Haeffding for his opera, *The Emperor's New Clothes* (1928), who searched his works. A short poem, "The Dying Child," written by Andersen at the age of twenty-three, has been set to music seven times by Scandinavian composers. The name of Andersen is found coupled with that of the Norwegian Grieg in several of the best-known songs of the latter (in the book entitled "Heart-Songs").

But outside of Scandinavia, as well, he has been a source of inspiration for many a musician. Robert Schumann, for four of his "Five Poems" (Fünf Gedichte, Op. 40), borrowed the texts from Andersen, to whom he dedicated the book; Schumann also made him a proposition to write an opera on his worklet "The Flower of Happiness," a project never realized on account of Schumann's malady.

In our own day we can recall that *La Marchande des Alumettes*[1] furnished a libretto for Tiarko Richepin (Opéra-Comique, Paris, 1914), *Der Schweinehirt* for Edgar Istel (Munich, 1909), and *Le Porcher* for Henri Février and P. O. Ferroud (Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Paris, 1924); *Die Prinzessin auf der Erbse* for Ernest Toch

[1]There is another opera, based on the same subject, by the author's countryman, August Enna (Copenhagen, 1897).—*Ed.*

(1929); *Le Caneton* for Serge Prokofieff (Op. 18); for Stravinsky *Le Rossignol* (1909) and *Le Baiser de la Fée* (ballet, 1929); *Le Petit Ferme-l'Œil* for Florent Schmitt (Opéra-Comique, Paris, 1924); *Le Jardin du Paradis* for Alfred Bruneau (Opéra, Paris, 1923); *La petite Sirène* for Alexander von Zemlinsky (symphonic poem, Vienna, 1905); for Pierre Maillard, a Ballade for piano; for Arthur Honegger, three songs.

On his deathbed, after an illness of months, what caused Hans Christian Andersen most regret was that he had no longer been able to hear music. The apogee of Art was, to his mind, the tone-realm. For the communication of his musical impressions to others he employs a language replete with imagery, rich in metaphor, vibrant with passion and emotion.

Was it because of this affection, never chilled, never weakened, which pervades his works, that they have captivated so many musicians in the past—and will doubtless captivate others in the future—by the fascination of his genius? However this may be, it is a fact that our Danish poet, owing as he did to music some of the happiest hours of his life, has repaid the debt by inspiring in musicians the world over works of true merit.

For what he received, he made abundant return.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

THE REDISCOVERY OF MUSIC AS A SUBJECT FOR EDUCATION

By CALVIN T. RYAN

IT is easily within the memory of most teachers of music when contests in this subject were either unknown, or limited to those who were considered to have special musical ability, to the very few geniuses who competed among themselves.

Contrasted with that condition, what do we find to-day? Why, every high school, every graded school of every city, and almost every high and elementary school of our rural districts sends students to contest centers to compete in both vocal and instrumental musical contests. The boys and girls of our country, both in the rural and the urban sections, are being taught music. Some of them are taught to create music as a means of self-expression. Others are taught to be intelligent consumers of this ancient art. Summarily, we might say that music has been rediscovered as an educational subject, and reintroduced into our educational system.

Musical tournaments are vying with athletic field-days and field sports. These tournaments are not for any special class of students. Students from the rural schools of the Middle West compete with the urban students within their own section, and with those both east and west of them. Glee clubs from rural high schools compete with glee clubs from urban high schools, and rural grade schools compete with urban grade schools. Music is fast becoming a universal art. It is a universal language, the practice and interpretation of which does not depend, except in degree, upon the gift of the gods.

The youth of the United States are once more being impressed with the Greek idea that they must read well, recite well, sing or play some musical instrument well if they wish to be considered educated. And, further, like the Greeks, we are making it impossible for our young people to hide their want of culture in these respects, for we are asking them, at home and in public, to perform their part in social entertainment. Choral organizations, operas, orchestras, and bands are found in our schools and colleges. Instead of music being for a few, like athletics, it is truly for all.

We may not fully comprehend what Plutarch meant when he said with reference to music, that it teaches us "to abstain from everything that is indecent, both in word and deed, and to observe decorum, temperance, and regularity." We may not believe it has this power, but the rediscovery of music as an educational subject is traceable very significantly to a better understanding of the part the emotional responses play in the life of a person, and to the growing belief that a poetic outlook on life is necessary to counterbalance a too great emphasis upon the practical outlook. A greater interest in music has come at a time when salvation is most needed.

Music formed a vital part of the educational system of the City-States of Greece. The rise of Christianity, with its stress upon music as a part of religious worship, tended to prolong the interest in music, and in the Middle Ages we find song and parish schools flourishing. Music was one of the important subjects of the mediæval *Quadrivium*, and continued to hold its high place until the Revival of Learning, at which time it lost its precedence in the English countries, but continued prominent in the Teutonic lands. Centuries afterwards we can see the result of this change, for to-day the Germanic people are musical, whereas the English and the Americans are not so to the same degree.

Odd as it may seem, it was a religious sect that looked with disfavor on music. Puritanism has died slowly in the United States, where it secured an early and prominent foothold, and its prolonged death has left its deplorable results. It is within my own memory that a man left church one Sunday morning when it was announced that one of the Sunday-school girls was going to play a violin solo. The church, this man thought, was no place for the "fiddle." I know a town in Maryland where the church split over the question of the installation of a pipe-organ. The dispute arose not over the ability of the congregation to buy the organ, but over the religious advisability of doing it.

With the years we have come to believe that singing and playing to the glory of God may be an effective form of worship. The founders of the Christian religion, following the example of the early Jewish church, used music, both instrumental and vocal, unsparingly. In the United States, church music is no longer looked upon with disfavor except by a very small minority.

Since the church regulated quite extensively what was taught in the early schools, we might expect to find almost no music taught at public expense. In school as in church there was an inadequate understanding of the function and the psychology of music.

But no amount of religious disapproval could stamp out entirely the beneficent results of music. It lived in a few persons and was protected by a few religious organizations. Being a universal language, and a natural emotional response, music survived this age of disfavor. The Puritans were indifferent to and at times hostile towards poetry, but poetry, too, is an instinctive response; it is related to music and in its pure state is inseparable from religion. The Puritans could not resist the temptation to versify, and one finds bits of verse and poetic language amidst such prosy compositions as the town clerk's records. Whoever has read these records has doubtless been surprised to find some Monday's record of the trial of a miscreant who stayed away from church the previous Sunday literally interspersed with poetic language. Poetry being natural to those religious fanaticists, it crept out like a "suppressed desire" whenever the moral censor nodded while on duty.

As I said before, the rediscovery of music is largely attributable to the recognition of the place of the emotions in the character and conduct of mankind. A materialistic and practical outlook on life paralyzes the emotions. An education in which the emotions are neglected or made subservient to all other reactions gives one an unbalanced personality. It makes one a slave to one's passions and emotions. One has no control over them, and they assume control instead. Fits of passion and fits of temper are indicative of such incomplete training. So it would seem, after all, that Plutarch—in part at least—was right in believing that music wrought a salutary influence upon human behavior.

The inclusion in practically all texts in education of a chapter or more devoted to the importance of the emotional life in education, of the importance of teaching ideals, attitudes, and appreciation, and the stress placed upon music, art, and literature as the most accessible data for teaching these responses, is but further proof of the recognition of the part played by them in the education of the young. One can hardly find a recent text in education that does not include a discussion of these data. Books on methods, principles of education, and educational psychology have chapters devoted to music and the fine arts. Teachers are admonished to begin developing these responses in the primary grades, to continue them through the elementary grades, and to make the most of them in the high school.

Teaching of poetry, art and music in the more progressive schools is no longer thought of as a recent discovery by which children may learn to amass a fortune in a short time. It is

thought of merely as a means of enabling the child to express himself, of affording him an outlet that is natural and pleasureable, and one that will satisfy his emotional life. Browning says:

> "Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
> From outward things, . . . and to know
> Rather consists in opening out a way
> Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
> Than in effecting entry for a light
> Supposed to be without."

Song is the natural right of the young, and every normal child can sing unless thwarted in his attempts by some outside circumstance, all too frequently an older brother or sister who laughs at his endeavors, or, what is more deplorable, an unimaginative teacher who kills his untutored imagination.

"Not to furnish every child in the twentieth century adequate education in this important subject is to rob him of his rightful inheritance and doom him to a poverty-stricken emotional life," Dr. Claude A. Phillips, of the Missouri State Teachers College, says with reference to the place of music in our educational system. Further, Dr. Phillips says: "It is well to remember that as many children can learn to sing and play instruments as can learn any other of the school subjects."

Doubtless Dr. Phillips has in mind that we still cling, more or less, to a former notion that only those with some imaginary special musical gift which shows itself despite all efforts to freeze it out, should be taught music. Lingering in the minds of many parents is this superstition of old; hence there still is some missionary work to be done among the elders before all children will be given the rights of their own natures. It is not so long ago that we heard parents say: "Oh, our boy is not musically inclined. There is no use in his studying music." Such a belief is a part of our common heritage, whereas the Germans have always thought of music for all, just as they thought of writing for all, or reading for all, with the consequence that they have produced a musical nation.

Music lifts the soul, elevates and inspires. "Tell me the kind of music your son enjoys and I will tell you where to find him." Taste is a much larger factor in our lives than many of us would probably like to admit. President Millis, of Hanover college, says:

> As scholarship frees the soul from the prison walls of ignorance, so the ability to perceive and enjoy beauty frees the soul from the deadening grind of monotony and drudgery. Dwelling in a world of conscious

beauty, a world of birds' songs, of color, of fragrance, of sparkling dew-drops, a world speaking to the soul of the beauty of life, will lift that soul above the blighting hand of despair.

Boys and girls subjected to the best of music will of necessity absorb its tone and color, its discipline, and its decorum.

The best form of social service which teachers can give to society, according to an eminent specialist in the care of the insane, is to "Go out and open the eyes of the people to the beauty of sky and field, of music and verse, that their minds and souls may be kept sweet and sane."

Music on some level of greatness can be enjoyed by every normal child. The task of the schools is to raise the level of enjoyment as fast as possible. Children form the habit of liking the things with which they are constantly associated. If, therefore, we hope to raise their taste, their level of appreciation, we must keep before them not the lowest jazz, for if we do they will form the jazz habit, nor the mediocre, for to do so will simply give them a taste for the mediocre; we must see that they are subjected to the best. Good judgment in matters of art, as in all matters of life, requires practice. The child who has never seen anything but the proverbial Indian in front of the cigar-store will think that Indian an acme of art. The boys and girls in many sections of the Middle West are having their concept of drama and opera vitiated by the road companies that produce in the various towns during the week-ends. I have seen these companies play to packed houses week after week, to audiences composed very largely of rural people who, in their hunger for something dramatic, accept what they can get and all too frequently think it the best. Coarse and sordid humor, suggestive songs, melodramatic and tearful situations form their concept of the best in dramatic art.

It is with these examples of mediocre, if not mean, musical and dramatic presentations that the schools have to compete. If by their fruit we are to learn the results, then much is yet to be done. There is a Gresham's law in art as in economics, and bad art has a tendency to drive out good. Commercialized projects of this nature we are bound to have so long as the practical point of view prevails among our school patrons. Many of these parents are not aware of the harm they bring to their children when, by their own efforts, they introduce them to mediocre productions. There is here a big field for adult education in taste and appreciation. Many of these elders have never been trained on their emotional or spiritual side; their passions run loose, and they enjoy

a good cry or a good laugh at no matter what, and think nothing more of the consequences.

It will be a slow process so long as we teach children in the grades to sing such rote songs as "Birdies Fly," "Down Come the Autumn Leaves," and "Up Goes My Kite," and then have them listen at home and at the road show to the thousand and one "I Got the Blues" songs. But to give up is to surrender to the enemy, and the cost will be paid in the life and pleasure of our boys and girls. We can't afford to do it.

It is obvious from what has been written, that with the rediscovery of music as a subject of education, we are making appreciative listeners as well as creditable performers. It is obvious also that the sole object of teaching music as a subject in education is not appreciation only. It is remedial; it is therapeutic; it is educative in the same sense that reading, writing and arithmetic are educative. Man is man by virtue of what he has superadded to the brute. Education that satisfies the brute part of man, his physical welfare, is an education limited to one-third of man. Education that is limited to the satisfaction of the intellect is education that trains only one-third of man. That part of man's education for which music, art, and literature are specifically adapted, is the emotional, the spiritual or the religious. These, therefore, must be included in the education of the well-rounded person, of the well-balanced person.

It is a wholesome thing to note the change in the attitude toward the teaching of music, but a magnificently salutary thing to note the change in the attitude of our boys and girls. Their response to the mediocre in drama and art is a response for which they are not wholly responsible. Such wholesome response to music contests as is shown in all parts of the United States is gratifying to every lover of good music, but particularly gratifying to every educator who realizes the educative value of this most social of all the arts.

GLUCK AND THE ENCYCLOPÆDISTS

By JULIEN TIERSOT

WHEN Gluck entered upon his musical career there were only two Schools of Opera which, according to prevailing opinion, appeared to count in Europe—the French and the Italian.

Italian opera, originated in Florence toward the end of the sixteenth century, spread in a multiplicity of evolutions throughout Europe, with the exception of France; here a different conception of dramatic music had been formed and developed.

German genius, on the other hand, had soared to extraordinary heights, from a musical point of view; but it had held aloof from the practical technique of the theatre, and, just for that reason, was ignored by those who conceived opera to be the be-all and end-all of music.

It was at this juncture that Gluck came into the world. Was he, as an artist, an Italian or a German? Everybody knew that he was neither the one nor the other. He was called a German. But that was not the fact, either. True it is that he was born in a townlet buried amid the forests of the Upper Palatinate, namely, Weidenwang, near the Bavarian frontier, a neighborhood later belonging to the kingdom of Bavaria. But it was only in passing, as it were, by the merest chance, that he first saw the light there. His father was a forester in the service of one of those noble families among whom nearly all the estates of Central Europe were divided; he was a Bohemian by birth, and had been quite fortuitously sent to Weidenwang just before his son was born; and the child was not yet two years old when the father returned to his native country and sought another position in the northwestern forests, not far from Saxony, though still within the Bohemian quadrilateral. The correct name of the family was not Gluck, but Kluch, a Czech word meaning "fellow"; the author of the *Iphigenias* thus signed himself down to an advanced period of his life.

For a time he accompanied his father on his strenuous woodland explorations; then he was sent to school in the nearby town of Chomutov (Kommotau), and later in the capital, Prague, while his parents returned to their native village, where they

kept an inn, ending their days in Zakoupe. He himself continued his work at the University and the choirboys' singing-school; at times, to earn his living, he would strap his violoncello on his back and, in company of strolling musicians (in Bohemia these are, as we know, sometimes real artists), sally forth to play for the dancing youth of the suburbs or environs of Prague.

From there he proceeded to Vienna and thence to Italy, thus from early youth growing into a veritable cosmopolite. In northern Italy he remained for ten years, composing operas for Milan, Turin, and Venice; after this we find him in London. Returning to the Continent, he debarks in Hamburg, travels to Denmark, revisits Vienna, and returns to Prague, going thence to Dresden; everywhere bringing out new operas in the Italian form. Some months thereafter he journeys to Naples, where he composes *La Clemenza di Tito.* Going back to Vienna he apparently intends to settle there, and marries a wealthy Dutch lady; but soon he is off again, this time for Rome. He meets with success. The Pope confers on him the title of Knight of the Golden Spur; now he is Chevalier Gluck; he becomes Kapellmeister of the Vienna opera, and master of music to the princesses of the Imperial family. Has he not, at forty, all that an artist could aspire to?

His ambition, however, was not satisfied. He had composed more than thirty Italian operas in the ordinary style, and certain French opéras-comiques; but the vanity of works of this kind had impressed itself upon him. He dreamt of subjecting them to a radical reform. How set about it? The opera is not simply music; it is a drama, and its poetic theme is at least equal in importance to the score. He carefully considers what the poem ought to be in order that its union with the music should prove perfect and conformable to nature and reason. But he is not a poet; he only knows how to assort the notes. Fortunately, his idea is in the air. An Italian poet, Calzabigi, haunted by the same conceptions, writes three librettos for him: *Orfeo, Alceste, Elena e Paride.* Gluck sets them to music; they are produced at the Vienna Opera. Their novelty astounds the listeners, who yield to the charm of the cantilene interspersed in the first-named work, discreetly applaud the second, and the third still less. Moreover, they continue to present, on the same stage, the works conceived according to the earlier formula. The reform fails of realization; Gluck has not attained his end.

Nevertheless, he persists. He addresses himself to another country. French opera, in century-old opposition to that of Italy, is closer to what he longs to accomplish. Doubtless he will

still be obliged to introduce yet more novelties, to add further embellishments, to consent to fresh sacrifices. However, Gluck feels that in France he will be better understood than elsewhere. And so, at the age of sixty, he turns to Paris, where, in rapid succession, he built up his supreme and definitive masterworks. After vainly wandering throughout Europe for a lifetime, he could say that it was only here that his dream had been realized at last.

How did it happen that this persistent seeker was obliged to go so far to make this discovery, to find the hospitable land that was to become his congenial home?

Two principal reasons may be adduced.

The first is of an essentially musical order, and derives from the nature of French opera, considered in itself and in its foregoing evolution.

The second is referable to general and, properly speaking, psychical causes.

As to the first, we shall content ourselves with a few general observations.

French opera, in essence and origin, is formed of an alliance between literature and music, and their intimate association. This is as it should be, and our opera has been quite unjustly censured for laying too great stress on the former of these elements in certain cases. It is evident that the words form the basis of every drama; hence, if the music is subordinate, this springs from a compulsion which the artistry and mutual understanding of the two authors, poet and musician, should seek to mitigate to the greatest possible extent. Some subjects are more musical than others, and those are the ones that opera should adopt; all will be well if this music and sweet poesie agree like brother and sister, as has been said by a poet, Shakespeare. Toward this consummation French opera has tended spontaneously since the association of Quinault with Lully. Neither of these two authors, poet or musician, took thought to formulate declarations of principle; but they accomplished their common work in perfect accord, and that is worth more than all the rest. Thus they created a style, founded a tradition; and the best works that French opera has brought forth are those which most closely conformed to their model.

With Italian opera it was otherwise. Not as if it had produced no fine poems or beautiful music; but these two elements were not blended. In the best works by Metastasio the action is borne entirely by the scenes in dialogue treated in *recitativo secco* and

C. W. Gluck

(Engraving by S. C. Miger after the painting by Joseph Duplessis)

consequently bare of true music; then, when the explanations have been made, the singing recommences; there follow sonatas or concertos for the voice, wherein the virtuoso shines, while the words seldom have any direct bearing on the drama; they are *concetti*, sentences similar to the moral in the fables, their commentary and conclusion, but not at all the action itself. These accessories are clad in a music that is ofttimes lovely and provides the singer with vocal feats; but no depth of emotion can be expressed by it.

Such a conception of art was too foreign to Gluck's genius for him to feel any temptation to refine upon it; the chasm was deep, and his initial efforts to reform Italian opera were of no avail.

Such was not the case with French opera, whose tendencies were much more in line with his own.

The second reason that induced Gluck to go to France, aside from music, probably had no less influence on his course.

At this juncture a wave of reform (tantamount to revolt) was sweeping over Europe from France, where it took its rise. Adventurous spirits unfettered by prejudice—the "Philosophers," as they were called, or the "Encyclopædists," to conserve the representative appellation which they had borrowed from their chief work—were endeavoring to treat with open minds, and to fathom as far as possible, the most important problems concerning the State, religion and conscience; not disdaining to discuss the arts, as well. They loved music, and clearly recognized the place due to it among the manifestations of human genius. Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Diderot and Grimm, friends since their meeting in Paris as youths, passed many an hour grouped around a clavecin, or, accompanied by other friends, held rendezvous in the parterre of the Opéra on seats in the "coin de la Reine," applauding their favorite music—Italian—and, after the theatre, writing and publishing pamphlets that start miniature revolutions and provoke violent clashes amid the turbulent frequenters of the back-stage, the salons, and the cafés.

At the very period to which the commencement of our story carries us back, these young men had an opportunity to make themselves heard, and not without éclat, in a quarrel that rent the musical world for several years.

In the middle of the eighteenth century it had long been understood that there were two kinds of operatic music, the French and Italian; and each of these styles seemed to constitute a domain so completely distinct that it had never entered into

anyone's head to pass over from the one to the other. They were like two countries separated by frontiers, and incursions set on foot from either side would, as a matter of course, have been taken for declarations of war. Was it, indeed, impossible to find a way over?—was no entente imaginable? When Joan of Arc, pressed by the questions of her perfidious judge, expressed the hatred which she, as a good Christian, felt for the enemies of her country, she declared: "I love the English—in England!" Similarly, it was permissible to love French music in France and Italian music in Italy; but the one must not be exchanged for the other. Comparisons had been learnedly set forth; but up to that time the discussions had remained academic. Certain Frenchmen had even ventured to express a preference for transmontane music.

In France itself French music had found adversaries. French opera had existed for eighty years, and since its inception had undergone but little change. It still remained Lully's tragedy in song; or there might be divertissements intertwined with the dramas, or alone and self-sufficing; the spirit, like the forms, varied hardly at all. Rameau, treading the same path, had ingrafted on music a new enhancement, an unhoped-for element of life; but this did not suffice to rejuvenate an aging genre that needed complete renovation. Besides, the author of *Castor et Pollux* had not found it easy to gain acceptance for some of his innovations. A routine had established itself; many people felt it to be unpermissible to do otherwise than Lully had done.

Others, on the contrary, were frankly bored by this eternal reiteration; they demanded something new.

Early in 1752 the Opéra, reduced to subsisting year in, year out, on its past, staged a revival of an old opera by Destouches, *Omphale.* What need was there of reviving *Omphale?* That is something that no one could understand who was not aware that the Opéra was at the end of its repertory, and could only offer its shopworn assortment over and over again.

One of the young men whom we have seen grouped around the clavecin and discussing matters musical, Grimm, recently returned from Germany, had no difficulty in seeing through this awkward manœuvre. Desirous, above all, to attract public attention to himself, and knowing that he was sure to do so by attacking the established order, he aimed at the Opéra; pouncing upon a cadaver, he published a pamphlet, "La Lettre sur Omphale." At that time the periodical press was nonexistent, except in the form of some informative broadsides; ideas could find expression and dissemination only through the medium of pamphlets and open letters,

which attracted public attention all the more for being rare. The "Letter on *Omphale*" therefore raised a storm. And its first effect was to impress upon the public mind that French music was not invulnerable. Was it really possible to speak thus disrespectfully of any such venerable production of the past? And then this pamphlet, overpassing its aim, dared to promulgate principles. In concluding his letter, Grimm vindicated the right of a writer to guide public opinion, almost to dictate it. "It is the artists' part," he wrote, "to create works; it is the philosophers' part to set forth their laws."

The echo to these remarks was not slow in returning. First came the "Remarques au sujet de la lettre sur Omphale," followed by a rejoinder by Grimm in the form of a letter to Abbé Raynal, dated on Easterday after his exit from the Concert Spirituel, at which Italian music had been performed—an excellent opportunity to launch new tirades against French music. Jean-Jacques Rousseau now entered the arena; outvying Grimm, he was not satisfied with attacking this music and its authors, Rameau in particular, but in their despite resolutely espoused the cause of transalpine music. This was something entirely new and positively audacious.

All these publications appeared during the course of the first six months of 1752.

Perhaps they would not have produced a lasting effect if, just in the nick of time, an incident that seems almost providential had not intervened to reinforce their impression.

On August the 1st, 1752, a troupe of Italian singers (the Bouffons) arrived in Paris to present, on the stage of the Opéra, Pergolese's *La Serva Padrona*, and, on succeeding days, other intermezzi, which they sang in their mother tongue. This was "the invasion"; the barriers were forced by a surprise attack, as it were; the enemy was within the gates! The war was on—"la guerre des Bouffons." Parties were formed, and occupied positions in the theatre—on one side, the "coin du roi," were grouped the partisans of old French music; on the other, the "coin de la reine," were assembled the fanatics of Italian art, turbulent youths, "the real connoisseurs, talented folk, men of genius," according to Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who ardently espoused their cause; "occupied, despite its obscurity, by illuminati," as Grimm had it. Polemics were renewed at fever heat; the multiplication of pamphlets began again. D'Holbach wrote, in satirical vein, a letter "to a lady of a certain age," wherein he quizzically declared all was lost: "The Frenchman has abandoned the music of his fathers! There is laughter in the Opéra: is there not cause for

tears?" It was youth, it was life, that had invaded the morose auditorium—not without strenuous opposition. Grimm again takes pen in hand to evoke the images in his "Petit Prophète de Bœmischbroda," in which he vaticinates after a fashion that, in itself, was enough to win the laughers over to his side. He discourses about everything and, since he is a prophet, albeit a "little" one, needs must that he should prophesy; not contenting himself with what his own time offers, *sub specie* "my servitor Pergolese," he seeks to penetrate the future, and therein envisions a man who will attain to a loftier art than that of the intermezzi: "I shall teach you [so he tells him] how to make such as Andromache, Merope and Dido speak." This musician of the future is now well known to us; though it is not Andromache or Merope whom he will endow with speech and song, it will at least be Alcestis, Clytemnestra and Iphigenia (we shall not include Dido, for that would entail reaching on to Berlioz). Thus these men of the eighteenth century (all animated by the same spirit, as we shall soon see) announced a necessary and inevitable renovation, that was speedily to find signal realization in Gluck.

The men of letters had, of a truth, taken the floor to discuss these musical affairs. D'Holbach once again, and then Diderot (in support of Jean-Jacques, at that time his friend), were the first to have their say and publish their screeds. Most high-pitched of all was the "Lettre sur la musique française" by Rousseau, an article of capital importance in many respects. We shall return to it later, merely noting for the present the above polemical writings which were, in a sort, the prologue to more serious debates and events.

However, while passing over the extraneous incidents attendant on these quarrels, to which public attention has been only too strongly attracted, we must try to show what they really meant. As already observed, all these writers, these "philosophers," loved music; not one of them wanted to stand aside from the contemporary current of ideas that stimulated the activity of that art. Let us pause for a moment, that we may essay to come to an understanding of the secret springs of their endeavor, and of the principles or intuitions whereby they were moved to formulate those doctrines which, from an outside source, were to result in such important creations of art.

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One might imagine that Voltaire stood apart from this movement. Not at all. Although he passed the greater part of his

life far away from the ancient centres of art, he seized with avidity upon all the rumors that penetrated to him. He kept himself informed of what was doing in music throughout Europe, and sought to become acquainted with new productions. It was he who penned the following brilliant definition of the opera, covering the ground in a few lines:

> Il faut aller dans ce palais magique
> Où les beaux vers, la danse, la musique,
> L'art de tromper les yeux par les couleurs,
> L'art plus heureux de séduire les cœurs
> De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique.
>
> (Repair ye to that magic palace-hall,
> Where music, dancing, tuneful verse, and all
> The color-maze that dazzles by its art,
> And the yet happier craft that wins the heart,
> Blend with a hundred charms in one delight.)

Never would a poet of the era of Louis XIV have discoursed of the opera with so great delectation!

He, who had won world-wide fame by his literary works, was ambitious to collaborate with musicians—in contrast with the great tragedians of the seventeenth century, who, as born enemies of music, held that poetry was sufficient unto itself. Voltaire, the author of *Zaïre*, *Mérope* and *Brutus*, wrote an opera-poem for Rameau (Orphée-Rameau, as he dubbed him) entitled *Samson*, and this at a time when Rameau had not yet made his début on the stage and bore the ill reputation of a learned musician, besides having been refused the collaboration of the librettists then in vogue. For several years we find him passionately addicted to such lyric work, which, unhappily, betrayed his very expectation, for it failed to receive the honor of a performance, and was probably not even finished. The same mischance befell him with regard to an opéra-comique whose poem he wrote for Grétry, who was then at the beginning of his career, and he met with no better fortune in this species of literary composition. Should not the confidence thus manifested by such a mind in the artists for whose débuts he hoped to smooth the way, be set down to the credit of his perspicacity in musical affairs?

In the innumerable writings that he gave to the world during the course of his long life, Voltaire bears witness to this constant train of thought. Beginning with the preface to his first tragedy *Œdipe*, he deals with the employment of the chorus, manifestly a musical subject; then, extending his horizon, he admits yielding to the charm of opera, which (he remarks) transports one into

fairyland; in this one sentence we note his approach to modern conceptions; did not Wagner himself lay down the principle, that legend is the essential poetic subject-matter of the musical drama? Twenty years later, apropos of his *Sémiramis*, he asserts that it is through the opera that the antique tragedy renews its life. Moreover, he criticizes the Italian operas, with their little set airs, their detached ariettas, etc.; at the same time he declares that the best among the sung tragedies of France—*Alys*, *Thésée*, *Armide*—are, among contemporary productions, those that best evoke the spirit of the Greek stage.

Far from Paris at the epoch of the War of the Bouffons, he manifested in certain pungent sallies the ill-humor these dissensions aroused in him. To his mind, one ought to be allowed to enjoy either sort of music at will:

> Êtes-vous pour la France, ou bien pour l'Italie?
> —— Je suis pour mon plaisir!
>
> (Are you mayhap for France, mayhap for Italy?
> —— I am for what I like!)

He dreamed of "effecting a reconciliation between Italy and France." While working on his libretto for *Samson* he advised Rameau to "unite with his fine music a few airs in a chastened Italian style," and to let Dalila sing "some lovely airs in which French taste is blended with the Italian."

He finally succeeded in elevating the debates above the clash of styles and of national musical mannerisms. In an essay written down to popular understanding and included in his "Mélanges littéraires," he recognized the necessity of pursuing a different path. Discussing the decadence of the opera, and asking "by what shameful usage is music, that can exalt the soul to lofty emotions, employed among us only in singing love-ditties in vaudevilles?"—he concluded as follows:

> It is to be hoped that some genius may arise, strong enough to convert the nation from this abuse and to impart to a stage-production that has become a necessity the dignity and ethic spirit that it now lacks. . . . The tide of bad taste is rising and insensibly submerging the memory of what was once the glory of the nation. Yet again I repeat: The opera must be set on a different footing, that it may no longer deserve the scorn with which it is regarded by all the nations of Europe.

Prophetic words, and justly severe, as well! Where could he be found, that strong genius for whom Voltaire hoped, of whom he dreamed as realizing, in France, such a lofty ideal of art? Far away from Paris, no doubt, or from Ferney. But patience. He

will arrive in good time. Perhaps at this very moment, in Vienna, he is occupied with reading Voltaire!

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All the leading minds then astir in France were seeing like visions of a musical future quite different from their present surroundings. Need we cite Jean-Jacques Rousseau, for whom music was so constant an obsession and occupation that it might be said his sole vocation in life (philosophy not having been such) was that of musician? We have already seen him, in 1752, in the forefront of the combatants in the War of the Bouffons. But, in spite of his apparent prejudice in favor of the exclusive use of the Italian language, his fancy transcends the limits which he ostensibly sets it. In his famous "Lettre sur la musique française," after beginning by proclaiming (like Grimm before him, but with greater force and authority) the right of philosophy to pronounce on questions concerning art, he says: "It is for the poet to write poetry, and for the musician to make music; but the philosopher alone is qualified to discourse meetly with respect to either." He pursues his musical exploration into the domain of the future as well as the present, and, for the third time in this initial essay, he heralds the advent of Gluck. Thus he forecasts the employment of a *recitativo obbligato* by means of which the composer could "make the orchestra express, by the aid of a symphony skilfully elaborated with a variety of pathetic airs, what the actor must merely recite." (A concise definition of *Agamemnon*, *Alceste*, *Oreste*, and *Armide*.) Again, he dreams of "a restrained and continuous accompaniment, a gentle murmur rather than distinct melody, resembling the purling of a stream or the warbling of birds; for then the composer could conceive a song-melody quite independent of the accompaniment, and, while designing the latter solely for the presentation of accessory ideas, should so dispose the vocal part as to give the orchestra frequent openings." (Does this not read like an advance description of the entrance of Orpheus into the Elysian Fields, or of Renaud into the enchanted gardens?) Then, deciding to take up French music by itself, Rousseau subjects to a meticulous—and severe—analysis a certain passage of music that passed for a chef-d'œuvre, the monologue of Armida in Lully's opera; but, at the same time that he exposes its shortcomings, he shows how it ought to have been done. And this lesson was not lost, for Gluck will soon be in a position to profit by it. With his first steps in the new path

he proposed to follow, he showed how forcibly these observations of the philosopher had struck him. On the eve of his departure for Paris he wrote: "The letter wherein this great man proffers an analysis of the monologue of Armida, by Lully, proves the lofty scope of his knowledge and the infallibility of his taste." And the day is approaching when he will set this same poem to music, and it will be seen whether Gluck was not, down to the least detail, to apply faithfully and realize to the full these very conceptions of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

Everything that Rousseau wrote about music converges toward similar aims. A great number of articles in his "Dictionnaire de Musique" (some of which had been written for the Encyclopædia) announce the same principles as the preface to *Alceste* and the musical results realized by their application: the indispensable accord between the words and their vocal setting, the pathetic and oratorical accent, and the nuances in expression according to the dramatic situation or the individuality of the characters. "I admit," says Rousseau, "that it is only men of genius who feel and set forth these differences." These men of genius will assuredly appear in due course—or at least one.

He likewise insists upon the intimate fusion of this threefold element in the lyric drama: music, poetry, and stage-play; also on the rôle of the orchestra, "which has learned a language of its own to support the words," which goes so far as to "depict things that must remain unuttered"—slumber, the calm of night, even the solitudes of silence—or express the secret thought of some personage which his speech belies: "The actor, agitated, transported by a passion that does not permit him to say all, halts, breaks off, with reticent pauses during which the orchestra speaks for him."

Nothing whatever like this had been said or, probably, thought before Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Neither had it been expressed in music before Gluck.

Their agreement was further manifested in a yet more apparent and concrete fashion. Rousseau had written pages of lofty criticism, couched in the most eulogistic terms, touching *Orphée* and *Alceste*, and, save on certain days of splenetic humor, had most sympathetically welcomed the musician, with regard to whom he neglected no occasion, public or private, to express his admiration. He was overheard to remark when coming out from a performance of *Orphée:* "Now that one can have such great pleasure in the span of two hours, I begin to think that music may be good for something."

As for Gluck, he had deliberately placed himself under his patronage. Thus it came about that, in the letter to the "Mercure" with which he strove to cope with the difficulties that beset his arrival in France, he felt moved to formulate this memorable opinion:

> With the aid of the famous Rousseau of Geneva, whom I proposed to consult, we might, by our united quest of a melody that should be at once noble, affecting, and natural, paired with the declamation proper to the prosody of each language and the character of each people, succeed in establishing the procedure I seek for producing a music congenial to every nation, and in doing away with the ridiculous distinctions in national music.

Thus these two great geniuses, who, the one by reasoning, the other by his art, were to revive the collective mentality of their epoch with far-reaching future effects, were united and wellnigh blended in a common endeavor that was fruitful for them both.

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Diderot, the authentic creator of art-criticism in France, whose "Salons" are still accounted models of penetration, esprit and taste, although he was chiefly attracted by the plastic arts, could not fail to devote a portion of his attention to music. In the collection of his Complete Works it has been possible to include an entire volume on music, by gathering together stray writings that he scattered here and there. Without dwelling on his "Le Neveu de Rameau," replete with most original observations and widest freedom of thought—applied principally to the uncle of said nephew—we can even credit him with a work on musical technique; to be sure, he did not sign his name to it, but we know from a reliable source that "Les Leçons de Clavecin et Principes d'Harmonie" of Bemetzrieder were written or, at the very least, edited by him; and this Bemetzrieder, who was the clavecin-teacher of Diderot's daughter (herself an artist of parts), was also a "man of ideas," and the criticisms that he drew down upon himself from superficial and narrow-minded scribblers all go to prove the ingenuity and independence of his mind.

As remarked above, Diderot took part in the disputes of the War of the Bouffons, siding with the "talented folk, men of genius," as Rousseau called them. Some of the broadsides that appeared at this time were attributed to him; even if some of these were not from his pen, they assuredly represented his

opinions, in common with those of all that turbulent youth. It was he who edited for the Encyclopædia the articles relating to musical instruments. The ideas advanced in his widely dispersed writings testify to his constant devotion to the progress and evolution of the art of the future.

These men, whose audacious conceptions were to provoke a universal revolution a few years later, were foremostly revolutionaries in music. Diderot could rightly appreciate and admire the musical genius of Rameau; but he set down at its true value the false conception of French opera—and of Italian opera as well.

> What is [so he asks] the model for the musician or for song? It is the declamation. Accent is the seedbed of melody. There is not one beautiful air that could not be remoulded into a beautiful recitative, neither is there a fine recitative that a skilled craftsman could not fashion into a fine air. Through the medium of song, voice and instrument shall we become habituated to the imitation of the accents of passion or the phenomena of nature, and still preserve our taste for flights, for lances, for glories, for triumphs, for victories? Go on and see if they come, Jean!

Such are a few of his notions concerning dramatic music. He avers, assuming a certain air of mystery, that the music "of the divine Lully, of Campra, of Destouches, of Mouret, and even of the dear master (Rameau), is somewhat flat." As all this was said at the moment when the first attempts at establishing a new art, the comedy-opera (*opéra-comique*), were making their appearance, Diderot lost no time in pouncing upon these products of the hour, whether they were an aftercrop of those imported from Italy by the "wretched bouffons," or those interpreted by the "*canaille* that sings at fairs"; and he declares that "in four or five years, dating from *Le Peintre amoureux de son modèle*," not a soul would attend the Opéra.

All the while he strongly feels that something else is needed, and so returns to his former idea: "It is for the brute cry of passion to dictate the course we ought to follow."

But where find the musician who will harken to that cry?

In another article, the "Troisième entretien sur *le Fils naturel*" (one of his dramas), Diderot puts still more pointedly the question touching the future of dramatic music. After dwelling once again on the wonted parallel between French opera and Italian opera, he proceeds quite simply to seek among the masterworks of classic tragedy for the model of a poem adapted for musical setting. To this end he selects, as an example, Racine's "Iphigénie en Aulide," and cites certain lines which he declares to be

the most lyrical and most suitable for musical imitation. It is Clytemnestra, raising her cry of despair in contemplation of the imminent sacrifice of Iphigenia. Says our author:

> A fine subject for a *recitativo obbligato!* Between the successive phrases plaintive ritournelles could be interpolated, and what might not be done in the characterization of the orchestral part! It seems as if I could hear it. . . . The aria begins with "Barbares, arrêtez!" Let the musician declaim for me this "barbares" and this "arrêtez" howsoever he will; he will evidence his own notable sterility if these words are not, for him, an inexhaustible source of melodies.

That Diderot could have written thus in 1757 proves him possessed of the genuine gift of second sight, for all that he so describes in advance was realized in 1774 in Gluck's *Iphigénie en Aulide*, wherewith the composer made his début on the stage of the French Opéra.

Again, in the same place, the philosopher addressed to this unknown musician, as though he saw him in the flesh, this direct appeal: "May he appear, the man of genius who shall present genuine tragedy, genuine comedy, on the lyric stage."

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D'Alembert, whose ideas took a yet loftier flight, did not care to mingle in these musical affrays in company with his friends; but he was none the less on their side, and, soaring to greater heights, necessarily viewed matters from a higher plane. He too was devoted to the cause of music, both as a defender and an illustrator. In his introductory remarks for the Encyclopædia he conceded it a broad field in the domain of human activities. Here he paid tribute to Rameau, that "artist-philosopher . . . a virile genius, bold and fruitful, who has reflected on the theory of his art and reduced to more definite and simpler laws a science which, before him, was given over to rules that were arbitrary or dictated by blind experimentation." And a step further: Convinced of the truths discovered by the great musician, but having detected the obscurities in their enunciation, he undertook to elucidate them; and the *résumé* that he set down is far better adapted for the propagation of Rameau's ideas than the writings of Rameau himself. It was not his fault that the author of *Castor et Pollux*, preferring his haughty isolation to the society of men who, though younger, were none the less well worthy to become the companions of his old age, turned his back upon them and, because of some disagreement, due to personalities rather than principles, touching

the taste for French music as compared with Italian, confronted them as a proud and implacable adversary. D'Alembert, in his discussions with Rameau, replied in a spirit conformable at once to present realities and to the views he held concerning the future:

> I venture to believe that art can advance further than you think. . . . All music that is in any way a novelty requires familiarization in order to suit the taste of the vulgar. Let them enjoy their tranquil pleasures in peace, but let them not assume to prescribe those of the following generation.

Such are the ideas that d'Alembert sets forth in a work whose title sufficiently discloses its tendency—"La Liberté de la Musique." In this treatise, issued subsequently to the War of the Bouffons, but before Gluck's advent in France (towards 1760), he berates the intolerance of those who wrangle over musical questions with a bitterness not justified by their theme. "In all nations [he observes with a certain irony] there are two things that one should respect—their religion and their government; in France one more is included—the music of the country. In the lexicon of certain persons [he continues] the terms bouffonist, republican, frondeur, and atheist, are synonymous." He has a liking for Italian music and sympathizes with its partisans, but he does not feel obliged, on that account, to condemn French music. Directly addressing Rousseau, after having praised his *Devin du Village*, he criticizes the conclusions drawn in his famous letter: "I believe very firmly, with him [so he declares], that we have no music; but I cannot share his opinion when he adds that, if we never have any, it will be all the worse for us." Yet he admits that some newcomer might lend wings to this art that he declares to be non-existent: "Even if we were reduced to the alternative either to keep our opera as it is or to substitute Italian opera for it, we might perhaps do well to adopt the former course." And again: "Let an opera by Metastasio and an opera by Quinault, set to good music, be performed, and I have no doubt that such comparison would result favorably for the French work."—Quinault set to good music! Rousseau had already demonstrated what might be made of *Armide* by a musician worthy of such collaboration. Once again is Gluck prophetically announced.

Over and above this, d'Alembert could not refrain from delivering himself of the following reflection: "How little all this argumentation counts when it comes to creating a work!" But if it actually served in provoking such creation, did not the thinker himself accomplish a useful and salutary task?

These ideas, on whose ultimate aims the leading minds of the eighteenth century were in full accord, had been so effectually spread abroad that we find them reiterated by writers of lesser stature, plain "honest folks" (*honnêtes gens*), as they were called in the preceding century. Take for example the Venetian Algarotti, friend of Voltaire and correspondent of Frederick the Great, who in due course wrote a book on the opera; true Italian though he was, he pleaded the same cause as had found the support of the French. He advocated the establishment "of new laws in the realm of music," and these laws, based on the principle of the union between music and poetry, were to have the effect of provoking a revolution that should overthrow the sovereign—that is to say, the virtuoso—and transfer the power to the hands of the musical adept and, even more, of the poet. It is necessary, he adds, to "correct the abuses that have crept into opera, by restoring it to its earlier and legitimate form." These are the same views that we are about to meet with as presented by the pen of Gluck. Chastillux, who translated Algarotti's work and, despite his prejudice in favor of Italian music, could not escape coinciding with the conclusions of its author, adjoined to the didactic essay two attempts at its realistic fulfillment, namely, two poems, the first being an "Iphigénie en Aulide," and the second "Énée à Tarsie." The former subject, already recommended by Diderot, was soon to be dealt with by Gluck; the latter was taken up a century later by Berlioz, the musician of the nineteenth century in closest affinity to Gluck.

And, should we care to pursue our search through the gazettes, the "Mercure," the various correspondences and broadsheets, we could find many other items in confirmation of the wide dissemination of these ideas.

In the meantime, Gluck, far from the country that was producing these vibrations so akin to those he himself sent out, cherished his conceptions. Better still, he created. He gave *Orfeo* in 1762, *Alceste* in 1767. In the famous preface which, in derogation of all the anterior operas, he affixed to the score of the latter work, he wrote these words:

> It has been my aim to put an end to all the abuses which, introduced by the overweening vanity of the singers and by the too great complaisance of the directors, have long disfigured Italian opera.
>
> I have dreamed of reducing music to its true function, which is, to second the poetry in the expression of the sentiments and the situations of the plot.
>
> It is my belief that the coöperation of the instruments should be regulated in proportion to the interest and the passion, and that in the

poetic exposition there should not occur a glaring disparity betwixt the aria and the recitative, in order that the flow of discourse may not be checked, and the force and warmth of the action infelicitously interrupted.

There is no rule that I have not thought it my duty to sacrifice in favor of results.

In the above declarations we find the very ideas that had been expressed by the French writers, the "philosophers"; and if in some of their discourses we had already noted the word "revolution," Gluck had not feared to follow on the road to freedom which they had marked out. The last of his quoted remarks, that there was no rule he would not sacrifice, is in itself a complete revolutionary program.

But (it might be objected), if Gluck did nothing more than apply ideas that were common property, how could he be original and individual?

Well, this is the sort of specious reasoning that wholly misconceives the nature of art-creation! The artist's mission is not to state ideas, but to produce works. Others may have been able to suggest the spirit in which this mission should be accomplished, and his desert is assuredly not diminished if he has followed their lead. Certain persons, who from time to time have made bold to proclaim themselves the initiators of Gluck's reform, have not done much more, contrasted with him, than play the part of the fly on the coachwheel. A case in point was the second-class poet with whose collaboration he was enabled to take the first steps toward the accomplishment of his definitive work—Raniero di Calzabigi. It was he who boasted of having told Gluck what he ought to do—almost of having done it all himself! After bringing him the poem of *Orfeo ed Euridice*, he claims that he gave him detailed explanations and strict instructions, going so far as to mark in his manuscript, by means of lines of his own invention, the accents on which the voice should ascend or descend, etc. Oh! what a good evangelist, and how worthy of credence! This Calzabigi was an intriguer of the baser sort, an adventurer compromised in equivocal affairs, all of which did not preclude his possession of a decided talent, but which permits us certain reservations with regard to his veracity. It is evident that Gluck, being a musician, needed a poet to collaborate in his work, and he never denied him his due for the assistance rendered; this attitude found little response on the part of Calzabigi, who talked of "my Orphée, my Alceste," wherever he went. But there is nothing in these vaporings to affect us; *Orphée* and *Alceste* are by Gluck and

owe everything to Gluck; and this is so true that, after the cessation of their collaboration, when Calzabigi tendered new poems to other musicians, none could make anything of them, and no other success could be obtained with them. This was because Gluck's reform was a musical reform; and although others, of greater merit than Calzabigi, were enabled to become associated with that reform, it is none the less a fact that it was he alone, a genius of puissant lyricism, who was its author.

Gluck had, after all, won only partial success while wasting himself on vain endeavors in Vienna. To be sure, the melodious airs of *Orfeo* had been applauded; somewhat less the dolorous harmonies of *Alceste;* still less the dainty cantilene of *Paride ed Elena:* but that neither hindered the operas *à la* Metastasio in pursuing their successful course, nor ousted the virtuosi of the Court Theatre from their mastery of the field.

Meanwhile, far-away voices reached his ear from France: "It is to be hoped that some genius will arise, strong enough . . ." (Voltaire); "May he appear, the man of genius who shall present genuine tragedy on the lyric stage" (Diderot); "Art can advance further than some think. . . . And I cannot share the opinion that, if we never have any music, it will be all the worse for us" (d'Alembert).

This predestinate man of genius, who was to overpass all the rest and rejuvenate the art of a great country, was himself; Gluck instinctively felt it. Nearing the end of his sixtieth year, he resolved to go to Paris.

We have already cited a few remarks whereby, in order to prepare his advent, he put himself under the patronage of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. It is necessary to dwell on one essential point: "I seek . . . to do away with the ridiculous distinctions in national music."

No one living would have been entitled to make so far-reaching a declaration except this cosmopolitan musician who all his life had wandered about the world, not like an expatriate but, on the contrary, like one at home in every country. Bear in mind that he was born in a remote village of Central Germany, to return directly to Bohemia, the land of his ancestors, passing thence into Austria and thereafter to Italy; then visiting England, and on the way back making a stop in Denmark, later in Northern Germany; then returning to Vienna, where he thought of remaining permanently, but radiating thence into divers other far countries. Hitherto, the only one he had not visited was France. Thither it was, nevertheless, that destiny called him; he felt it, he knew it.

He was well aware of the spirit pervading the land in the search after true expression of emotion and fidelity to nature—a spirit which, at that very hour, was being disseminated throughout the world by the thinkers with whom he was in such complete accord. On arriving in Paris he must have felt that something missing until then had been added for his completion; here he found himself in his real intellectual fatherland.

The philosophers who more than twenty years before, from the inception of the first war between French music and Italian music, had led the affray, were no longer there to take part in new combats; but their spirit still survived, and even those who were remote from the scene were interested in this latest evolution which they had prepared.

Voltaire, on the morrow after *Iphigénie*, wrote: "We are all for Gluck at Ferney." The veteran was deserving of a certain credit for this testimony in favor of a music which he felt to be different from that of his youth, and with which he was not yet well acquainted. "They have sent us some airs that my niece, a fine musician, considers very good; but as the accompaniments were lacking . . ."—Gluck's music without "the accompaniments"—really, that is not enough!—Subsequently he reports: "A lady whose voice much resembles that of Mlle. Le Maure sang me a *recitativo misurato* by this reformer and gave me the liveliest pleasure." On another occasion he writes: "Will I not come to hear *Orphée*, that people prefer to the music of Rameau?" And again: "It appears to me that Louis XVI and M. Gluck are going to create a new epoch." This man, whose prophetic vision embraced a universe, felt an instinctive sympathy for an art that was to become the art of the future.

Diderot was also distant from Paris, at the court of Catherine in Russia. On his return he deemed it the part of wisdom to refrain from participation in new disputes; nevertheless he wrote, under the alias "Bemetzrieder," an "Essai sur le tolerantisme musical" (Essay on Musical Toleration; 1779, at the height of the war between the Gluckists and the Piccinnists), in which, while arguing in favor of liberty in art, he let it be clearly understood that his sympathies were on the side of the reformer.

D'Alembert likewise held aloof from the affray; the high position that he had won in science did not allow him to commit himself is a matter of disputes which were sometimes conducted on rather a low level. But it may be imagined that he did not disagree with his friend Mlle. Lespinasse in this outpouring of ardent enthusiasm: "My friend, I have just heard *Orphée;* it has

soothed and calmed my spirit. . . . This music grips me; my soul is athirst for such poignancy of woe. I was thrilled by the anguish, the felicity of the passion, etc." And we have already noted the enravishment of Jean-Jacques Rousseau when he had an opportunity to hear Gluck's music performed, instead of merely reading the score. To those who found fault with it as wanting in melody he responded: "I find that songful melody (*le chant*) gushes from all its pores"; and if he heard discussions on the qualities or defects of any music other than this, he contented himself with warbling, as if lost in ecstasy, "Ah! j'ai perdu mon Euridice!"

And now new writers who, truth to tell, were only the odds and ends of the philosophers and Encyclopædists, plucked up heart to fall in behind them and swell the following of Gluck. The principal champion was Abbé Renaud, a southron possessed of the abundant and picturesque eloquence peculiar to natives of that region, together with a fund of solid attainments; an enthusiast with a great love of music, an art to which he had from youth planned to devote a voluminous work (which he never wrote, for he was one of those southerners who like to talk better than to write). "One should not [so said Grétry] always listen either to Diderot or to Abbé Arnaud when they give rein to their imagination; but the primary impulse of these two ardent men partook of divine inspiration."

Suard, younger than these, was on the contrary a cold-blooded man. Early an intimate of the salon of Mme. Geoffrin, he was during his needy youth a protégé of Holbein, d'Alembert, Voltaire and Buffon; thereafter he himself won a high position among men of letters. Closely linked with Arnaud, he became his associate in the defense of Gluck. Arnaud was impulsive, a man of initiative and imagination; Suard, a man of cool calculation, who guided the pen. Gluck owed much to their concerted assistance.

Certain others, of similar antecedents, might have marched beside them; but for various reasons they went over to the opposition.

One such was Marmontel, former prize-pupil of provincial academies, author of official poems for the glorification of kings, protégé of Mme. de Pompadour, a journalist without malice and, for that reason, at first unsuccessful, though finally winning success with moral tales not on a par with those of Voltaire. One fine day he won fame through his incarceration in the Bastille for a satire he did not write. As the author of wretched tragedies, and of some libretti for comedy-operas that were somewhat better, he was made for subordinate jobs, and incapable of rising in spirit

to the plane of the noble conceptions of genius. He would gladly have collaborated with Gluck; but when he saw his ambition in this direction frustrated, he joined the enemy.

He now met with La Harpe, a ridiculous, spiteful and bigoted pedant who might have merited more or less esteem if he had limited his ambition to the compilation of grammars, but who, when it came to pronouncing judgment on matters of art, discovered a total lack of comprehension.

Such were the principal personages on whom it devolved to direct public opinion with regard to its attitude toward Gluck's deserts and the dispute in which he was opposed by Piccinni. They were, even those first named, on a plane certainly lower than that of the philosophers who had led the earlier war. And, as frequently happens in such conflicts, the wrangle soon degenerated to the low level of personal imputations. Gluck had to defend himself against accusations of plagiarism; he was deeply hurt. The rivalry thus stirred up in his despite was, moreover, a sufficient reason that he, a master of superior genius who had come from afar to accomplish his high mission, should feel profound disgust at finding himself entangled in such intrigues at a time when he had almost finished his task, and the far-reaching reform at which he had aimed was accomplished to the extent that he could expect.

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The true inwardness of the matter, the real gist of the opposition whose effects were so painful to Gluck, is compressed in a brief dialogue between Abbé Arnaud, a well-nigh fanatical admirer of his, and an Italian who could not endure any attack on his national music:

"He has rediscovered the dolor of the ancients," said the former after hearing *Alceste*.

To which the other responded:

"I should prefer the pleasure of the moderns."

He who pronounced this memorable dictum was the Marquis of Caraccioli, ambassador from Naples to Paris. He was playing his part; he sustained the cause of the music of his country, preferring Italian sensualism to Gluck's austerity.

Gluck continued the tradition of French opera. He was not in competition with either Lully or Rameau; on the contrary, he completed them. To do so, he levied on other resources;

thereby he confirms the universality of his artistry. But it was in France alone that he was permitted to find a favorable field for the accomplishment of his mission, and only after responding to the call of French philosophers was he enabled to achieve his glorious task.

(*Translated by Theodore Baker.*)

EURHYTHMICS AND ITS IMPLICATIONS

By E. JAQUES-DALCROZE

FOR over twenty years I have been professor of harmony at the Conservatoire of Geneva. During this period, I have had many opportunities of recognising how defective were the majority of my pupils, even the most advanced, in the most elementary musical ability. I found the simplest elements, the "knowledge of sound" and the "sense of rhythm," so imperfectly developed that theoretical instruction could be imparted only in the most tortuous way, and amid continual obstacles. It was chiefly important, in the classes I was then teaching, to find a systematic method for the formation of tonal feeling and the sense of harmony. A number of exercises, whose object was to perfect the hearing and to obtain the so-called "relative" audition, immediately met with satisfactory results, though they were found to be incomplete as soon as the voice, the natural instrument for controlling the ear, was compelled to make the sounds rhythmic and accurate at the same time. Then I had the idea of instilling into my pupils a sense of rhythm by making use, not of theoretical explanations, but rather of sensorial experiments. It was my aim to develop the temperament first, and then the sense of metre, for the two are complementary. How many there are, possessed of spontaneous rhythmic faculties, and yet unable to express themselves except irregularly. And how many others excel in harmoniously timing inadequate emotional expansions.

Consequently, it was my object, after endeavouring to train the pupil's ear, to awaken in him, by means of special gymnastics, the sense of his personal body-rhythm, and to induce him to give metrical order to the spontaneous manifestations of his physical nature. Sound rhythms had to be stepped, or obtained by gestures; it was also necessary to find a system of notation capable of measuring the slightest nuances of duration, so as to respond both to the demands of the music and to the bodily needs of the individual.

Experience has shown me that far more people are musically gifted than is generally imagined. Often have I found musical talent latent in persons whom no master had succeeded in educating along artistic lines. Now, talent can be developed only through physiological experiments. The school should attempt not only to increase the number of a child's attainments, but also to develop

his sensibility. Rhythm plays an important part in every manifestation of human nature. Long ago, the Greeks attached great importance to rhythmic movement. They recognised the beneficent influence of a rhythmic education of both body and mind. They also knew that this rhythmic education was capable of influencing the inner life of man. Plato said:

> Rhythm, *i.e.*, the expression of order and symmetry, penetrates by way of the body into the soul and into the entire man, revealing to him the harmony of his whole personality.

How important a part is played by the rhythmic impulse in everyday life! It is this that facilitates all movements, once metre has rendered automatic those that are isolated. On the one hand, rhythm rouses the powers of man and ensures continuity of effort; on the other hand, it husbands these powers, creating alternatives of activity and rest. Capacity for work is thereby increased and work is done joyfully, and without distaste.

Primitive peoples introduce rhythm into their work by singing; when tired, they obtain relief through rhythmic movements to the accompaniment of the tom-tom. In these days, owing to the development of modern life, the rhythmic sense is paralysed in many of us, even partially destroyed. Machinery has taken the place of handicraft; man has become the slave of a machine. Instead of mastering work, he has become its slave. The natural rhythms, developed in him by the movements of sound, find themselves atrophied. It is possible, however, to restore to man these natural rhythms. Intelligent education may awaken the whole of those powers of expansion, of *élan* and elasticity, which make up the instinctive rhythm of an individual. Then it will undertake to coördinate spontaneous movements, to eliminate those that are unnecessary, to harmonise and proportion their association or dissociation. The study of rhythm is essentially physical; it develops the unconscious manifestations of the temperament. The study of measure depends on intellect and reason; it develops the powers of control. To vibrate *without measure*, then to express oneself *in measure:* such is the province of man and of the perfect artist, who is able to combine in his life and work the qualities of vital expansion which constitute rhythm, along with those intellectual qualities which create order in time and "metrical harmony."

Thus do the nervous system, the intellect and the soul become strengthened and unified, awakening in man the sense of rhythm and music. Once the bodily rhythms are completely freed from

all nervous or intellectual oppositions, the play of movements becomes automatic, and the elimination of unnecessary muscular contractions produces a notable diminution of effort.

And so the activity and free expansion of the motor sensations, along with the possibility of harmonising them, should be the object of a dual and common education in man.

Why are there so many people who, with crowds of ideas and emotions in mind and soul, are yet incapable of coördinating these ideas and mentally reviving these emotions in all their fulness and power? This appears to be due to the fact that the sensations which called forth these thoughts and emotions were not sufficiently deep-rooted, and did not stir the entire organism, as they ought to have done. The sensations have acted on an undeveloped body without any natural aptitude for rhythm, lacking in measure and balance, and reacting but partially. The discipline of sensation and the practice of impulse at every stage of energy and duration, are at the root of all education of the personality. These psycho-physical exercises are also the foundation of rhythmic gymnastics.

The special merit of gymnastics based on rhythm is that it unites the body and soul in education, blending them in a close correlation. What is rhythm? Is it spiritual or corporeal? Assuredly it is both. There is no rhythm which is not manifested physically; the rhythm of sounds, for instance, implies the rhythm of breathing or that of those portions of the body which are moved by a musician when playing an instrument. Thus it may be said that no rhythm can take place without the participation of the bodily powers. Neither can any succession of rhythms come about without the collaboration of the mind, for this requires a coördination, a definite sequence, an equal distribution of forces in time and space. Everything rhythmic therefore implies complete union of mind and body, creating the miracle of their close interpenetration. Here, indeed, is found the moral value of all rhythmic gymnastics as well as its influence on the hygiene of body and mind.

A mind, educated and strengthened in accordance with our principles, will be able to exercise absolute sway over the body. And the body in turn, formed and instructed by the principles of rhythm, will readily come under the sway of the intellect.

Psychologists have long since recognised what an influence rhythmic movements are capable of exercising upon the brains of abnormal children. Naturally their influence is as great upon healthy children, possessed of a more complete power of relaxation.

Muscular sensations enrich the brain, and man is at once both the possessor and the distributor of vital powers, To prevent himself from becoming the slave of these powers, and to remain constantly their master, man has need of rhythm—the coördinating element of all his activities.

Vital rhythm, well controlled and placed deliberately at the service of expression, is the beginning of art. No movement could be perfect without being easy; it could not be easy without being beautiful. The training of the natural rhythms of the human organism quite naturally endows beauty with a body, and this in the best possible way, that of nature. By being ingrafted upon the physical nature, music becomes more human, at the same time spiritualising all bodily forms. Sound movement becomes plastic, sound is converted into image, sequence of sounds into harmonious bodily movements.

The three main branches of instruction that I recommend are: rhythmic gymnastics, rhythmic solfège, and rhythmic improvisation, *i.e.*, rapid composition. These three elements are dealt with separately. They are however, connected together by movement, and their mutual action is such that they cannot exist without—and continually complement—one another.

The muscular and nervous systems should be so formed and developed that the body may be capable of reproducing any rhythmical movement whatsoever. On the other hand, the ear—the recipient of music—should be trained to recognise and to differentiate between all sound-rhythms. No one can be a musician without possessing the faculty of recognising and combining sounds, as well as that of regulating and accentuating their movements. All movement should proceed from within; it should be lived and then externalised. As Mattis Lussy said: "Every musical manifestation has a physiological basis." For this reason it is necessary to teach children in school to convert the cadenced movements of music into cadenced movements of the body, and *vice versa*. Space and time should be subject to rhythm. The object of rhythmic gymnastics is the perfection of the strength and suppleness of the muscles in terms of time and space. We must not assume any rhythmic exercise without musical accompaniment, for music alone permits of divisions in time. It penetrates direct into our nervous centres, and rapidly and immediately controls the division of time and space. In addition, it is a superior agent of healthy excitation.

Truly rhythmical movements ought to come about impulsively and spontaneously. They overcome the oppositions naturally

met with by every kind of inadequately exercised movement, and produce activity that is both instinctive and conscious. On the one hand, the movements should take place automatically; on the other hand, the pupil should create at will movements to which he is unused. He learns to obey orders given by music within a minimum space of time. He practises reproducing movements by observing and noting the rhythms produced by his companions. This method of observing and reproducing, however, does not constitute mechanical imitation. To be able to reproduce a rhythm, one must have it in oneself, assimilate it. Gradually the pupil will need only a minimum of strength and will to carry out the most complex rhythmic exercises, all the various oppositions having been overcome and causing no further obstacles. Thus children from ten to twelve years of age, after three years' teaching, can produce physically the most complex rhythms without fatigue, even without the slightest intellectual preoccupation.

The bodily gracefulness that ease affords has caused certain teachers—unacquainted with the intimate nature of rhythmical exercises—to think that this method mainly aims at creating harmony of movement. This is quite a mistake. The various dance and calisthenic systems show the pupils how to acquire *external* gracefulness. Now, eurhythmics pursues no æsthetic object whatsoever; it proceeds *from within outwards* and its influence is exercised upon the whole body. Its exercises arouse the muscular sensibility and regulate the relations between the two poles of our being, the physical and the intellectual. . . . Alas, how few children can dispose freely of their natural means of activity and expression! To think and act rhythmically is to permit the establishment of easy and normal communications between all the centres of our psycho-physical activity. Few children are born rhythmical. No sooner had I introduced my rhythmic exercises into children's classes, than I was struck by the abnormalities of every kind shown in many of the pupils. I speedily came to recognise that the bodily defects of these children were closely related to defects of character. A certain child, unbalanced in gait, was found to be unbalanced in reasoning power; another, incapable of stepping to music without lagging at each step, found it difficult in school to follow a discussion or an explanation; another, who *hurried* ahead as he advanced, passed his emotional and intellectual life in precipitate excitement. . . . When I started classes for teachers of my method, I became still more certain and convinced.

It is sad to note how few completely normal children there are in a class. What different forms may be assumed by that malady —so serious and yet so seldom analysed and treated by doctors— which has been given the name of *arythmie* or lack of rhythm! This is due to disharmony between the cerebral driving machinery and the practical motor forces. At the outset of my experiments, I was content to bring regularity into gait and gesture, to force the body to act accordingly. Then, discovering that the irregularity was often the resultant of insufficient spontaneity in motor rhythms, I instituted alternating experiments, some of which aim at arousing and exciting the temperament, developing the muscular elasticity without which no nervous reaction can impart full impetus to the motor system, while the rest, once the impulsive faculties are unconsciously and irrationally developed, aim at harmonising and coördinating them in accordance with the laws that control the relations between time, space and dynamic force.

It was my teachers' classes that showed me the manifest power of rhythmic gymnastics in transforming the mind along the lines of greater self-possession, stronger power of imagination, more constant mental concentration. Did this mean that children could not profit, equally with adults, from eurhythmics? By no means. Still, the effect of my exercises was inevitably feebler when lessons were few and far between (two lessons per week are insufficient to cure abnormal children!) than in classes where eurhythmics is practised for two hours each day. Consequently, in future I shall carry on my work by attempting to introduce rhythmic gymnastics into the elementary schools, with one daily lesson of fifteen or twenty minutes, or perhaps four half-hour lessons per week.[1] Under these conditions, I imagine that motor habits will become regularly established in five or six years. Naturally, such an upheaval of the school curriculum will not come about without a severe struggle. It seems to me, however, that if nerve specialists would be good enough to study my experiments carefully, they would speedily recognise the therapeutic value of exercises that control muscular contraction and relaxation, in every nuance of time, energy and space. I have had occasion to give lessons to large numbers of ultra-nervous children, all suffering from too frequent contractions and irregular decontractions, or from too deep-rooted vital expansions, *i.e.*, from too rapid and complete exhaustion. Others were incapable of rapid impulsions, or of natural successions of quick and slow movements.

[1]The results obtained in certain village schools of Switzerland are perfectly satisfactory.

The constant preoccupation of the intellectual centres to control the motor apparatus produces a state of irritation, discouragement and lack of self-confidence which only increases the nervous disturbance. All this results in obsessions which interrupt normal life and end in creating imaginary diseases. How many adult pupils there are, suffering from pianist's or violinist's cramp, who—when freed from the constant preoccupation of the "dashing effect" which their lack of technique prevented them from carrying out—have regained full use of hand or arm!

Remember that the master must be continually advising the pupils to relax, and that the laws of movement, according to our method, are wholly dependent on the state of relaxation which precedes movement. Each movement may have an endless number of preparations which the various systems of hygienic and sport gymnastics study but accidentally. Indeed, their object consists rather in developing muscular energy and in teaching a great number of specialised movements. Such training is evidently necessary. But the object of eurhythmics is—in addition—to enable the pupils to invent, and afterwards to perform, any succession or combination of related or unrelated, coöperating or antagonistic movements. Our exercises tend to set up an uninterrupted current between imaginative conceptions and practical results. We are dealing, so to speak, with permeation of the intellectual by the irrational, and, as Ribot says, of the unconscious by the conscious. The effect of these exercises, in persevering subjects capable of gauging their strength, and of setting up in their lives an alternate rhythm of work and rest, is to release the mind from morbid obsessions and to instil into the whole life more of naturalness and of *abandon*, at the same time strengthening clarity of vision and developing the will. It is such joy to succeed in acting freely through eliminating useless manifestations, to give ourselves up, body and mind to the expression of feelings, to act without exaggerated analyses or explanations, and to escape from the *deceitfulness of words!* We thus regain, as it were, the virginity of vital elementary impressions. We are not ashamed to let ourselves go, because we know that there has been created within us a regulating force which will keep us from *excessive* self-abandonment. And we joyfully give ourselves up to the natural expansion of our feelings and sensations, because we feel that by fullness of life our whole nature becomes transformed.

This joy is evidently also created by the fact that lessons are taken in common, to musical accompaniment. Music forges a link between the pupils. A multiple life animates every organism,

constituting a single rhythm traversed by many currents, all differing in expression, though inspired by one will. In the combination of movements—frequently so beautiful—of ordinary gymnastics, the body-rhythms of several gymnastics do not combine, or complete each other; their forms alone frequently repeat themselves. Here there is no true polyrhythm, for what we have is not collaboration of act and thought but rather repetition of an act imposed on a consenting mass. In the combination exercises of rhythmic gymnastics, each participant feels himself responsible for the execution of the common rhythm, just as each player in an orchestra is aware that the isolated part he plays cannot be withdrawn from the "whole" without injuring the thought and life of the work itself. During a lesson in eurhythmics there comes into being a sort of special atmosphere, filling each pupil with a quite individual sensation of solidarity. A force similar to that of electricity permeates the hall, linking the various organisms to each other. Frequently a single antagonistic thought or the fatigue of an individual breaks the charm and destroys the cohesion of all these agglomerated human rhythms, productive of one common rhythm that throbs with an intense collective life. The sense of being one in a host of vibrant thoughts and wills momentarily destroys all personal preoccupation. In many cases, my pupils have been cured of *idées fixes*, of special obsessions. Many others have regained self-confidence once they are able to see clearly into their own body and mind, to grasp the relations that unite physical and intellectual rhythms.

These results, confirmed by all teachers who have followed out my experiments, prove that education by rhythm is calculated not simply to develop the æsthetic sense—as so many think—but above all to mould the child's character, to give him courage and make him in love with life. I think that this quality possessed by rhythmic gymnastics, of overcoming bashfulness and timidity, is calculated to influence not only the imaginative and creative powers but also the general health, seeing that it gives power to struggle against disease or bad habits. It was as a musician that I invented my system and thus I continue to teach it. Nevertheless, I regard it as my duty to point out to specialists—both in education and in medicine—my conviction that the cultivation of temperament, along the lines here suggested, may contribute to the moulding of greater, more imaginative and more worthy human beings.

(Translated by Fred Rothwell)

THE SIGNS OF STYLE IN MUSIC

By VICTOR BELAIEV

1

Style and the Idea

STYLE is a relative concept. The question of style is the question of its relativity, *i.e.*, of the extent to which the elements are present in an artistic composition. Style cannot exist apart from a composition, though the existence of the latter is theoretically conceivable independently of style, which is actually only one of the factors contributing to the shaping of an idea into a composition. The presence of style in a composition is the presence of a particular formative principle, sufficiently simple so far as its elements are concerned, and extremely complex in the reciprocal action of these elements on each other and on the remaining elements entering into the composition.

The idea is the primary factor in an artistic work and conditions the whole process of its creation. As the primary factor the idea is in itself absolutely without style. It may be compared to the atom containing two mutually opposing electricities, making it on the one hand the simplest of complex phenomena, and on the other securing for it the possibility of linking up with other idea-atoms, without which neither the thinking nor the creative process can exist. The idea of a composition is the thought clothed in the form of a definite thesis which impresses some outlook on life; that is to say, it has the significance of a certain general attitude, which is at the same time actual, and not purely abstract, nor even materially abstract. The assistance of style in the formation of a composition does not take place until the primary idea-atom has begun to group around itself other idea-atoms; and even then style does not immediately enter into its rights, but has to come after other formative factors, such as grammar, logic, etc.

Directly style is able to put in an appearance, a reciprocal action is set up between it and the ideas of the composition, transmitted from the one to the other by means of thousands of threads, which are sometimes very difficult, if not quite impossible, to follow. Style, once born, acquires the importance of an instrument of production, and like any other instrument affects the

process of the work—helping it in some cases and hindering it in others. When the thought runs in the usual channels and is moulded into forms familiar to the artist, the assistance of style facilitates the operation; but it becomes a hindrance if the artist's thought is not satisfied with the forms to which he is accustomed, and which he has previously employed, but seeks others in which to embody itself.

What part in the formation of an artistic composition is left to the share of style? In other words, how can style be defined? It may be defined as the combination of the methods of expression employed in any composition. The purpose of an artistic work is to produce an effect on men—it does not exist of itself nor for itself. To accomplish this purpose it must appeal to the intellect and the senses; that is to say, it must be both intelligible and striking. Style, as defined above, is called upon to satisfy the latter requirement, and this fact not only puts the concept of style in a secondary position in respect to the idea of a composition, but also establishes its close connection with the other factors which give form to the idea, and which in their turn are formed by style.

One of the most essential prerogatives of style is its prominent rôle in the economy of creation and the creative process, since economy of the means of expression appears to be a fundamental requirement of style; in all the other factors which help to give form to the idea this is absent, and is replaced by the demand for adequacy of expression. Economy of the creative process is, of course, a very relative concept, varying with the interpretation of the term at different periods. What is economical for one period or form may be extravagant for another, and vice versa. In any case, however, the principle of economy of the means of expression is always and inalienably present in the concept of style.

Style may have various qualities, according to the art to which it is applied, to the period in which it is created, to a number of other causes. Nevertheless, two only need be considered as fundamental elements: (*a*) economy of the means of expression and (*b*) clearness of the means of expression. The mutual distribution of these elements in a composition creates its style, which quantitatively (the economy of the means of expression) may vary from the laconic to the verbose, and qualitatively (the clearness of the means of expression) may include the whole gamut of the shades of expression. The fundamental elements of style are capable of analysis into "sub-elements," but this usually leads to the establishment of the elements of good style

and not those of style in general. As we are confining ourselves here to the determination of objective concepts only, it is understood that the terms "economy" and "clearness" of the means of expression include all their gradations, taken not merely with a plus but even with a minus sign. In practice the concept of style in general is usually employed, instead of that of good style at which we have hinted.

2

Style and the Composition

A composition is the result of giving form to an idea. It is the conglomeration of the idea-atoms grouped round the fundamental idea-atom upon which it is based. At the same time, a composition is the outcome of an effort of the human will, and is not spontaneously developed. The positive and negative electricities of the idea-atom are blind in themselves, and it is only through obedience to the forces of attraction and repulsion that the idea-atoms are able to form a mechanical union with innumerable other idea-atoms. The human will is directed towards the employment of these or other means to attain its purpose, which is the development of an idea into a finished work of art. It seeks a way to accomplish this and finds it in the process of construction, the plan of which provides the scheme of the composition, the result being achieved in the form of the latter.

Thus the method by which an idea takes form in a composition will be as follows: (1) the point of departure—the idea; (2) the plan in view—the scheme; (3) the process—the construction of the composition; and (4) the result—the finished form of the composition, which may be regarded as the culmination of the creator's conception.

The actual process is, therefore, merely one of construction, the material being provided by the primary idea-atoms with their power of forming a union with other ideas, and by the more complex agglomerations with their centres of attraction (the individual finished sections of a composition). The working-out of a scheme —in itself a creative process with all its specific peculiarities—is not important in the construction of a composition, for which a scheme is only of consequence as a ready-made product, as one of the formative means, to a considerable extent, but not entirely, predetermining the formative process. The latter appears to be the most weighty moment in the creation of a composition, and in it many factors participate—beginning with the blind efforts of the idea-atoms to combine, and ending with the higher process

of selecting possible combinations of the idea-atoms and their self-organized agglomerations.

The higher process is the treatment of the material from the point of view of style, and is preceded by the logical and grammatical working-up of that material. Logic controls the collation of the ideas and the inferences to be deduced thereform. Grammar introduces orderliness into the methods of providing the ideas with an adequate external form (the expression "external form" is here used in its most restricted sense). Style, however, makes a selection from the material thus provided by logic and grammar, with a view to the requirements of economy and clearness of expression, and in this respect it proves to be the main factor in determining the proportions of a composition, *i.e.*, the distribution of tensions and relaxations (the quantitative selection), and of light and shade (the qualitative selection and elaboration of the material).

Once it has made its appearance, style begins to have a sort of independent existence. By virtue of this, the demands of an established style, for instance, are not less considerable than those made by the constructive side of the scheme of a composition. The importance of the methods and usages of style often determines, not merely the construction, but even the scheme, *i.e.*, practically the entire form assumed by a composition. In this event the equilibrium between the style and the ideas is destroyed or, to be more exact, we have a preponderance of the mechanical methods of style (inasmuch as the habitual always borders on the mechanical sphere) over the creative.

Style also sets out to reveal its true nature, which has much in common with that of logic and grammar, and consists in the traditionalism of its fundamental methods. The stylistic methods and customs, in growing complicated and augmenting the supply of its means of expression, form whole layers or strata in the art of any period, exercising a substantial influence on the development and shaping of the material. They are then able to fetter the creative imagination, turning it in the direction of the employment of the customary methods of expression.

As we know, every young author experiences at the outset of his creative activity a series of extraneous influences and undergoes an imitative period. The latter is due to his imperfect mastery of the methods of style. Logic and grammar, and even form itself, are factors more neutral than style, which imparts expressiveness to a composition and is the most actively impressive principle.

From the foregoing it is evident that the composition and style are not one and the same thing, since a composition is the result of shaping an idea into a conception, whereas style is only one of the forms assumed, one of the methods of building up the material.

3

Style and Dynamics

We have seen that the style of a composition is neither the starting-point—the idea—nor the result of the creative process—the finished work. The former is by nature without style, the latter is to a considerable extent the outcome of the development of the material on the lines of style. A composition is neither logic, nor grammar, nor style—it merely bears the impress of development in accordance with all three. What we usually call the style of a composition, and define by various more or less rational or more or less paradoxical methods, is only the expressive exterior. Essentially the combination of the expressive means of shaping the material, style is a dynamic concept, *i.e.*, a factor and not a result of the creative process.

As a phenomenon of a dynamic order, style is very closely connected with the tempo of life; at the same time it economizes in every possible way the expenditure of energy on the part of the receiving consciousness. This is so evident that no special explanation is required. By the expression "tempo of life" we mean the filling-up of human life with events. The tension of the tempo of life depends on the rapidity with which these events change, and this tension has an immediate effect on style, since style is the product of life itself.

We thus come into close contact with the question of the connection of style with some particular historical period, or with time in general. The conception of time existing at any period finds its complete reflection in the style of the works of art of that period.

The dynamics of style are manifested in all the time-arts in the process of the construction of the material of a composition, though the actual scheme of that construction must foresee the effectiveness of the principal dynamic moments of the composition. If we turn to literature and take, for instance, the sphere of the novel, we shall find in the scheme a distribution or, to be more exact, a marking out, of the climaxes and the chief stages in the development of the plot. At the same time we shall discover the actual process of the construction of the scheme, beginning with

the grouping of the characters and events, and the determination of the motives forming a logical connection between them, and ending with the external finishing touches, which fix the dynamism of the process in forms having this or the other style. With the drama, again, we have a far greater degree of dynamism, as the descriptive element, essentially indispensable in the novel, is replaced by the scenery, and the description of the behavior of the characters (and to some extent of the motives prompting them) by the acting.

As is always the case in the phenomena of life, especially in those of a creative order, there is a close coöperation between all the aspects of the vital process. Thanks to this the separation of any side of the creative process from the others can only be relative and not absolute, *i.e.*, it cannot be regarded apart from the others. In defining the concept of style we must compare it with other concepts, and we can do this only abstractly and theoretically, and not practically and actually. In separating the concept of style in its most essential qualities from those of form, logic, and grammar, we cannot ignore the reciprocal action which exists between them, and which creates an intermediate concept having signs mutually common to the others, and often distributed in the intermediate concept in a very capricious and complex form.

4

The Signs of Style

The concept of style, like any other positive concept, must have its corresponding negative—in this instance the absence of style. From the moment style begins to exist as a phenomenon, we can hardly speak of its absence, though it might be possible to do so prior to its creation. We must, therefore, recognize that in a sphere in which style in general can be discussed it must be present, and that it can only be absent where the concept of style is not generally applicable. That is to say, we can merely speak of the degree to which it is present; if there is more of it we shall call it "good style," if less "bad style." By what signs can we distinguish good from bad style? By those deduced from the definition of the concept style. If we admit that it is the combination of the means of expression used by the composer to attain the maximum effect with the minimum expenditure of energy by the recipient, it will be evident that the chief signs of style are those peculiar to its principal elements, *i.e.*, economy and clearness of the means of expression. As already stated, these are

relative concepts, and their limits coincide with the extent of the faculties of our receptive organs in relation to the actual reception. The only standard by which the quantity of style present can be determined (the term "quantity" is used intentionally, instead of "quality," which would seem more fitting here) is the method of comparison usually employed in analyzing the style of a composition.

But the accuracy of this analysis is prejudiced by the fact that we also have to do with secondary signs, and that the signs of other factors involved in the concept of style are often unconsciously substituted for those of style. The secondary signs, quantitative and qualitative, are connected in some way with or deduced from the principal signs. For instance, the secondary signs in regard to the principal qualitative sign of clearness of means of expression will be intensity, expressiveness, etc.; and those in regard to the principal quantitative sign of economy of the means of expression will be brevity and all the concepts connected with duration. Thus we can include amongst the signs of style such expressions as simplicity, clearness, naturalness, etc.—briefly all the terms in the critic's lexicon which have to do with the two fundamental and principal signs of style.

In accepting this position it is also necessary to recognize that the establishment of the signs of style must follow the experimental method, and that a practical approach to the business in hand must include, first of all, the compilation of a dictionary of critical terms applicable to the quantitative and qualitative fundamental elements of the style of any composition or period. In the final result we shall have a rather small number of signs characterizing the quantitative side, and a very considerable number characterizing the qualitative side, with all the positive and negative gradations, amounting in the long run to the concepts "good" and "bad," *i.e.*, to concepts connected with the question of taste.

In spite of the objections to the estimation of works of art from the point of view of taste, and the efforts to discover a means of objective appreciation, absolute objectivity is unattainable, and the only substitute is appreciation in accordance with a more or less universal or social standard, determined by a continually increasing number of individuals who think alike on the subject.

All human vitality, whether of man himself or of his creations, is of a social order. Style, as a dynamic factor, is also a factor of a social order, since its principal signs include the sign of quality, which needs the approval of some social group, large or small.

In demonstrating the reciprocal action between the style and the ideas of a composition we indicated the possibility of defects in the style of a fine work and of merits—even outstanding merits—in the style of a work of less consequence. We also admitted that a composition might be estimated not only from the point of view of style, but also from other aspects, the most important being the idea, the form, and the construction—the working-up of the material into the form. The feasibility of a comparative appreciation of all these aspects is based on the fact that the form, the style, and the construction, like the whole conception of the work, depend on the fundamental idea and are to a considerable extent conditioned by it, though they themselves do not condition the idea. From this point of view we are quite correct in speaking of the complete or incomplete embodiment of the idea in respect of form, style, etc. The appreciation of each individual factor, however, depends on its existence as a separate phenomenon.

5

Signs of Style in Music

We have shown that there is a difference in dynamic intensity between the novel and the drama, *i.e.*, between two of the forms of literature—the verbally-descriptive time-art. Literature deprived of the verbally-descriptive means of expression would prove to be—if such were possible—a transitional step towards music—the purely dynamic time-art. It is evident that in some respects literature and music meet on common ground, whilst in others they are at variance. The element of sound is common to both, but music, as compared with literature, is more remote from life and at the same time, owing to its greater dynamic saturation, has a more powerful emotional effect.

Music is a time-art pure and simple, whereas literature is a blend of the time- and descriptive-arts. The latter quality—descriptiveness—provides a bridge between literature and the depictive arts (painting and sculpture), of which, for practical purposes, architecture is an abstract form. The predominance of the formal element allies architecture to music, which is a sort of abstract literature (it uses none of the images employed by literature) and seems to be, rather than really is, a more formal art than literature. The resemblance between music and literature, very often emphasized, closes the circle of the arts, as it were. But this is only apparently so, as at both ends of the spectrum of the arts we have, so to speak, infra-musical and ultra-architectural

phenomena which are beyond the reach of the human senses. Furthermore—and this is a very essential fact—we can pass from music to architecture through literature and the depictive arts, or from architecture to music through the depictive arts and literature, but not from music to painting through architecture. In the latter case the only intermediary is literature, which supplies us with a verbal programme of a musical composition and at the same time expounds the subject of a picture.

Music being purely a time-art, is based on the relative idea of time prevailing at one or another historical period. This idea of time, as we have indicated above, is the product of sociological factors in the widest sense of the term.

From the definition of style as the combination of the means of expression it may be inferred that its descriptive qualities, applicable to literature, have no meaning for music. Thus, so far as the latter is concerned, the qualitative characteristics and signs of style play a considerably small part, whilst the sphere of the quantitative signs (the reckoning of time) is greatly extended in comparison with that of literature in general, and of poetry (the form of literature nearest to music) in particular.

Thanks to the predominance of the element of style in musical creation as compared with the elements of logic and grammar (the latter is very vaguely recognized in music), and also to the purely dynamic quality of music as an art, we usually find that the estimate of musical compositions is confined to their style, and that taste very often enters into it. In this connection the use of the word "style" is more frequent than in the case of any of the other arts except architecture. We divide the history of music into a series of styles which replace one another—the monodic, the contrapuntal, and the harmonic. These differ in the methods of treating the musical (tonal) material, and embrace a wider sphere than the concept of style, which is an exact concept. Monodic music, being written for a single voice, lacks counterpoint and harmony, with which it may be contrasted. Counterpoint and harmony, however, differ from each other in the purely technical methods of developing the material—methods which cannot be referred to style in its unadulterated form.

The signs of style in music are its two main principles in their present form—the quantitative principle in its mathematical aspect, and the qualitative principle in its specific application to music. Quantitatively, good musical style is based on the principle of the measurement of time and the regularity of the proportions and equilibrium of the parts resulting thereform; qualitatively,

on the selection of homogeneous material for the purpose of giving form to the idea of the musical movement, *i.e.*, the dynamic idea, which has no connection with any external forms analogous to those of the other arts. In our harmonic music the choice of material is based on and regulated by the acoustic principle, and the characteristics of the style of any period, school, or composer are mainly to be seen in the chordal combinations employed. These characteristics are so plainly evident that they may be separated into distinct groups—such as tonic, subdominant and dominant—and the development and growing complexity of each group may be followed throughout a considerable interval of time.

The quantitative signs of style in music, as in any art, have a decisive influence on the form of a composition. The qualitative signs, however, constitute the chief element of the expressive side of music, in so far as any change in the harmonic aspect is promptly reflected in the melodic aspect, as well as in the orchestration and the timbre expressiveness.

The history of music is really the history of the development of musical style, but not in the sense in which it is usually understood. No music can be considered to be lacking in harmony. Even monody is harmonic music in so far as (apart from acoustic conditions) it anticipates and prepares for the harmonic style in the turns of the melodic phrases, as well as in the organization of the complexes of tones employed in the latter. The subsequent history of the development of music is concerned with harmonic styles, from the interval to the chord. The contrapuntal methods, lately revived in the form of what is known as "lineality," appear to be only a means to the active recognition of the harmonic laws, which amounts in the long run to the recognition of the possibilities of style in harmony. To use a common expression, we are now on the eve, let us say, of the quarter-tonal style—using the term "quarter-tonal" in the sense of the need that has been made clear for smaller tonal units than those hitherto employed. But it would be more correct to say that we are approaching the period of quarter-tonal music or ultrachromaticism, which must replace our chromaticism, just as the latter replaced diatonism.

If we grant that style is preëminently a dynamic factor, we must admit that its development, particularly in the case of musical style, keeps pace with the general development and complication of the dynamics of life. We must therefore recognize that the musical style of our period, as associated with human experiences, is intensely dynamic, reflecting all the technical and nervous tension of our age. In this connection the contemporary

style must be described as a complexity (the quantitative sign of style) of the mathematical ratios employed in the stylistic elaboration of the musical material, together with a certain brevity (laconicism) of form, and a concentration of vigorous expression on individual moments of a composition, as the indispensable means of reacting on the nervous nature of modern man. And this is what we see in actual fact. The peculiarities of modern as well as of previous musical styles have not yet been thoroughly studied, but the fundamental stylistic principle of our own period appears to be the complexity of the details (against this we have the simplification of the forms) and the concentration of the attention on the salient, persistently emphasized, and often repeated central ideas of a composition. This change in style accounts for the declining interest in Wagner's music, with its broad proportions and its prolonged periods of strain, calculated on the protracted immersion of the receptive consciousness in the torrents of sound, and on a certain vigor and endurance of the nerves in this respect.

I cannot refrain from pointing out that, just as the development of music is the development of its style, so the individual development of the composer is the perfecting of his own style. The creative work of an artist is usually recognized as comprising three periods: his student years, his mature period, and the period of intense creative power, during which the ideas for the future are generated. In the case of a musician these three periods are often regarded as representing the three styles of a composer. As in the other arts, the idea of a composition, of course, plays the predominant part, and the distribution of the elements of style in a composition depends entirely upon it. In some instances the style is dominated by the idea (a poor style in a fine composition); in others the idea finds adequate representation in the style (a fine style in a fine composition); in others, again, the idea is so unimportant as to be lost amidst skilfully employed stylistic methods (a poor composition with a fine style)—methods inherited by the composer from bygone times.

We have seen the great importance of the stylistic elaboration of the material in a musical work. This is due to the fact that the sphere of grammar, which has so much to do with literature, is reduced almost to a minimum in music, being restricted to little more than orthography. Owing to the general nature and the formlessness of its ideas, grammar surrenders a considerable part of its functions to the logic of musical thinking, which controls the change of harmonies and tonalities and their distribution in a composition. Thanks to the presence of the mathematical

principle in a musical work, form in music assumes clear-cut outlines, the finished quality of which can be demonstrated by means of precise measurements. As for the thematic development of the material, thematism—constructively at least—is closely connected with the harmonic (stylistic in one respect and logical in the other) factors.

Whilst emphasizing harmony as the principal component of musical style, we cannot ignore the influence of the construction and technique of musical instruments on the style of the works written for them. But despite the immense importance of this factor in the formation of musical style, we must in this respect assign the priority to harmony, as the element determining the most essential, significant, and profound features of musical style.

Having regard to the fact that the constructive process is common to all the arts, and in view of the similarity of the method of giving form to the material (the idea, the scheme, the shaping, and the resultant composition), the comparative study of the styles of all the arts may yield substantially important practical results, by elucidating the real nature of all the formative factors and the part played by them in the creative process. The relativity of the concepts connected with the style—itself a relative concept—requires the comparative method of investigation, and no other.

(Translated by S. W. Pring)

RACE VALUES IN AFRAMERICAN MUSIC

By PAUL FRITZ LAUBENSTEIN

Preservation and Vogue of the Negro Spirituals

THE main steps in the process by which the sacred folk-music of the Negro has been saved and has come into its own can readily be traced. The emancipated freedman was only too willing to allow this, to him unpleasant, reminder of slave days to perish with the conditions that brought it forth. The Negro had already learned from his master to "line out" hymn tunes, and by 1867 these had begun to supplant his own more humble spirituals. Nor were the earlier songs apt to be any more to the taste of the aspiring Negro student of the *post-bellum* era. At positive factors in the preservation of this music, one may poins to the magazine articles of the fifties and sixties; to the publication of "Slave Songs of the United States" by McKim, Allen and Ware in 1867; to the appreciation of its religious and musical value by educators from the North in the decade following the Civil War; to the pioneer work of Fisk University, and then of Hampton Institute, in collecting these spirituals; and still later to the efforts of Calhoun, Atlanta and Tuskegee. In the seventies came the *Ausbreitung*, with the traveling troupes from Fisk and Hampton presenting new beauties to the eyes of an astonished world. With this early work of collecting and popularization the names of Spaulding, Higginson, Miss McKim, Ware, Allen, J. M. Brown, Seward, Fenner, White, Pike, Marsh and Cable are inseparably connected.

Following this more sentimental awakening came the recognition of the national significance of the Negro music. Yet Dvořák was not the first to call the attention of Americans to this fact. The reviewer of "Slave Songs" in *The Nation* for Nov. 21, 1867, writes: "We utter no new truth when we affirm that whatever of nationality there is in the music of America she owes to her dusky children. Negro minstrelsy sprang from them, and from negro minstrelsy our truly national airs." Indeed, "Evangelist" in "Dwight's Journal of Music," in 1856, had already written: "The only musical population of this country are the Negroes of the South." And in the Preface to the 1891 Hampton collection of spirituals, Edward Everett Hale is cited as referring to them as the only American music.

But it was left for Dvořák, Coleridge-Taylor, Henry F. Gilbert and Henry Thacker Burleigh to lead the way in revealing the artistic possibilities of the Negro folk-song and its idiom, both in stricter and freer, and in larger and smaller forms. Aside from the national element, the religious appeal, the vivid poetic fancy, the tunefulness and the lilt of the spirituals go far in accounting for their vogue as evidenced by the numerous utilizations, adaptations, arrangements, transcriptions, etc., accorded them by both Negro and white composers. Some six hundred spirituals may be found in the various collections, and a developmental study of the songs will repay the student interested alike from the religious, the musical, the literary, the psychological and the sociological points of view. But better than all is it to hear them sung by an unaccompanied group in their native habitat.

In recent years, interest in the secular songs of the Negro has proceeded apace, and a comparative study of these with the spirituals presents some illuminating analogies.

I. Racial Continuity in Aframerican Music

Students of the human sciences who claim to be able to give exhaustive explanations of human phenomena in terms of heredity and environment doubtless claim too much. Yet to fail to accord due recognition to these factors is to fall short of a possible completeness of description. Racial qualities are extremely insistent and pertinacious, and nowhere more so than in cases involving the subconscious. Even had immigration ceased with the Revolution, it is improbable that we could talk to-day of an American race. The racial melting-pot brews slowly, and where, as in America, the segregation of the blacks is so widespread, the fundamental characteristics of the group in such semi-isolation may be expected to linger on. It would seem then that any serious study of Aframerican music should properly begin with a survey of those traits which the African, coming to American shores, was destined to turn to account in the production here of his own music; should endeavor to trace the persistence of those traits throughout the various phases of his musical development as affected by a changing social environment; and lastly, in the light of such study, should attempt some forecast as to the most fruitful musical evolution toward which these race values might be directed.

Only sketchily can the present essay follow the course indicated above, Section I concerning itself with the first two proposals, Section II with the more conjectural third.

a. The Perceptual Consciousness of the African

Like primitive peoples everywhere, the African untouched by European influence lives his life predominantly upon the plane of his sense impressions. These, taken at their face value, form the starting-point of whatever view of the universe is his. Epistemologically he is a realist of the first water. Corresponding to his acceptance of appearances as real is the immediacy of his emotional reactions to his sense impressions. To recognize that the consciousness of the African villager concerns itself with percepts rather than with more generalized concepts, and with the affective and the volitional rather than with the reflective and the speculative is to take the first necessary step toward understanding the native African genius and its various products—especially religion and music.

The perceptual nature of the African's consciousness is reflected in those dialects which have not yet passed beyond the early isolating stage to the agglutinative and inflectional types of language. Here the primitive mind is not able to grasp in one mental act a manifold of qualities, functions, etc., and bundle them all up implicitly and neatly into one word which immutably serves as a generalized conceptual summary of that whole class. Rather must it split the individual thing into its separate perceptual components and run them together explicitly as beads on a string. H. H. Johnson and Carl Meinhof instance the native practice of naming a thing in terms of its uses or its most striking qualities, and of dissecting every verb implying a composite act into the separate phases of the action. Hence the sum of qualities, functions, etc., indicated to the Occidental by the one word *pencil*, for this African becomes *stone-write-thing; kitchen* becomes *something-cook-place; nail* becomes *iron-head-broad.* To express the idea, "He gave the child a pencil," the native would refer first to the "taking" of the pencil, and then to the "handing" of it to the child. The same disjunctive tendency is seen in the larger grouping of words into sentences. "They are bad people who kill; we fear them" becomes "They—these they person—they bad—they who kill—we fear them"; or, "The tree falls; dost thou see it?" becomes "This tree—this here—this falls; thou this seest?" (In the face of this common repetition of the demonstrative pronoun in obedience to perceptual demands, is the American Negro's fondness for "dis yere" to be wondered at?) The result of this tendency is a certain bulkiness in sentence structure and in language,

not however incompatible with fluency. It is the price the African pays for his vivid impressions.

The keenness of the black man's senses has often been commented upon. He "smells out" witches, his ears are eyes for the darkness; the Bantu dialects are rich in descriptive adverbs. Junod relates that "for the wonderfully acute senses of the sons of the bush, everything—man, beasts, objects of Nature—speaks and thinks, and these adverbs try to express in picturesque words these actions, this language of the things, sounds as well as movements, attitudes, feelings, etc." For the African to "think" is to see and to draw a mental picture, to hear sounds and to become vocal, to perceive muscular contractions and to move about, to feel emotion and to express it. Miss Kingsley refers to the perpetual uproar of the African village and by contrast the intensity of silence when it does come, and describes the Bantu as thinking externally in a loud voice rather than internally. The African bushman draws large drafts upon life for the satisfaction of his auditory, his visual, his motor and his affective consciousness. Those drafts receive payment, among other ways, in his perception of meanings in sound and rhythm of which the white man is utterly ignorant, in his great susceptibility to music, rhythm and dance, and in his prevailing animism. Highly conceptual speech and the logical reasoning of the Occidental would not be sufficiently representative of, or related to, his vivid perceptual consciousness for him to assign the important place to them in his scheme of things as does the former. His visions have to do with real things and with real people; his "voices" can have only a personal source, motion can also be only a mark of sentient life. His animism leads him to talk aloud to his weapons, to have conversations with spirit guardians or familiar spirits and with those of dead relatives or friends; and, according to Miss Kingsley, "I have often seen a man, sitting at a bush fire or in a village palaver house, turn round and say, 'You remember that, mother?' to the ghost that to him was there." (The Aframerican workman has been known to apostrophise a tree, or butter, or to talk with his hammer or his hoe.)

The presence of this perceptual consciousness may be traced in the African's religion as practiced on his native heath, in his peculiar appropriation of Christianity in America, in that unique psalmody which it inspired—and beyond. A knowledge of certain features most distinctive of African religion cannot fail therefore to deepen our understanding of the life of the Negro in America, and particularly that life out of which came his music. For

without his religious susceptibilities, the ascendancy of Christianity over him would have been problematic, and without his contact with the Christian faith, there would have been no spirituals.

b. African Religion

Primitive Negro religion may be traced to two sources, in both of which can be found points of contact with Judaism and a Jewish type of Christianity, and which help to explain the appeal that the white man's religion, or certain aspects of it, made to him. There may have lingered in the background of the slave's mind some dim reminiscence of an aboriginal African pygmy's (1) "pure monotheism," referred to by Dr. Guenter Tessman, belief in God the creator to whom by (2) a resurrection of the body from the dead the whole man returns after death. Superimposed upon the original pygmy stock of beliefs and overshadowing it was the younger Bantu spiritism, the product of new needs, new demands. Characteristic of this was the acceptance of (3) a universal dualism of good and evil spirits which included a story of (4) the fall of man, and which with its belief in (5) spirits as representative of deity made easy within Christianity the transition to the belief in angels and in the localization of evil in one spirit, (6) Satan. If the perfectly good spirit God has an abode of perfect bliss, namely (7) heaven, its dualistic counterpart for Satan (8) Sheol, was not difficult to conceive. Such a counterpart Prof. E. W. Hopkins finds in the Dahomey Srahman (*dazi*). As there were good and evil spirits, so there were (9) God's men and (10) God's enemies among human beings. The feeling of being "God's man," of dependence on him, is a highly developed sentiment among the blacks—one is God's property and God must provide and care for his own. (11) Baptism was not unknown in Guinea, and (12) three and seven were used as sacred numbers.

It is tempting to refer all such fundamental similarities in ideas and practices to derivation from a common parent Asiatic stem, to early Semitic contacts via Arabia, or to the later Islamic invasion (similarly with the use by the blacks of the interval of the augmented second in music, so frequent in the Orient); and there may be truth in the matter. Yet history is replete, too, with examples of independent origins of identical beliefs and usages, when various groups, perhaps even heterogeneous and living remote from one another, react in the same way to certain phenomena of Nature. The question of a possible Negro-Semitic kinship is an intriguing one, but I rest content here with the

presentation of the resemblances and allow the ethnologists and philologists to do their worst. Thus continuing, I might mention, as shared in varying degrees by both Semite and Negro, the tendency to think in terms of pictures, sounds, motion; a fondness for parable and riddle, and a power of comparison enabling them to discover spiritual truths in homely facts or happenings; the use of taunt songs (surviving especially among the "colored" Creoles in America and in the Antilles); the persistence of necromancy; the scarcity of pure nature poetry; a susceptibility to forces of the Unseen—the tendency to attribute to the working of unseen powers what others would ascribe to human initiative; the prominent place assigned in religion, not so much to dogma or theology, but to emotion (it is well to remember that the doctrinal and the speculative sections of the Bible derive for the most part from the Greek genius rather than from the Hebrew); the use of the pronoun "I" in lyrical utterance with both an individual and a communal significance; the tabu of certain names; and the cryptic use of words such as the *Ku Pamba* in the Ba-Ronga dialect; in this connection, too, may be mentioned the African secret and conventional languages.

Of a semi-religious character are a few other African traits which have left their traces in America: the love of the mother and the persistence of the thought of her; the attribution of death, not to natural causes, but to the power of malignant spirits; compare, for instance, the following lines from an African song, in which the wizards who caused death are cursed

> "Go away, wizard! Killer of men!
> You take them during the night!"

with the lines of a spiritual

> "Early one morning death came creeping in my room,
> (variant—'knocking at my door')
> Stole my mother away!"

the holding of the "wake" over the dead body of a relative or friend; and the desire for a fine burial for oneself, relatives and friends.

c. The Great Change

The Negro's appropriation of the white man's religion was facilitated, first of all, by the linguistic and tribal disintegration which occurred in America. The fact that slaves from various

districts of Africa, as they met on the plantation, found themselves unable to understand each others' dialects, and that some conversation with their owners was involved in the discharge of their duties, laid upon the new arrivals the necessity of learning their masters' tongue as a common medium of communication. With the obliteration of tribal distinctions and organizations, the differentiating group notions and practices tended to disappear, and particularly those practices and institutions which the planter took pains to eradicate, such as the native priesthood, the licentious orgies and dances at their festivals, witchcraft executions, human sacrifices, and repulsive burial customs. Yet, some of the age-old, deep-seated racial ideas lingered on in the subconscious memory, ready to be caught up and given a new development in the new religion.

On the other hand, the African could scarcely fail to be impressed by the manner in which his master's religion made him superior to diabolical agencies, to accidents, disease, weather, and the like. Gradually, by the unconscious, silent influence of example and suggestion working upon his keen religious susceptibilities—perhaps more by this than by anything else—and by the deliberate but somewhat desultory efforts of owner and missionary, the great change to his own Christianity was wrought.

But, individualist as always, the Negro insisted upon making a choice. That choice was determined by the demands of his perceptual consciousness, for the exercise of which he found plenty of room in current Methodist and Baptist beliefs and practices. And as he chose these particular types of Christianity best suited to his needs, so he proceeded to choose the elements which were to make up for him his particular type of Methodist and Baptist religion. What this choice involved is reflected in the spirituals in which it is so largely embodied. From the religious and the musical points of view we may be thankful that the choices were such as they were, and that the emotional Methodism and the dramatic symbolism of the Baptists were ready at hand to satisfy the cravings of the Negro temperament. There would have been a different tale to tell, as regards his sacred folk-songs, had the Negro's religious environment been solely a formal Anglicanism or a set, ritualistic Romanism—both aristocratic in spirit and in procedure. In a Roman Catholic environment like that of New Orleans the Creole slave had indeed his Place Congo to which he could resort on Sunday. Here he indulged in his primitive dances, and thence he gave us some interesting dance tunes, satirical and love songs, but few, if any, religious songs.

Where the Negro adopted Romanism, his religion easily became an external matter, a veneer for his African cultural and religious ideas. Where Methodist and Baptist remained supreme, however, his sacred folk-songs make clear the extent to which his new religion had penetrated his life; and at the same time they show that he had by no means left his perceptual consciousness behind him.

The Negro still felt the urge in his meditation to think aloud in song, to turn life itself into music, to sing his flowing consciousness into expression, felt it natural that singing should be "a kind of melodious musing aloud." His "voices" still follow him

> " 'Way up on de mountain-top, Lord,
> I heard God talkin', Lord,"

and the spirituals abound in "*auditory images*"—impossible hybrid! (The lack of a satisfactory term for an auditory percept characterized by duration and movement reveals by its absence the extent to which we Occidentals live in a world fashioned for us by an eye-regulated consciousness. As a designation for such an auditory percept, the term *kinaudicept* suggested itself to me. This would indicate the seizing as one inner act of a series of sounds or tones, ranging all the way from our awareness of a motif as a unit, to such a thing as the extraordinary consciousness of Mozart in being able to hear, as he relates, *tout d'un coup* and before composing it, the whole movement of a symphony! This matter of our eye-mindedness raises a larger question: Is it an *a priori* prejudice that withholds us from believing that an infinitely various Reality has nothing to offer also by way of Her (?) ear-gate, particularly to the susceptible listener-in who has fulfilled the conditions necessary to favorable reception? Why this deliberate impoverishment and epistemological semi-suicide? Why not *Weltanhoerung* as well as *Weltanschauung?*)

Visual images are no less abundant—brief, picturesque cinemas projected in color in three dimensions. A certain Aunt Dinah at her "a-gettin' through" (conversion) saw the devil with his pitchfork and club-foot, and learned this song: "Rule Death in His Arms"—"and when I learn dat song, de Lawd spoke peace to my soul." Such an experience—and it is doubtless a typical one—reveals the visual, the auditory, the kinesthetic consciousness which produced the spirituals. Prevailingly they have to do with things or persons seen, with sounds or motions of one sort or another, through all of which play the feelings. Proceeding from the Negro's perceptual consciousness, the following chart sets forth in a rough way the psychological descent of the spiritual:

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL DESCENT OF THE AFRAMERICAN SPIRITUAL

STIMULI

Religious faith
(Christianity on African background)

VIA

Various Life Situations:
- Occasions of oppression
- Group contagion
- Biblical narratives
- "Coming through"
- Meditation
- Memory
- Preaching
- Etc., etc.

produce in perceptual consciousness

IMPRESSIONS — *Corresponding* RESPONSES *in the Spirituals*

LINGUISTIC (*dialectal*)

Examples:

VISUAL
1. I looked over Jordan,
   What did I see?
2. Moon drips away into blood
3. I saw the Holy Number

AUDITORY
1. Peter, go ring dem bells
2. Blow, Gable, at de judgment bar
3. My Lord, he calls me,
   He calls me by the thunder,
   The trumpet sounds within-a my soul

KINESTHETIC
1. Steal away
2. Walk in Jerusalem
3. Oppressed so hard they could not stand—
   Go down, Moses

AFFECTIVE
1. Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
2. I'm so glad troubles don't last alway
3. My soul got happy this morning

MUSICAL (*on African background*)

Formal	Melodic	Rhythmic
Improvised antiphony	Largely pentatonic Prevailingly major Some modal and scale peculiarities, e. g. Dorian and Mixolydian resemblances, and the "flat seventh"	Chiefly duple Syncopation

Physical manifestations:
- Swaying of body
- Clapping of hands
- Tapping of feet
- "Running shout"

Naturally it is the varied combinations and emphases, the continual shiftings and blendings of these types, even in one and the same spiritual, which sustain the interest and lend charm to the songs. They never lose themselves in abstract speculation, and the theologizings of Paul, of the Johannine school, and of Hebrews are a negligible quantity in them. This may be seen by glancing at the subjects which were popular for treatment. The constant mingling of types within the same spiritual—a fluidity due to high-handed interchange between the songs, to recasting and improvisation, mirroring also the fluctuating perceptual consciousness of the Negro—makes classification of the spirituals on any one basis at best an unsatisfactory affair, representative only of certain broad categories as contained in the key verses, but not necessarily of the spirituals as wholes. I have before me six classifications of the Negro songs (including none of those of the more recent secular collections), all of which differ markedly from each other, and every one of which involves a mixing of classes, an almost-to-be-expected reflection of the kaleidoscopic character of the individual songs. Professor Work's classification as such proceeds quite consistently, however, on the affective basis, which is probably also the most effective one. For, however varied the perceptual impressions set forth in a spiritual, informing each one can usually be discovered a certain fundamental emotional undertone to which it may be reduced. Yet classifications on any basis, single or mixed, have this value: that they reveal the elements which the Negro chose from the Christianity that was presented to him to make up the type of religion most satisfactory to him. These elements appealed to him from the point of view of his situation at the time, from that of his African heritage and perceptual consciousness, or from that of both.

The result of this contact of the African with a new religion and a new environment was to produce a new eclecticism characterized by its apocalyptic with its other-worldly note, by its individualism, its emotionalism, and its love of the concrete, as over against speculative tendencies—whereof the spirituals are witnesses.

d. The Antiphonal Form a Race Value—Its Social Significance.

1. In Africa

So general is the use of the antiphonal form in the musical practice of the Negro, both in Africa and in America, that I feel

justified in making some reference to it in a discussion of racial continuity in Aframerican music; but it will also be found to have more than a technical musical significance.

By the antiphonal form I mean here simply the alternation of solo with chorus. That such a form should arise from the Negro's perceptual consciousness seems natural enough. If a native, with his tendency to think externally and vocally, upon a religious occasion, or at work or at any other time, happens upon a line with a good sound and a rhythmic lilt, and perhaps one which will facilitate and organize motion, heighten vitality, or label a vivid picture or affective state, what more natural than that such a line should appeal to the sensuous fancy of those near by, and that they should catch it up and repeat it after the manner of a refrain as part of the experience of the moment? The maker of the song would then be free to develop the idea or feeling of the initial or key verse, which has now become the regular chorus. If the inspiration of the leader fails him, he has recourse to familiar verses of other songs, suggested to him, perhaps, more by sound and rhythmic associations than because of logical fitness—a negligible factor in such a case! The improvised antiphon thus begotten may or may not be remembered—easy come, easy go. If it is preserved, it may still further be creatively wrought into the common experience by subsequent singers, who may refashion it in different ways according to the whim or the needs of the moment. It thus becomes common property and may be carried from one tribe or place to another, living its life in a variety of forms, simple and complex. But however wide the departure from the original, whatever variation of the form is invented, the general style of the music remains. 'So careful seems Nature of the type, so careless of the single instance.'

The antiphonal form appears to be known and used throughout black Africa. Sometimes the soloist begins the song (naturally, if it is a fresh one), sometimes the chorus. At times there are two choruses. The leader may vary the order of the lines of the text at will. The music is first of all, *occasional*, life rendered vocal, having to do with as wide a range of subjects, small and great, as life itself. This helps to explain why the music is *improvisatory* in character; and when a chorus lends its support, or when there is more than one improviser, it assumes *a communal origin and significance*. If one improviser becomes tired, another may take over the function of poet. Current events serve as convenient grist for the maker's mill; and woe to the passing "illiterate" European who may be so unfortunate as to bear some physical

peculiarity! The literary types of those songs which have been preserved range all the way from lyric, elegiac, epic, dramatic and work-songs, on the one hand, to incantations, songs to animals and to spirits, on the other. Among the Ba-Rongas, Junod noted such songs as: a complaint of the childless woman, the complaint of a Nkuna boy beaten by his masters, "the stones are very hard" (*i. e.*, to break), the song of a man held fast by a crab while the oncoming waves of the sea crept ever nearer, songs of love, of death, of mourning, of war, of the chase, satirical, play- and dance-songs, and one used to drive away the grasshoppers.

Mrs. Burlin quotes a song (*Chindau*) inspired by the news of work—"money in Kamben"; others grew out of such homely experiences as hunting a cow, or digging out porcupines from the garden and killing them; still another from the dwarfs in West Africa runs "The white man is a good man and gives the Abongo salt"; in others the mention of cattle plays an important part. Dr. William H. Sheppard, long a missionary in the Congo, tells of the practical uses to which the "call and sponse" (to use Professor Talley's term) is put: there are those that serve for people lost in the forest, those to be employed in case of fire, and those indicating the approach of enemies.

While the antiphonal song thus plays a vital part in African life and is a sociological source of no mean value, at the same time its very impromptu character, and the fact that it grows out of, and is molded by, life situations and is often of communal origin, make such things as proportion and balance in form matters of secondary consequence. To attempt the reduction to classes of well-defined, symmetrical musical forms of even the relatively few African songs noted by Engel, Bowditch, Mrs. Burlin, Junod, Tiersot, Ellis, Ballanta-Taylor, Hornbostel and others, would be a vain undertaking. The urge which created these songs is not primarily an esthetic, but a vital one—if Professor Whitehead will allow us to draw such a distinction. The former, like the European's use of conceptual language, was not the Negro's major interest.

d. The Antiphonal Form a Race Value—Its Social Significance

2. In America

Substitute for the geographical and the cultural scenery of the foregoing that which appertained to slave life in America, and one might be describing the course of Aframerican music. For in

his new environment the Negro found the same use for his music as in the Dark Continent, and again the antiphon was the large and flexible mold through which he musicalized his experiences. And as though to guard against the loss of such a vehicle, circumstances early acquainted the slave with the practice in his master's church of "lining out" the hymns, a practice which resembles the African form sufficiently to act as a convenient jog to a short racial memory.

In America the Negro's songs reflect his life with the white man and his contact with Christianity, the two greatest factors in his new *modus vivendi.* The Christian gospel, with its note of hope and release and its promises, appealed to the slave. Humble and personal still the songs might be, but the new frame of reference in which his spiritual life is now set lifts them out of the commonplace—a proceeding not untypical of the best Christianity—and gives them a new dignity. Even his work-songs were often religious.

Testimony it is to the strength of the hold which certain aspects of this religion took upon him in the *ante-bellum* days, that the great majority of his songs created then have this religious frame of reference. These are the ones whose qualities fitted them to survive. The paucity of the extant secular songs of the early period is probably due to no accident. And one must remember, too, that his music is but the lyrical reflection of his very consciousness—as the psalms of Israel reflect that of the Jews. Some indication of the tremendous leap in cultural development which took place within a little over a century can be obtained by comparing the doggerel African "music," both tonally and as regards literary content, with the spirituals. One is reminded of the infinitely superior narratives of the Hebrews as contrasted with the earlier kindred Babylonian literature. In both cases it was a superior religion which must be held chiefly accountable for the great change; as in both cases, too, there was a race with a religious susceptibility to build upon. Such comparisons between earlier and later achievements of people of the same cultural stock and living within the same cultural epoch afford reliable bases for the measurement of progress, and are most instructive. Other comparisons are apt to lack sufficient common meeting-ground to yield truly informative results.

If the African songs in their form reflect the straggling luxuriance of the wilderness, the Aframerican songs tend to gain in beauty by a closer knitting together of parts into more formal, well-balanced structures. The simple antiphon between solo and

chorus is still the fundamental type. Yet new varieties which are also hard to classify tend to develop spontaneously according to no law but the inspiration of the moment. Such a song as "Good News, Chariot's Coming" is an expanded form quite popular, alternating antiphonal solo and chorus used as refrain, with antiphonal solo and chorus employing different verses. "Arise, Shine" belongs to this type. "Every Time I Feel the Spirit Movering" is an alternation of antiphonal solo and chorus used as refrain, with pure solo verses supported by chorus *à bouche fermée.* "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray" alternates chorus with solo quasi-obbligato, with solo recitative and chorus. "March On" is an alternation of antiphonal solo and refrain as verses, with a regular chorus. "Great Camp Meeting" alternates solo and refrain with a second solo and chorus. So one might continue. The unconscious art of the Negro created various patterns; but the one common feature, the antiphonal form, remained. Once a song was started, it was a matter of "Song, thou art afoot, Take thou what course thou wilt!" The urge here too was vital, not consciously esthetic; but the variety of pattern and form thus unwittingly produced may in itself be regarded as an esthetic achievement. As the spirituals were common property, no qualms were felt in incorporating as much or as little of one spiritual into another as one desired, particularly when the Muse nodded. It is the real nature of these songs to live an oral and a fluid, not a printed and a sterotyped existence. Versions of any one spiritual may therefore be numerous, and the manner of singing them will also vary from place to place. In the case of the spirituals mentioned above, the tradition is that supported by the late Professor J. W. Work, of Fisk University.

What has been said concerning the origin of the African song from the Negro's perceptual consciousness, applies equally well to the birth of the spiritual. In America, too, the Negro "sang his flowing consciousness into song," occasionally, improvisationally, communally, with results that are well known. We are fortunate in having several interesting examples of sacred and secular songs in the very act of being born which well illustrate the three main features just mentioned. Lack of space forbids repeating Col. Higginson's oft-quoted tale of the genesis of a spiritual as he was being rowed across from Beaufort, S. C., to Ladies' Island. The fact that the Negro author of the song in question called it a "speritual" although it was a secular work song shows that the term was doubtless a generic one. Professor Talley relates how he beheld the birth of a dance rhyme from the dance,

where the raising of the dust suggested to the leader the words, "Setch a kickin' up san'," whereupon the assembled crowd "based" him with "Jonah's band," and the song was on its way. But Mrs. Burlin gives the most impressive accounts of the manner in which "spiritual songs" come into being as a result of group contagion. After the manner of the New Testament "gifts," they are the simultaneous product of those "possessed," composed by "no one in particular and by every one in general," the cumulative crystallization into musical form of groanings which do in these cases become uttered, their "call and sponse" form genetically adapted to communal authorship, and *the words used having the particular content given them at the moment.*[1]

Rather than abridge Mrs. Burlin's poetic presentations of the incidents at Calhoun and in Virginia, I prefer to refer the reader to the accounts themselves in The Musical Quarterly of January, 1919. The story of the origin of "O Gwine Away" well illustrates how a life-situation is built into a song in a praise meeting by the friends of an unfortunate who (like the African boy previously mentioned) had that day tasted the master's lash. Said the victim later, in referring to the composers of the song, "They work it in. Some's very good singers and know how, till dey get it right." This ancestral habit of vocalizing the daily life is further evidenced in the "Mr. Mackright" song; in the enigmatic "Rain Fall and Wet Becca Lawton" ("Becky Martin" in Col. Higginson's collection); in the "Rattler Song" which hymns the snake that bit the singer in the heel and then darted into "a holler lawg"; and in the song

> "Ezekiel said he spied de train a-comin',
> He got on board an' she never stop a-runnin'."

In the wake scene of the play "Porgy" occurs an excellent illustration of the birth of a spiritual.

[1]This last is a fact of considerable importance in the understanding of both the African and the Aframerican songs. The Negro brought with him a linguistic fluidity and a verbal individualism common enough in Africa, but puzzling to whites, whereby to words or even to nonsense sounds temporary, local or occasional meanings are attached, which the "wise" and those made wise alone henceforth understand. "Nonsense" verses are not to be evaluated by the standard of logical coherence (that is merely a mental mannerism of Occidentals), but in the light of the original experience, for which by common consent it is agreed certain sounds shall henceforth stand as the perceptual label to recall or suggest the experience or concomitant consciousness. (One is reminded here of the special meanings attached to certain words or numbers in Hebrew apocalyptic.) Preference, of course, was always given to a pleasing succession of sounds, having an appealing lilt or rhythm.

The work-life, too, offered many a shining occasion that could be turned into effective song. The perceptual consciousness of the Negro workman in the railroad yard could not resist the alluring rhythmic appeal of the shifting engine's iron refrain—result, the "Chicka-hanka" song. The dean of a Southern institution who was interested in folk-music sat down on his rock wall hoping to capture *au vol* a certain song he had heard a gang of street laborers sing. He had gotten the tune but was anxious for the words. The song leader evidently divined his intention, and the dean to his dismay heard the following:

> "White man settin' on wall,
> White man settin' on wall,
> White man settin' on wall all day long,
> Wastin' his time, wastin' his time."

Although the Negro's songs are reflective of his new environment, the scarcity of the direct references to slavery in the earlier songs is on first thought striking. A few of the most obvious of such references are to be found in songs like: Run, Nigger, Run; Run, Mary, Run; Run to Jesus; Many Thousands Go; Done Wid Driber's Dribin'; Mother, is Massa Gwine Sell Us?; Oh, Freedom; Holy Bible (refrain); Slavery Chain. Yet where this institution could call upon the armed forces of a sanctioning state to guarantee its maintenance if threatened, the discretion of submitting was obviously the better part of valor for a subject, defenseless, leaderless people, even though they had been inclined to revolt. Where it was desired to voice dissatisfaction with existing conditions, recourse was had to the double meaning, as in Hebrew apocalyptic. In many cases, too, the masters were kind, and the slaves not ill-content with their lot. And to those born into the condition it must have seemed a thing inevitable, even with all its hardships. Yet the "sorrow songs" betray more eloquently and poignantly than direct references could ever do a condition, and their authors' estimate of a condition, that assuredly was not theirs as a matter of choice. In the words of Mr. Barton, "Some of the old slave songs survive which had in them the bitterness of a sorrow that never spoke its intensity in plain words, but sought figures from the Bible or veiled its real meaning in inarticulate moans or songs of grief that never uttered the real nature of the sorrow."

Finally, the approach of the war and its progress, for reasons best known to the slave himself, gave rise to an unprecedented interest in a militant type of Christianity, and he sings now of the valiant soldier, of the heaven-born soldier (or reborn soldier), of the soldier of the cross, of the army (of the Lord), of warfare or the Gospel war, of marching in the field, of Captain Jesus, the roll-call, of Dis-a Union and the Union band, about enlistments and commissions, Satan's camp, of freedom, men of war, etc. And once more the antiphonal form proved itself to be an apt and valuable social agency for the Negro, as again his perceptual consciousness caused him to vocalize his life occasionally, improvisationally, and communally.

e. The Secular Songs of the Negro

As regards the secular music of the Negro, I must be content to refer the reader to the literature which has appeared as a result of the newly awakened interest in this field. Of significance in this connection is the work of Mrs. Burlin, Professor Talley, Miss Scarborough, Professors Odum and Johnson, Mr. W. C. Handy, Mr. Abbe Niles, Mr. J. A. Rogers, and the Messrs. J. W. and J. R. Johnson. The Negro's trueness to the perceptual type makes it possible to present a companion chart to the one on the spirituals, showing the psychological descent of the secular songs. Inasmuch as the religious songs were used on many occasions, and reel, fiddle, devil, corn tunes and breakdowns were frowned out of court by church members, and also because attention early centered upon the preservation only of the religious songs, the number of the surviving secular songs is relatively small, although if account be taken of those "mushroom" songs which were forgotten with the passing of the occasions that inspired them, a considerable body of these must have been brought into existence. Scattered examples are to be found in some of the earlier collections, as in "Slave Songs," but only recently has an effort been made to preserve what could be salvaged from limbo. Some of the more modern of these secular songs, however, cannot be held to be as widely representative of the black race in America as were the spirituals, proceeding as they do from the lower and more vicious circles of the colored population. This, of course, neither detracts from their interest nor impairs their sociological value.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL DESCENT OF THE AFRAMERICAN'S SECULAR SONGS

STIMULI

Modern industrial competition
Work
Racial discrimination
Feeling of homelessness
"Broke"
Jail, chain gang, courts, etc.
Hero worship ("bad man")
Love
Desire for escape from pressing conditions of modern toil
City life

produce in perceptual consciousness

IMPRESSIONS

RESPONSES

in dance songs, ballads, folk-blues, etc.

LITERARY TYPES

Examples:

VISUAL — John Henry, Joe Turner, Stagolee and all imaginative ballads

AUDITORY — Chicka-hanka, Yodels, Train Songs, Nonsense and onamatopoetic "words"

KINESTHETIC — All dance tunes; all work derivatives or "helpers"; all lullabies; all songs of the "rambler" on his way; songs of the hero who wrought mightily

AFFECTIVE — Mostly folk-blues—Songs of the Lonesome Road:
1. Got de blues but too damn mean to cry
2. You don't know my mind
3. When you see me laughin',
   I'm laughin' to keep from cryin'
4. Po' boy long way from home

MUSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

Formal
- Group work-songs:
  - Improvised antiphony
  - ———
  - Blues (soliloquy in tone):
    - Three-line, twelve-bar, with pauses between lines (evolution of jazz)

Melodic
- Largely pentatonic
- Prevailingly major with the "blue note" in blues

Rhythmic
- Chiefly duple
- Anticipations, syncopation (exaggerated in jazz)
- ———
- Physical manifestations:
  - Work motions
  - Dance
  - Contortions of "jazzers"

As in the case of the spiritual, so here there is a mixing and blending of types which lend attractiveness to the songs. But the folk-blues lie mostly in the realm of the affective—the quasi-outcast desires nothing so much as sympathy.

As for jazz, the Negro may if he wishes claim the questionable distinction of being its originator. I have elsewhere[1] delivered myself at length upon this "tonic for the strong and poison for the weak," and hence refrain from further elaboration here. That American music should have influenced European composers at all should presumably cause us to expand our national chest; and in apportioning "credit" the Aframerican must, of course, receive whatever is his due. Whether this "influence" concerns itself with anything more than experimentation, or will help to bring concretion out of the prevailing discretism in modern music is to be doubted. Musically the superiority of the spirituals to jazz shows itself in the more interesting and more varied form and superior rhythmic vitality of the former, in a more unified and coherent melody; and as for poetic and spiritual content—comparisons are odious. There is this, however, to be said for Negro jazz, that had it remained solely a black art, had it not suffered the Jewish (Semitic!) direption, it would probably have developed its own independent melody, rather than have become a parasitic mannerism preying upon the classics, and a musical nondescript. The spirituals by a religious alchemy often transfused the baser metal of Methodist and Baptist camp-meeting tunes into pure gold. By its treatment of the classics and all good tunes, jazz debases their nobler coinage, sometimes even that of the spirituals. Then too, the rhythms which informed the early Negro jazz before it was caught up, commercialized, and transformed into a dull, mechanized, deterministic dis-music did likewise own a superior vitality and a human appeal of which the latter is devoid.

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II. The Conservation of Race Values in Aframerican Music

I close the discussion of African traits and their American developments not because it is finished—many essential phases of the subject, both religious and musical, remain untouched, notably a treatment of rhythmic and melodic peculiarities—but because

[1]The Musical Quarterly, October, 1929, "Jazz—Debit and Credit"

it is perhaps better to refrain entirely from broaching certain matters which, if they are to be discussed at all, should be accorded more adequate consideration than is possible in a brief essay. The two charts may give a partial clue to the extent of the field to be covered. Yet sufficient has perhaps been said or suggested to make it clear that the African's experience in America, despite hardships and vicissitudes, has been accompanied by at least some compensatory musical and religious gains alike for himself and for the white man. Both, for example, prize the spirituals highly, although both recognize, too, that they were bought at a tremendous price. It seems to be one of the hard sayings of existence that to produce the lily there must be the muck, that it had to be Nazareth out of which Jesus should come, that it required impoverished, czarist Russia to yield her golden folk-songs, almost submerged Finland her "Finlandia," and that bondage should be the condition of the spiritual. And as though still further to emphasize this paradox, it is not to-day the prosperous Negroes who have continued to produce folk-tunes, but the near-penniless, the vagrant, those in "hard luck." Out of such untoward conditions and as an escape therefrom have come those secular counterparts of the older spirituals, a product of the same urge to musicalize life—the folk-blues.

This recognition of the sweet uses of adversity (the "use" for the time, of course, is always bitter) seems to have been a poetic divination of the newer scientific doctrine that natural tendencies and desires thwarted in their satisfaction in one direction will find a compensatory outlet in another. It remains now to inquire into the significance for the spiritual future of the Negro of the removal of these bitter-sweet inhibitions. Will it mean that he buys his economic independence at the expense of his folk-creative urge? Is it true, as Professor W. H. Thomas suggests, that "property-owning Negroes do not sing"? Does preoccupation with the absorbing task of earning a living under modern competitive and industrial conditions leave him neither time nor inclination to "sing his flowing consciousness into song"? If so, then the new status also is bought at a high price, and the Negro may have cause to deplore the loss of his birthright in the hard bargain. Herein is a tragic sense of life, if it be not possible to have both of these desirables. Is it also true that one cannot serve Apollo and Mammon? Add to this a growing sophistication (in the more distasteful acceptation of the term) which the Negro learns from the white man, and which is partly the result of the scientific invasion, an increasing self-consciousness (the

antithesis of that creative unselfconsciousness which produced the spirituals), and a patronizing attitude toward his own immediate past, and the tragic sense is deepened. Nor is it necessary to mention the generally pernicious influence in this respect of the piano-player, the phonograph, and the radio.

May we thus have the New Negro, but not that consciousness which instantaneously reacted to various life situations with a lilting refrain, a vivid word-picture, a deep expression of religious sentiment? Says Mr. J. W. Johnson: "With the close of the creative period of the Blues, which appears to be at hand, it is probable that the whole folk-creative effort of the Negro in the United States will have come to an end." The New Negro's assured sense of racial competence and his pride of race, which his awakening to the value and beauty of the spirituals has helped to beget, are his by right. But so is the Negro's perceptual consciousness and its acceptable spontaneous productivity. Consciously to effect a union of the niceties of Occidental art with such creative abandon were a consummation devoutly to be wished. Certainly one of the greatest contributions which Negro genius can offer to Western culture is that of its perceptual consciousness with its elemental vigor, its irresponsible gaiety, its *joie de vivre*, its uncritical spontaneity that enjoys rather than asks "Why?", its healthy realism and unselfconsciousness as an offset to that intellectual sterility, that sense of mental and physical strain, weariness and boredom, that diseased conceptualism which has sicklied o'er so much of our spiritual output with the pale cast of thought. To expect that the Negro, under the hard modern conditions which the white man has laid upon him, should nevertheless be able to make such a contribution, should develop only his own virtues and remain utterly untouched by the white man's vices, may be to expect too much. Yet it is a sign of hope that the New Negro seems to have come to a conscious appreciation of this ancient racial inheritance of his, and has set himself to make a deliberate choice of those elements of the white man's civilization which he will cultivate along with the former. If Mr. Alain Locke is correct in believing that the New Negro does 'have this ancient key which we thought culture had lost,' and if such a conscious blending is possible, then after the various 'preluding experiments from Dvořák to Goldmark, including the borrowing of rhythmical suggestions by Milhaud and Stravinsky, experiments which have proclaimed the value of the Negro musical idioms, but have not fully developed them,' one may expect unprecedented musical productions from the New Negro.

a. The Outlook for Negro Music

Undoubtedly, the musical future of the Negro rests in his own hands. Invaluable as have been his contributions by way of thematic and idiomatic material to the music of America, the "working up" of such material by white composers into various art-forms frequently results in an artificial type of product, with content and rhythm highly unwhite, and extended complex development and instrumentation (if orchestral) highly unblack. One can scarcely escape receiving from even the best of such compositions an impression of dogged deliberateness on the part of the composer: "Go to, now; I *will* work up this and that theme." Perhaps the works of Mr. John Powell in this genre are least open to such criticism. He seems so well to apprehend the Negro genius as to have accomplished on the part of a white man that desirable blend just referred to, and his works therefore reveal an unusual unity in compositions of this type.

But no more will the Negro best serve the future of his own music by merely quarrying the spirituals or folk-blues already created and rendering the precious ore into divers shapes and forms. Satisfaction with such a condition would indicate that a period of crystallization had been reached. When, in the course of musical or religious evolution, men's chief interest centers in analysis, classification, systematization, exposition, and charting (as in the present essay!) of past achievements, it heralds the approach of creative impotence, and the result in music is arrangements, transcriptions, adaptations, etc.; in religion, theology, dogma and the higher criticism—the self-conscious, cooling-off stage has arrived.

Besides, we are coming to realize that folk-music is sufficient unto itself. It is its own justification. Its concise brevity is the soul of its wit. Its message is made none the more impressive by a technical or instrumental over-elaboration in which indeed its savor is often lost and the song itself utterly disappears. (*Teste* Lewis Carroll's delicious quip, "Tema con Variazióne".) Its inherent completeness often baffles the "worker-up," who, lacking inspiration of his own, has turned hither. To be sure, airs with variations may give the composer an opportunity to exhibit his wares (for example, Beethoven and Brahms in their pianoforte variations), but not always do they rank among the outstanding works of his creative genius. For these he usually seeks original themes. The really great musical works built upon or around folk-themes directly transplanted to them are relatively few in number. There

is probably ample ground for arranging the spirituals as solos and decking them out with modern harmonic furbelows. Provided such exceptional religious artists as Mr. Hayes or Mr. Robeson perform them, they convey a message to many who otherwise would have no means of becoming acquainted with the spirituals. But the spirituals were "composed" to be sung *a cappella* by a group, and at least one individual being accustomed to hearing them so sung, will never be content with hearing them produced in any other way.

If the desideratum be that the New Negro "carry on" consciously with an increased artistic sensibility in the same manner as did the spiritual-makers of old without this sensibility, then it would seem to be of the utmost importance that the Negro by all means possible conserve that which won for him the sobriquet, "the singing voice of America": his tendency to think aloud in song, to turn life itself into music; that he keep his vocal-mindedness as a pearl of great price; that he forsake not the ancient custom of making music occasionally, improvisationally, communally. In at least one prominent instance he has retained his habit of improvisation. It is the same trait which reveals itself in both the ejaculatory "Hallelujah's," "O Lord's," "Amen's," etc., interjected into the spirituals, and in the jazz "breaks" which grew out of a desire to fill in the long pauses between the lines of the blues with various comments. But to say that therefore the former is the predecessor of the latter is not quite accurate; it is merely a product of the same tendency.

Whether this folk-creative urge be capable of deliberate cultivation, even though we knew the proper technique to this end, is, of course, problematic. The wind of the creative spirit seems to laugh to scorn the puny efforts of psychologists to diagram its course and shackle it to their will. We can never again look for a new outburst of spiritual-making. The "favoring" conditions which produced these songs are gone forever. But in the case of the Negro, we see a raw genius transplanted to a foreign soil by an intuitive choice appropriating from its new environment precisely those religious, literary, linguistic and musical elements that it liked, and out of them creating its own distinctive idioms, welding them all into the unity known as the spiritual. May we not then in the course of the years expect that, under new conditions—some more, some less favorable to the production of song—this same genius will exercise again the same selective process, and upon the same basis of its perceptual consciousness produce a second distinctive type or a number of types? Indeed, in the

folk-blues it has already given us such a type. Other types may perhaps be recognized in the piano pieces and in certain choral numbers of Mr. Dett, and in the violin pieces of Mr. C. C. White. And in view of the Negro's vocal-mindedness, his vocal and harmonic (not polyphonic) gifts, it may not be unreasonable to expect, as Mr. Locke suggests, that the most fruitful development of his peculiar talents may be along choral rather than along instrumental lines.

b. The Betrayal of a Racial Trust

One factor in the Negro's make-up constitutes at once a menace and a promise. This is his many-sided susceptibility. But the spirituals prove that the Negro's impressionability, in the face of as much of the white man's culture as that to which he was exposed, did not allow him merely to imitate the latter's religious songs. His strong individualism caused him to pass all—religion, poetry, language, music—through the crucible of his perceptual consciousness, whence emerged a product bearing the unmistakable marks of the Negro genius in the way of form, rhythm, sound and imagery, fused together with Western melody, language and religious content. Here uncanny intuition alone accomplished a thing which should serve as an object-lesson for further conscious endeavor. Certainly the way of musical progress for the Negro lies no more to-day along the line of attempted reproductions of the creations of the whites than in the past. Such efforts will neither impress the whites, nor prove ultimately satisfying to the blacks. If the Negro is wise, he will avoid nothing so much as a colorless eclecticism, whether it be in music or elsewhere.

The wider field of music yields at least one illuminating illustration of the results of betrayal of a racial trust which may be pertinent here. It is, of course, an unfortunate situation anywhere which makes it possible for a conflict to arise within the creative artist between the desire to express one's own individual or racial self and the desire to convince oneself and others that one possesses traits generally esteemed among an environing people of a race different from one's own. Yet there should be no doubt as to the most profitable course suggested by experience for such a situation. The Negro is not exempted from that usage of experience which requires fidelity to one's own highest and best as the first condition of his self-realization. In the words of Dr. Mason, summarizing Mr. Paul Rosenfeld in the latter's "Musical Portraits," "Just as the highest achievement in art is attained through

a "'sublimation' that is racial as well as personal, so the deepest defeat, the most complete sterility, is that which avenges a suppression not only of personal but of racial instincts." The New Negro's pride of race should act as a wholesome corrective against the appearance of that conflict between "the desire of self-expression and the fear of self-revelation" which caused Mahler, the Jew, in Austria, to develop "an eclectic, featureless style, devoid of true individuality and real power," a type of Jew who "through the superficial assimilation of the traits of the people among whom he was condemned to live, and through the suppression of his own nature, became sterile." One's hope for the Aframerican is that it may be with him as with Mr. Ernest Bloch, also a Jew, but one who, according to Mr. Rosenfeld, has the "intelligence, sense of reality, real overwhelming spiritual strength," that Mahler lacked, and in whose music is found "a large, a poignant, an authentic expression of what is racial in the Jew. There is music of his that is authentic by virtue of qualities more fundamentally racial than the synagogical modes on which it bases itself, the Semitic pomp and color that informs it." So may the Aframerican, too, break up the fountains of his great deep, study to know himself, to feel, to reveal, to develop himself as he really and racially is, so far as this is consistent with life in such a modern democracy as this of which he finds himself a part. Wrote Robert Schumann, at twenty-nine, to his future wife: "I want to be ten times less than other people, and only be worth something to myself." This is at once enlightened selfishness and the higher altruism.

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In the first section I have referred briefly to certain fundamental similarities between African religion on the one hand, and Judaism and a Jewish type of Christianity on the other, in virtue of which the Negro in America was enabled to realize some of his own higher potentialities. It is necessary to repeat that, without his religion, without the sustaining examples of the enslaved and released Jews, both as a nation and as individuals into whose situations he vicariously inserted himself, without the promises of Christianity, the spirituals could never have been. His religious faith alone made the spirituals great. It furnished that elusive undertone not heard with physical ears, but which tugs at the heart-strings and softens the spirits of the obdurate. This is the real secret of the spirituals' appeal, their pledges of

immortality. The music, the imagery, the form, the language, were all secondary to the fact that the slave, even in his trying situation, had something great to sing about. They were all "things added unto" deeply felt religious experiences. Jazz and the blues reveal the bankruptcy of the Negro's music divorced as they are from religion.

Doubtless the religion of the New Negro will assume different forms from that of his ancestors who created the spirituals (and the unwisdom of a colorless eclecticism is as apparent here as in the case of music, if the danger is not even more real). Assuredly the need of a sustaining faith under the trying conditions of the present is no less to-day than formerly. Here, too, one is concerned to know whether the Aframerican will barter his keen religious susceptibilities for a mess of prosperity. So to do will be to wrong himself, his music and his nation. With a few outstanding exceptions, such as the works of Sibelius and Bloch, modern music is suffering from spiritual anemia. We are prepared to speak magniloquently, but we have no great things to say. This is as true of Stravinsky and that pathetic little-bo-peep-ism of the day—the neo-primitive movement—as it is of jazz. In the past the Negro depended upon his religion to "keep him from sinking down," and he spoke greater than he knew. Perhaps more than he realizes it, is the Negro's future, musical and otherwise, linked up with that of his religion.

A STUDY OF NEGRO HARMONY

By PERCIVAL R. KIRBY

DURING recent years a great deal has been written upon the subject of the so-called "spirituals" of the American Negro, and many authors have taken great pains to extol them for their wonderful originality and beauty. While not denying the beauty of many of these songs, I venture to join issue with those writers who would attribute them entirely to the Negro, and I would endeavour to suggest that the tunes themselves contain pretty conclusive proof of the influences that have been brought to bear upon them, as well as of the elements to which they owe their musical creation.

To one who has lived for many years in Southern Africa, and who has studied the music of the black man both in its unadulterated state and in its various stages of contact with the music of the white, it is obvious that the music of the American Negro presents many parallels with that of the South African black, especially in view of the common race-stock involved.

Now, in discussing this question in detail, one must guard against being led astray by the many clearly Europeanised forms in which American Negro songs have appeared, especially in recent years. The deliberate alteration of the harmonies originally used by the Negro, in fact, appears to have been undertaken from the time when these songs first began to appear in print, in order to make them acceptable to the European ear. The well-known collection of "Jubilee Songs," which had such a vogue in Europe as a result of the tour of the "Jubilee" Singers in the early seventies, shows such alteration throughout. But, in fact, the whole history of the "Jubilee" Singers indicates that a definite system of musical training, based upon European methods, had been in vogue even from the time of the opening of the Fisk School. And if the "Jubilee" Songs show the influence of the European, the arrangements of the "spirituals" which have been made in later years for voice and pianoforte show it still more clearly, even when such arrangements have been made by Negro musicians. This is particularly the case with the settings of "spirituals" by Henry T. Burleigh.

But although such settings represent the form in which the "spirituals" are chiefly known in Europe, they most certainly do

not represent the form in which they were originally sung, and of which distinct traces remain to-day, if one may judge by the four books of "spirituals" and Negro work- and play-songs which were collected, recorded, and transcribed into musical notation at Hampton by Natalie Curtis-Burlin, and published by Schirmer in 1918–1919. There is no doubt that these songs are the real thing, and that the books constitute an ethnological document of exceptional value. An analysis of these songs yields very interesting results. The authoress, in the Foreword to Book I, states that they represent:

> faithful efforts to place on paper an exact record of the old traditional plantation songs *as sung by Negroes.* The harmonies are the Negroes' own. I have added nothing [she says] and have striven to omit nothing. Every note in every voice was written down as sung by groups of Negroes, utterly untaught musically, who harmonized the old melodies as they sang, simply because it was natural for them to do so.

The last statement is further explained in the Preface to Book 2, where the authoress says:

> Another characteristic of the Negro, musically, is a harmonic sense indicating musical intuition of a high order; [and again], One has but to attend a colored church, whether North or South, to hear men and women break naturally into alto, tenor or bass parts (and even subdivisions of these), to realise how instinctively the Negro musical mind thinks harmonies. . . . Yet it has been asserted by some people that the harmonic sense of the Negro is a product of a white environment and that the black man owes his intuitive gift to the slave-holders who sang hymns, ballads, and popular songs in his hearing.

I propose to analyse the harmonic elements in these "spirituals," and hope to be able to indicate in some measure the influences which have been brought to bear upon the black musicians who were responsible for their creation. But before doing so, I shall say a word or two about the music and the musical practices of some of the native peoples of Southern Africa, since these have an important bearing upon my conclusions concerning those of the American Negro, so far as I have been able to examine them.

South African native music, like the music of other peoples, may be roughly divided into two branches, vocal and instrumental. Instrumental music is usually "solo," save in the case of occasional ensemble performances on reed-pipes, horns, drums, or combinations of these, and in the case of the singular ensembles of voices and marimbas, in which Eastern influences would appear to be at work. The great majority of South African musical instruments

are made for solo performance, their very nature tending to exclude them from use in ensembles. African vocal music, on the other hand, is frequently organised to a considerable extent, although without the aid of a musical notation, except where definite contact with white people has been established. The nature of many of the African languages is such as to suggest a particularly close connection between speech and song, especially in the days before the advent of the white man in Africa, a connection which is still seen, both in Africa and in other parts of the world. In a paper which I read before the South African Association for the Advancement of Science in July, 1926, and published in Johannesburg in that year by that Association, I attempted to show that the "speech-tone" of the Bantu had not only influenced his melodies, but had also directed the course of his polyphonic thought in a direction analogous to that taken by the polyphonic thought of the peoples of Europe during the early centuries of the Christian Era. An examination of many African songs showed that approximate scales of a pentatonic nature formed the basis of most of the melodies, and that such polyphony as existed in purely vocal ensembles was the result of parallel singing within the limits of these pentatonic scales, or scales derived from them, the interval of parallelism being usually the fourth or the fifth. This parallel singing, analogous to the "organum" of mediæval Europe, was, I suggested, due to the influence of speech-tone, which is so important in the Bantu languages that alteration of the tones of the various syllables of a word will frequently alter its meaning, even though it is otherwise correctly pronounced. I argued that the presence of such definite speech-tone in the Bantu languages must necessarily result in parallel singing whenever a number of singers attempted to intone a common sentiment simultaneously, in order that the sense of the words might be preserved. Such parallel singing could, of course, conceivably be effected without any *musical* choice being exercised as to the interval or intervals between the voices concerned, since the primary function of such parallelism would not be a musical one. Actually, however, the influence of the lower sounds of the "harmonic series" would soon be felt, these being the sounds that are most readily elicited from primitive wind and stringed instruments, such as are those still made and played by African musicians; and these sounds would tend, little by little, to create a rudimentary harmonic sense, by bringing about a gradual stabilisation of note-centres (which through diversity of language would vary from race to race), and by implanting

in the mind of the black a feeling and desire for the simultaneous sounding of notes of different pitches. It must, however, be noted that parallel singing at the interval of a fifth or fourth, within the limits of a pentatonic scale (such as is found in Africa), forces the singers to take cognisance of new intervals, the sixth and the third, as will be seen from the accompanying examples.

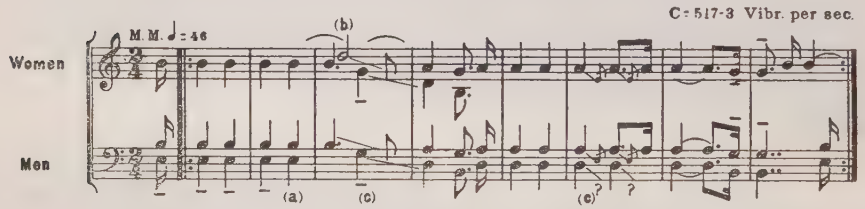
This distinguishes the "organum" of the African from that of mediæval Europe, in which the original interval of a fourth or fifth was maintained throughout, owing to its being based on heptatonic scales. In fact, the early European polyphonists deliberately altered the one imperfect fifth which their system involved, in order to maintain perfect parallelism. Thus it would appear that parallelism within the limits of a pentatonic scale would tend to lead naturally to a harmonic knowledge of intervals other than the simplest ones, whereas parallelism within the limits of a heptatonic scale or scales, such as those used in early Europe, would tend to delay such knowledge. But in all cases independent polyphonic movement of parts would not occur systematically until tone ceased to be the predominant factor in language, and stress took its place.

The South African black was therefore in a position to assimilate readily the European harmonic system in its simpler aspects; and with the advent of the white man, and particularly of the white missionary, he did so with avidity. As a result, one can observe in South Africa native music in all stages of development, from the unadulterated type found in the *kraals*, to the completely Europeanised variety, which, however, does not display anything like the degree of development which has been achieved in the best work of black musicians of the United States who have been trained on European lines.

An examination of the organised vocal music of the "raw" South African native will reveal certain general characteristics. Antiphonal singing, where a soloist is answered by a chorus, is common; in fact it is so frequently met with that it may be considered to be basic. Polyphonic parallelism, already explained, is also characteristic, the intervals usually present being the unison, the fifth or fourth, and the sixth or third, together with octave reduplications when men and women sing together. Absence of

musical notation leads to great variation in detail within the limits of a definite general style of performance. There is a tendency for melodies to proceed in a downward direction, this being the normal tendency of melody in its primitive state. The musical forms employed are of the simplest, as a general rule they rarely exceed a single musical sentence. As the words and the melody qualify each other, their formal structures are similar. The following example illustrates many of these features; it is an old-time chant of the Mpumuza chiefs of Natal, which I recorded phonographically, and afterwards transcribed. Naturally, it is quite impossible to represent accurately the true pitch of the sounds sung, so the system utilised has been the common one of giving the nearest sound in ordinary musical notation, and indicating by a + or — whether the sound is slightly above or slightly below the note written.

Chant: "A jeza je" ("The soldiers come from far")



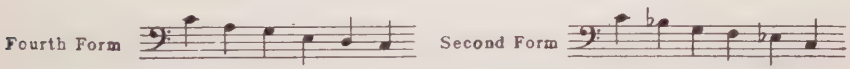
The melody, it will be seen, is carried by the upper male voice, duplicated in the octave above by some of the women's voices. The lower male voices sing in parallel at the interval of a fifth below the melody. At times some of the women duplicate this part in the upper octave. The presence of the interval of a sixth will be seen in the fourth, seventh and eighth bars; it is due to parallelism within the limits of the pentatonic scale, fourth form. At (a) the second male voice "disappeared." At (b) the upper D was distinctly heard; the suggestion of a triad being very significant, the G also being unmistakably present. The slanting lines at (c) indicate "portamenti," or glidings from note to note. The chant was started by a woman (or alternatively by a man and woman in octaves), who intoned a portion of the second "phrase"; a man joined in, and then all the singers began the first "phrase" quite decisively, the men singing in two parts, and the women an octave above the higher male voice part, except during bars three and four. The tune is of definite, though elementary structure. It consists of two equal phrases in duple time, each containing

four strong and four weak accents, and commencing with an anacrusis. The two phrases balance perfectly, the whole forming a complete musical sentence. It will be observed that not only the melody notes, but also the notes used in "harmonizing" that melody, belong to the particular pentatonic scale employed, save that the "gliding" referred to above implies a certain flexibility of treatment at times. It must also be pointed out that the upper male voice is made to sound more prominent than the other voices.

Now let us examine the eight Negro "spirituals" contained in the first two books of Natalie Curtis-Burlin's work. These are

(1) O Ride On, Jesus.
(2) Go Down, Moses.
(3) Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray.
(4) Good News, Chariot's Comin'.
(5) 'Tis Me, O Lord.
(6) Listen To De Lambs.
(7) O Ev'ry Time I Feel De Spirit.
(8) God's A-Gwine Ter Move All De Troubles Away.

They were sung by groups of four singers, tenor, "lead," baritone and bass. The "lead" maintains the melody throughout, and acts as soloist during the antiphony which is characteristic of these songs, and which strongly suggests African influence. The melodies are all definitely pentatonic, all but No. 2 being in the fourth form of the pentatonic scale, and No. 2 itself being in the second form.



(Transposed into C for comparison.)

The only case where a note foreign to these scales is introduced into a melody is in a variant of No. 1, where the fourth of the scale occurs as a "passing" note, suggestive of the "glide" in the African pentatonic songs.

The harmonies present a very interesting problem. Although I have made a complete quantitative and qualitative analysis of them, it is necessary in a study such as this to condense it, and I shall therefore confine myself to illustrating the main points in my argument, which lead up to the conclusions that I have come to.

Since Tune No. 2 is in the second form of the pentatonic scale, I shall neglect it for the present, and deal with the remaining seven. The notes used in harmonisation are, with rare exceptions, diatonic; and the bulk of them are constituent notes of the pentatonic scale being used. When the fourth or the seventh are found in a chord, they have been introduced for harmonic reasons, or they occur as "passing" notes. These notes appear in the following chords, which exclude some less usual combinations, dealt with separately. The infrequent use of chords of the seventh indicates the essentially elementary nature of the harmonisations.

	Triads and their Inversions																					Sevenths														
Tune No	I			II			III			IV			V			VI			VII			I_7				II_7				V_7				VI_7			
	a	b	c	a	b	c	a	b	c	a	b	c	a	b	c	a	b	c	a	b	c	a	b	c	a	a	b	c	a	a	b	c	a	a	b	c	a
1	•	•	•			•				•		•																									
3	•	•	•							•	•	•				•	•	•																			
4	•	•	•										•																•	•							
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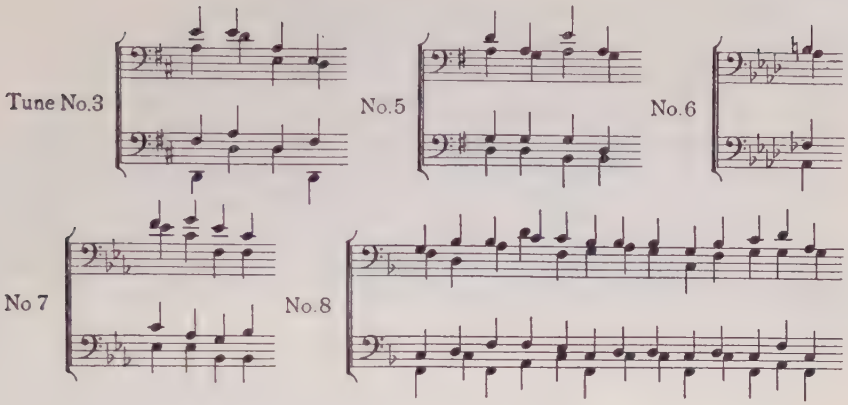
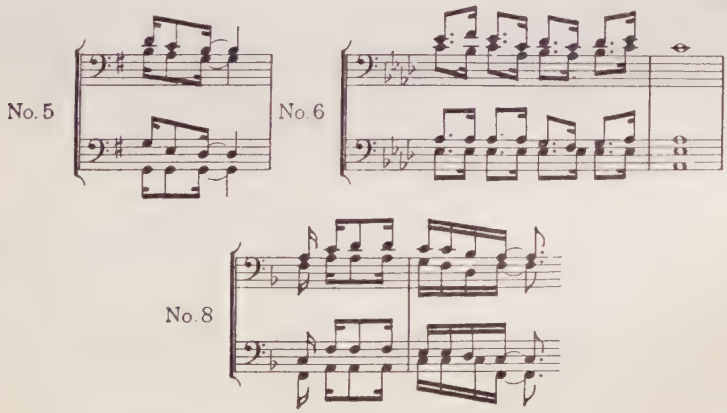
6	•	•	•	♯ •						•		•										•								•							•
7	•									•		•	•			•	•																				
8	•	•	•					•				•	•					•												•							

The different spacings of these chords used in the harmonisations shows that there has been a general tendency to utilise principally the chords of the tonic, subdominant and dominant, and their inversions, with the occasional use of the triads of the remaining notes of the diatonic scale, except the seventh note. It is also seen that there is little variety of chord-spacing except in the case of the tonic chord; for, whereas the minimum number of spacings of the root position of the tonic chord is three, and the maximum sixteen, all other chords or their inversions appear in one or two spacings only, with the exception of the first inversion of the tonic chord, which appears in five spacings in Tune No. 3. It will, therefore, be seen that the harmony of these songs is primarily of an elementary nature.

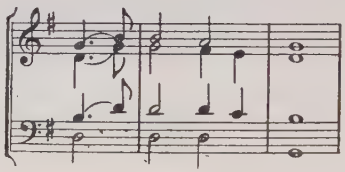
But there are throughout the songs a number of combinations of notes of a much less simple nature, which, contrasting violently with the simplicity of the bulk of the harmony, relieve it of its monotony. These combinations call for special consideration. They are as follows:



All these combinations will be seen to be the result of passing or auxiliary notes in the part-singing. The combination in Tune No. 6 is definitely European, and is undoubtedly of relatively recent introduction into the harmonic system of the Negro. But whereas in European polyphony the various parts are related closely to each other as well as to the basic part, in these Negro songs the singers appear to be content if the different "harmony parts" are in agreement with the "lead," even if they are not at all times in agreement with each other. Thus chordal combinations have arisen which are not usually found in simple European harmony, and the result sounds to the ear much more advanced in design than it really is. Or, in other words, the Negro has arrived at a number of unusual, and therefore fresh-sounding, progressions by a species of "short-circuiting" which is of great interest. The following passages show the process.

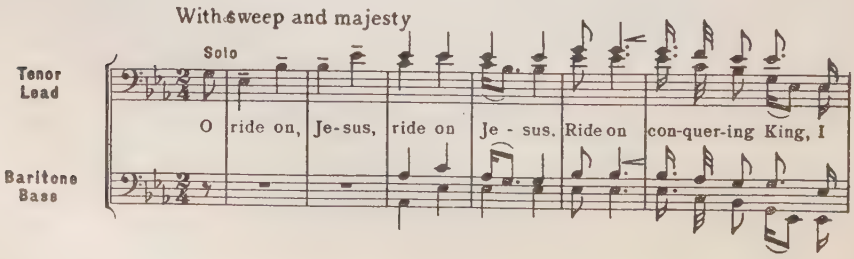


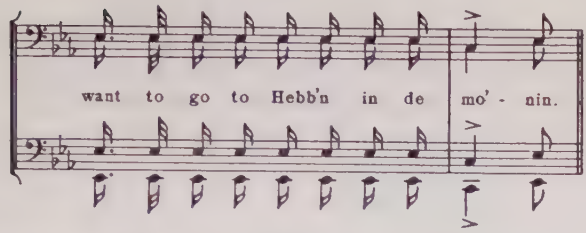
Another feature of the Negro harmonisations consists of a tendency to cause the leading-note to fall in the penultimate chord, when such chord is a dominant or a dominant-seventh. This is due to a persistent desire for complete cadential chords. All the characteristics which I have pointed out are to be found in the music of the South African black *where he has been in contact with the European and his music.* In particular, the desire for complete chords at the conclusion of a song has led in South Africa to the use, at times, of the following cadence, for which the "gliding" of the alto voices is no doubt responsible.



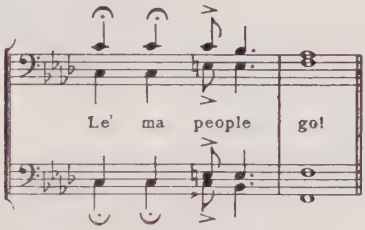
Further, the "spirituals" which we have been considering show yet another important feature. Though the harmonisations generally bear unmistakable signs of European influence, there are places where a reversion to primitive methods is clearly seen. The first tune "O Ride on, Jesus," affords an excellent example. The "lead" starts off, unaccompanied, with the powerful pentatonic melody. After two measures, the remaining voices join in, adding harmonies which are obviously of European descent; but at the verbal climax, which is also the climax of the tune, "Ride, on, Conquering King," the European influence abates, and the four voices revert to parallelism, the bass actually reduplicating the melody of the "lead' in the lower octave in absolute defiance of European principles.

"O Ride on, Jesus"





The second tune, "Go Down, Moses," which I have hitherto neglected, since it is in a different form of the pentatonic scale, exhibits similar features; in particular, the phenomenon of parallelism is very pronounced, and this leads to unorthodox doubling of notes of the chord of the dominant seventh, and to an abnormal resolution of it.



The work- and play-songs which are contained in Books 3 and 4 of the series likewise exhibit the same features as the "spirituals"; some of them, however, consist of simple melodies with antiphonal answers in one part only, and these are completely African in nature.

Summarising my analysis of all these tunes, I would suggest that:

(1) The melodies are clearly pentatonic throughout, or, if other notes have been added, these are rarely used, and they occur principally as passing notes, which may be explained by the "gliding" which is so characteristic of African peoples, although they may have become stabilised by harmonic influences.

(2) The accompanying parts are in the main pentatonic. With few exceptions, additional notes are due to harmonic influences. When these notes are the fourth or seventh of the scale, they are almost invariably introduced for harmonic purposes.

(3) The chords used are relatively few in number, and as a rule are very closely connected. Modulation as such is practically non-existent. What at first sight appear to be unusual chords are due to the fact that conflicting polyphonic lines, each simply

related to the main melody, clash; and unusual endings will frequently be found to be due to a conflict between a European "authentic" cadence, and an African "plagal" melody.

(4) The general style of the harmonisations would appear to be of relatively recent origin. The fact that the melodies are consistently pentatonic, while the harmonies show distinct European influence, would indicate that the melodies, together with their words, are of earlier date than their harmonies. It is therefore probable that the melodies represent African practice governed to some extent by European formal structure, due to direct or subconscious borrowing of fragments of European hymnology and the like, which in course of time have been modified by the black, whose elementary sense of form is reflected in the tunes and in the words; while the harmonies represent a definite attempt on the part of the black man to emulate the white man's harmonic methods, and to secure his results. In so doing, the black man, by limiting himself in his choice of chords, and by dispensing with notation, has acquired a flair for the practically extemporaneous harmonisation of the simple, pentatonic melodies that are characteristic of his people, which is not normally found among the whites.

MUSIC MIRRORS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE

By FREDERICK H. MARTENS

PART I

IN the Empress Eugénie's boudoir in St. Cloud, the summer palace, stands an oval cheval-glass in its gilded frame. One may still tilt it—as her white hand once did—to the desired angle of vision. At midnight, when the moon is full, were one to draw the magic circle, cast the dark powder and murmur the word of power, the pageant of the Second Empire might rise within that mirror's disk. Yet its glittering panorama would be one of suspended animation, of colorful groups caught in the moment of arrested motion, unless there were evoked from some far bourne of sound the multiple musical echoes of their time. Then only would the mirror-pageant's marionettes come to life.

For to no historic epoch has music been more truly the breath of its nostrils, the intimate reflection of its essence, than to the Second Empire. Its music mirrored its love and hatreds, politics and passions, devotions and debauches. With the democracy of tone it unified human and governmental trends into one great carnivalesque social drama. The popular conception of the Second Empire as "a prolonged *opéra-bouffe*," preceded by a melodramatic Prologue, the *Coup d'État*, and culminating in a tragic military Finale, that "Débâcle" which Zola has so vividly portrayed, is fairly well established by fact. The sun of Austerlitz regilds the earlier scenes of the Napoleonic Legend restaged, but the march and dance rhythms of its later acts carry on above a groundbass of impending doom, to climax in the *Dies irae* of Sédan.

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Prologue

It was a cold December night in 1851; and the Paris *Opéra-Comique* held a brilliant audience. The première of Limnander's somewhat dull opera, "Le Château de la Barbe-Bleue," was the occasion. In it a niece of James II of England, disguised as a Hindoo widow suspected of doing away with several husbands, was drumming up Jacobite recruits in a gloomy mansion in the

suburbs of Madras. Mme. Ugualde was singing. But when the Count de Morny, half-brother and intimate adviser of Louis Napoleon, Prince-President of France, entered his box, he drew attention from the stage. For he was accompanied by General Changarnier, one of Louis Napoleon's chief political enemies. And this seemed strange, when all Paris was agog with rumors of the impending breach between the Chamber of Deputies and the titular head of the state. Malicious Republican sympathizers present at once identified the château in Madras with the Elysée Palace, and said that the presidential Bluebeard of France, having already disposed of his wives "Equality" and "Fraternity," was now preparing to cut the throat of "Liberty," his third.

They were not far wrong. De Morny had taken Changarnier to the theatre to prevent any chance of his appearing at the Elysée, where the *Coup d'État* was under discussion at the moment. The opera over, and Changarnier safely dropped at his home, De Morny was rapidly driven to the palace. There, in the "Silver Boudoir," the portrait of Napoleon I gazing approvingly from the wall, he and his brother's other advisers settled the final details of the conspiracy which was to make a second empire of the second republic. Victor Hugo has hatefully "belled" the cat (Louis Napoleon and his advisers) preparing to leap on that winter night preceding the *Coup d'État:*

> "Three friends surrounded him. 'Twas at the *Elysée.*
> A gleam of light that window did betray . . .
> And when the three from out that house did go,
> Morny, Maupas the Greek, the jackel, Saint-Arnaud,
> Seeing them sidle by, upon their errand bound,
> The Paris bells, chiming the hour's past round,
> Sought all in vain to make the tocsin sound."

At ten o'clock the next morning Louis Napoleon rode through the Paris streets on a magnificent chestnut. He was followed by a staff of some forty general officers, in gold-embroidered uniforms and white-plumed hats, and an escort of *Cuirassiers* with pistols drawn. Everywhere he was greeted by the twenty-five thousand men he reviewed in order of battle on either bank of the Seine by cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"

On the third of December the more dangerous Republican deputies were seized and removed from Paris. On the fourth, when the opposition, all too late, began to erect barricades, the soldiers "flown with insolence and wine" (or, rather, cognac), were turned loose to perpetrate the massacre of the Boulevards, to gut Tortoni's, the exclusive restaurant of the *beau monde*, to demolish

the fashionable *Bains de Jouvence*, to pillage rich shops and shoot down innocent shopkeepers, dressmakers and tourists. Louis Napoleon himself, suffering of neuralgia in the Elysée, was not directly responsible for the needless slaughter, which lies at the door of the savage "African," General Saint-Arnaud, hardened to bloodshed in Algeria. Yet there was no reaction. The army and the peasantry were whole-heartedly imperialistic. The masses in Paris were in part indifferent, in part prepared to acclaim the new order as the result of an extensive advertising campaign, in which the nephew of the uncle had not neglected the musical factor.

The foundation for this campaign had already been laid during the reigns of Charles X and Louis-Philippe, when Béranger's Napoleonic ballads were sung by every *grisette* and *faubourgien*. These elegiac evocations of a vanished golden age, as Heine says, "were sung by young girls, little children and crippled soldiers, with all sorts of accompaniments and every kind of variation." They sounded over into the Second Republic, and were continued —often through the medium of its president's paid publicists— in the *chansons*, the popular songs in those *cafés-concerts* which had supplanted the *cafés-chantants* of the eighteenth century.

There the Parisians, listening to *L'Honnête Homme* ("The Honest Man") learned to think of Louis Napoleon as his uncle's heir. *La Bonne Catherine* brought tears to their eyes with its lush vocal sentimentalization of his decoration of a *grognard* of the Old Guard at a review. And *Le Suffrage Universel*—a sample of the vocal political argument used to endear him to the Paris proletariat—passionately begged him to take command of the ship of state. All these *voci popolari* hastened that gradual drift of French opinion toward the Napoleonic legend, a trend which had begun before 1840.

The prophecy of the cherished street refrain which had so long been on the Parisian air:

> "Nous l'aurons!
> Nous l'aurons!
> —Louis-Napoleon!"

was fulfilled. And though it was not until the December of 1852 that a plebiscite declared him Emperor, the splendid ceremonial of the blessing of the French army standards on the Champ de Mars already saw them topped by the imperial eagles, reëstablished by decree. The occasion also initiated the tradition of the blatant sonority of an imperial military music whose massed drums and brasses were to dominate the empire's other tides of

sound. Parts of Adolphe Adam's "Mass of St.-Cecelia" were played by the united bands of all the regiments of the Paris garrison, a thousand men, the cavalry bands taking the voice-parts.[1]

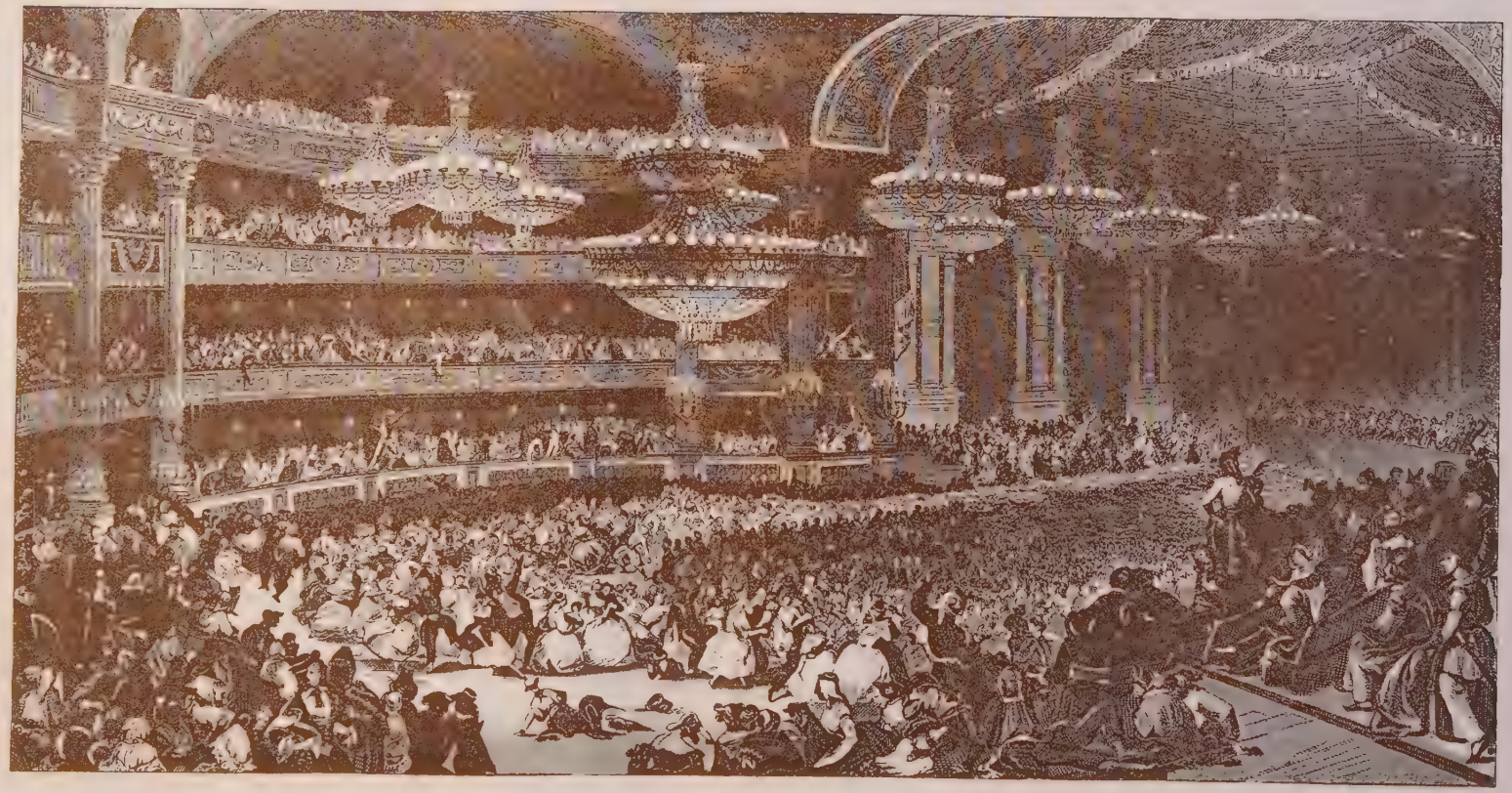
As Guedalla says, "The trumpets which rang out in the dawn of the Second Empire were a faint, retarded echo of the trumpets of Austerlitz." The army throughout the reign of Louis Napoleon continued the most ostensible symbol of the Legend resuscitate; its music emphasized its brilliant emergence from precedent dowdiness. Regimental conductors grew in importance. There were clanging bugle bands for the *Chasseurs à pied.* Rossini "was asked to compose a new trumpet march" for the dandy gentlemen of the *Guides*, and their green and gold, the blue of the Hussars and the burnished bronze of the *Cuirassier* breast-plates were more vividly set off by the new, light, stirring marches which marked the pace for the army that had once more entered upon the tradition finished at Waterloo.

As a musician, Louis Napoleon was on a par with his uncle, who could not carry a tune, no matter how well he may sing in Giordano's opera. No doubt in infancy he heard his mother Hortense sing the sentimental *romances* of the First Empire, and that "Partant pour la Syrie" of her own confection which he turned into a dynastic anthem. We even know that in the unsophisticate New York of 1836, where he turned up after his Strasbourg fiasco, he heard music on at least one occasion. For not only did he play billiards in the Old City Hotel, and appear at Ferdinand Palma's famous *Café des Mille Colonnes*, on Broadway above Duane Street, where "he was often seen in very bad company": it is recorded that he once went to a Weslyan Camp Meeting. His reactions to the hymns of militant Methodism have not been set down, though even if they may have been distasteful to him, this would not necessarily imply that he were unmusical.

Yet it is clear that he had no music in his soul. It existed only in his consciousness, as a means to political ends. He suffered it gladly, perhaps, only in the case of the Offenbach *opéras-bouffes*, where witty lines and situations served as a palliative, or at the *Opéra*, where the ballet indemnified the eye for what the ear had to endure. Yet in any event, throughout his reign, he stoically resigned himself to music on each and every occasion. For he knew its value as a unifying factor of his golden edifice of empire.

[1]It was on this field-day, too, that Mr. Sax's then new saxophone—the "moaner" of the orchestras which now intone in temples where the synthetic Bacchus and the jungle Venus are worshipped—made its first appearance.

The Box at Covent-Garden
(The Emperor, the Queen, the Empress and the Prince-Consort)



A *Bal de l'Opéra* during the Second Empire

built of thin air upon an idealization of the past. He had, in fact, when he made his unsuccessful Strasbourg snatch for the crown which led to his exile to America, in part relied upon music to ensure its success. An operatic contralto who was, as she insisted, "politically" devoted to Louis Napoleon, at his suggestion tried to sing her way into the heart of Colonel Vaudrey, commanding the 4th Artillery in the great frontier fortress. The Colonel heard her in Strasbourg drawing-rooms and the Baden-Baden Casino, and—though the practical results of his conquest were negligible—she did actually lead him to join the conspiracy, to quote Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, "in the low voice."

To Louis Napoleon music was a talisman whose effect upon others than himself he had gauged by repeated experiment. He estimated from experience the power of "the song of the street"; knew that good regimental bands maintain soldierly spirit, professional pride and smartness on parade, and how authentic a note the metallic stridencies of brasses and the sonorous rhythms of percussives lend the colors of uniforms and the glitter of arms. He was aware of the dual rôle—intoxicant and sedative—the music of the dance plays in social life. He realized that his appearance at one of the more popular houses, the *Bouffes* or *Opéra-Comique*, inclined to him the hearts of audiences whose tastes he seemed to share. And he knew how, as the living voice of the scenic splendors of the *Grand-Opéra*, music lent soul to the magnificence of his imperial box; that, indirectly, it stressed the visualized glory of the sovereign and his Court. Hence it was politically preordained that the music-mirrors of the Second Empire should be kept brightly polished.

ACT I

The Smiling Azure Days

From its beginning the Second Empire ran the First to death in the revival of externals: of Napoleonic names, dignities, traditions, and Court etiquette, though the true epic note of the *grande épopée* never was attained, despite lavish profusion of ceremonial, uniforms, gold and glitter. Yet to lend distinction to an imperial court and ensure the perpetuation of a dynasty an Empress was needed. The circumstances which led to the choice of a Spanish noblewoman to fill the vacant throne are well known, and on January 22, 1853, Napoleon, assembling the Legislative Bodies—without mentioning that a vain attempt to realize his love-romance without a wedding-ring had preceded his resolution—announced

that he had chosen Eugénie de Montijo, Countess of Teba, to share his volatile heart and parvenu throne. Eight days later, after the civil marriage at the Tuileries, the golden state coach which had borne Napoleon I and Josephine to their coronation in Notre-Dame carried Napoleon III and Eugénie to their wedding at the same cathedral.

There they were made one amid every decorative accessory that magnificence could devise and (as an ear-witness describes the official cantata Auber wrote for the occasion and the March from Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète"), "a divine music that ravished the senses." More of the earth, earthy, yet showing the popular reaction to the event, were the sentimental street songs that hailed Eugénie as "an angel from heaven," "the illustrious Spanish rose," and "humanity's queen." Another cynical contemporary, however, sneeringly said: "the texts of these harmless ballads reveal that instinct for propriety incult spirits show when tormented by the urge of self-expression."

Eugénie was no more musical, incidentally, than was her husband. She preferred charades to concerts, the flourish of hunting-horns to orchestral tutti, and the most intimate musical note she struck in the privacy of the Tuileries was that of the little Chinese gong at the top of the staircase which summoned her husband from his study on the floor below. Aside from a few foreigners like the Princess Metternich, wife of the Austrian ambassador, only two men in Court circles stood out musically. One was Joseph Napoleon Ney, Prince de la Moskowa, son of the great Marshal, a gifted amateur, who sought to revive interest in the serious music of the 16th century. The other, de Morny, was his antithesis, an intelligent, appreciative patron of the lighter musical dramatic forms whose encouragement helped establish the Offenbach *opéra-bouffe* as the music-mirror which most truly reflected the banality, brilliance and joy in life of the period.

The *Grand-Opéra*, like Notre-Dame and much else in France, had been refurbished in connection with the imperial marriage fêtes, and new laws had been issued to make the appearance of its personnel conform to ideals of imperial dignity. Orchestra musicians and *claqueurs*, who hitherto had worn what they chose, were now compelled to don evening dress, and white and black cravats, respectively. The foyer was painted in imitation marble, all its carvings regilded, and "chairs and divans of red plush invited loungers to luxurious repose." The Emperor's bust was pedestaled fronting the grand entrance, and as the apex of the

interior renovation, above the imperial box, "the Imperial Arms, in gilded, carven wood, were placed upon a golden brocade mantle lined with purple."

The performances at this now "Académie *Impériale* de Musique" took rank as semi-official Court functions, at which the sovereigns showed themselves with every adjunct of official splendor calculated to impress the crowd. The Bourbon kings had eaten in public, and *hoi polloi*, peering hungrily through the gilded bars of the Versailles' gardens, went wild with delight when Louis XV, with one clip of his knife dexterously sent the top of his hard-boiled egg into the air. During the Second Empire, Parisians of the baser sort enjoyed a similar thrill when, against a background of rich uniforms and gold-embroidered Court costumes they saw the Emperor raise his opera-glass, sweep the boxes, in which "lovely girls swam before one's eyes like a fleet of painted lilies," and unerringly focus his lorgnette on the prettiest woman in the house.

The Second Empire was a parvenu empire, an empire pseudo-democratic, whose Cæsar must lose no chance of impressing the public which had "elected" him with the importance of what its plebiscite had called forth. For this the *Opéra* offered a splendid opportunity. The Paris press, during the empire, shows that the imperial couple made a point of being seen at the "Académie Impériale," "Aux Italiens," the "Opéra-Comique," the "Théâtre Lyrique," the "Bouffes" and the "Variétés," not only to give important novelties the benediction of their presence, but on numerous other occasions as well.

We read constantly: "The Emperor and Empress attended the performance. . . ." Thus, at the première of Meyerbeer's "L'Étoile du Nord" (Feb. 16, 1854), an opera which scored a success in spite of the anti-Russian feeling of the French at the time—the dignified *France Musicale* spoke of "the Cossacks, those bastards of the human race," in its account of the performance—the Emperor and Empress signified their intention of being present, "in advance." And when Sophie Cruvelli made her début at the *Opéra* on January 16, 1854, in "Les Huguenots," so great was the interest of the *beau monde* that: "The Emperor and Empress arrived some time before the hour of commencement . . . and it was scarcely possible to direct an opera-glass to any part of the house without bringing the face and figure of some notable personage to view."

It was during the first years of the empire that the special "political" cantata performances—including the one commemo-

rating the birthday of Napoleon I, the "Saint-Napoléon"—became a tradition at the *Grand-Opéra;* and fell into line with the grand reviews, the fire-works and the spectacular shows whose music was identified with the dynasty. That amiable cynic and talented composer, François Auber, who had been a boy when Louis XVI was beheaded, wrote no less than twelve of these occasional cantatas. As for the operas, the pompous grand historical operas of Meyerbeer, Spontini and Halévy, inherited from the days of Louis-Philippe, the romantic scores of Hérold, Auber, Gounod, Thomas, Verdi, *et al,* all lent themselves to brilliant scenic development; while Auber, Adam, Massé, Bazin, and a host of writers of *opéras-comiques* marked the transition to the operettas, *opéras-bouffes* and vaudevilles.

Napoleon III, than whom none was more apt, to use a phrase of the time, at "throwing bait to the gold-fish," made a point of ensuring his personal popularity with directors, singers and dancers. Men like Nestor Roqueplan, director of the *Grand-Opéra,* were sure of the golden snuff-box with the Emperor's likeness set in brilliants; and on composers of laudatory cantatas, and artists and dancers of the opera-stages, diamond rings were liberally bestowed. As a result the song-birds refrained from pecking at the hand which fed them precious stones, and only opened their mouths to sing their patron's praise.

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In the year 1853 the imperial Court for the first time officially sanctioned by a special performance at the Tuileries the musical vaudeville revue which was the forerunner of the Offenbach operetta, that distinctive opera-type the Second Empire created, and which is most characteristic of that for which it stood. The *Palais-Royal* vaudevillists were the sensation of the day, and when the Comte de Morny—who more than any one man helped lend the Empire its specific social and musical *cachet*—had attended a rehearsal of "Gargouillada," he persuaded the Emperor to have "Les Folies Dramatiques" (the revue in which the act occurred) presented at the Tuileries before it was heard by the public. The sovereigns and the Court heard, enjoyed and approved; and Hervé, who had written the music, when the verdict of the public confirmed that of the palace, became a made man overnight.

And it was during the same year that the military music of the Second Empire for the first time "took the field," in the Crimean War, and literally "played" its part in impressing

Europe with the excellence of the French army, though the struggle in the Crimea was not allowed to interfere with the programme of splendid musical fêtes, official balls, grand receptions and opera gala *soirées* inaugurated by the Empress the year before, to all of which music, in one way or another, gave its final decorative touch. At the outbreak of the war, a patriotic song continually heard in the streets and the *cafés-concerts* was "L'Invalide et son fils." In it a veteran of the First Napoleon's Russian campaign, whose "two eyes" had been blown out by grapeshot, implored his soldier son to improve the opportunity to avenge his parent. The savage refrain ran:

> "Make haste to go, make haste to go!
> Avenge me in the Orient!
> Let Russ and Cossack for my content
> By your avenging arm be slain!
> Give them what's what! Above all else,
> Look to it that not one remain!
> Tra la la la la la la,
> Look to it, son, that none remain!"

Another, "Le Bal à Grand Orchestre, ou la Danse des Cosaques," pictured the war as a dance bound to end with the taking of St. Petersburg by the Allies. And the fall season at the "Académie Impériale" was inaugurated on August 15th, the First Napoleon's birthday, by a gratis gala performance of "Robert le Diable,' and a cantata whose music (more or less) had been written by Queen Hortense, Louis Napoleon's mother, a "Hymne à la Gloire."

The *Grand-Opéra*, the "Académie Impériale," in the Place de la Bourse, "a chapel of ease to bear the great temple of Mammon, the Stock Exchange, company," was by now definitely placed as the house of the Court, of the official and the high financial world. The older French aristocracy, however, preferred the "Italian Theatre" (*Aux Italiens*) where, "while the gas burned low," Mario soothed "with a tenor note the souls in Purgatory." A liberal imperial subvention already had facilitated various improvements at the *Grand-Opéra*. In an effort to enhance its dignity, the "ladies with the camellias" and the "marble girls" had been warned off, and the leases of their *loges* had not been renewed, so that half-world diamonds no longer challenged gems of purer water in the front row boxes. But the suppression of the journalistic free list by Fould, the new director, and the resulting journalistic slogan, "No passes, no criticism!" caused great excitement among the *prime donne*, whose chorus of press adulation was cut

off. Indignantly Mme. Stoltz wrote the Emperor: "At the 'Académie Impériale' we do not sing for money but for fame!" Only the entreaties of Lord Cowley, her English lover, induced her to withdraw her resignation.

The famous Cruvelli, in fact, made a complete disappearance at this time, leaving all her diamonds behind her, and rumor claimed it was because the new rule forbade that her name be placarded in larger letters than the names of the other singers. Her flight, which later turned out to be a runaway marriage with Baron Vigier, a Paris wit and man-about-town, deranged all the plans for the production of Auber's "King Lear." Gounod's "La Nonne Sanglante," next groomed to be the *clou* of the opera season, fell flat. In connection with its première a critic said: "Since the *Grand-Opéra* has become an imperial institution, it has turned into one of Eugène Sue's 'Mysteries of Paris.' The distribution of stalls, boxes, etc., for first nights has become a matter of Court favor, and hence the opinion of the public admitted is not representative." We should remember, however, that this critic no longer had a free pass. The return of Cruvelli to sing in "Les Huguenots," however, caused the "Nun's" downfall to be forgotten, and "divided public attention with the siege of Sebastopol."

The war, in fact, preëmpted the popular mind. In the more famous *cafés-concerts*—the *Horloge*, *Ambassadeurs*, *Café Mocha*, *Cadran*, *Café de la France* and *Cheval Blanc*—Thérèse, as well as Nadoux, Chebroux and J.-B. Clément were singing Leroy's "Sous les Ramparts de Sébastopol," the ballad of the day. And the adventuress, Lola Montez, destined to end her picturesque career in New York, was making her début in a fairy vaudeville, "La Biche aux Bois" (The Doe in the Woods)—a quasi-rehearsal of the rôle of the "deer" for her Munich appearance with King Maximilian, the pursuing huntsman, as the leading man—without causing more than passing interest.

It was after the "Saint-Napoléon," in 1854, that the Emperor and Empress for the first time spent some weeks in their new château at Biarritz, on the Gulf of Biscay, and their first reappearance at the *Opéra*, on their return in November, was made notable by a public display of the newly instituted *Cent-Gardes*, in all the glory of sky-blue coats, deep mulberry-colored trousers, polished black cavalry boots, white doeskin gloves and plumes and gold-glittering helmets and cuirasses, caracoling about the imperial carriage on its way to the house. A performance of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" that season, incidentally, was marked by a curious tragedy.

Captain Krume, a Prussian army officer living in Paris, found to his despair that he was growing deaf. When convinced he could no longer hear either the trumpets in the cavalry barracks of the Champ de Mars, or the drums of the infantry barracks at the Place Vendôme, he purchased a box seat at the *Opéra*. There, when the famous chorus "Piff, paff!" failed to register on his ear, he drew a pistol and shot himself so awkwardly that the dresses of the ladies in the box were spattered with his blood, and a bit of the unfortunate suicide's jaw-bone was afterwards found hanging from a limb of the great glass chandelier. To offset tragedy, however, there was a farce. A Count Thaddeus de Tysakiewics, editor of a Leipsic musical journal, claiming blood relationship with the erstwhile Grand-Dukes of Lithuania, sued the director of the Paris *Opéra* because of the "mental and musical anguish" a scandalously mutilated performance of Weber's "Freischütz" had caused him. Instead of collecting damages he made himself a figure of fun, and had to pay the costs of court.

The King of Belgium and the young Prince of Portugal were seen at the *Opéra* as Eugénie's guests in this year when the Baltimore Bonapartes, "living like other good Americans at a Paris hotel," nevertheless dined at the Tuileries by imperial invitation. At the *Opéra-Comique* the Prince de la Moskowa had produced an amateurish opera, "Yvonne"; Napoleon III had made him a senator and a brigadier-general, but even his presence at the princely première could not win public favor for his protégé as a composer.

Yet, if during the winter of 1854 direct musical reactions to the war were more or less confined to the vaudeville houses, the boxes at the *Opéra* showed how deeply the conflict engaged the sympathies of high society, for the jewelry of the season was all war-jewelry. Gentlemen wore grenade, chain-shot and rocket sleeve-buttons of precious stones; there were enameled bombs and small ruby cannon mounted in pearls for my lady's corsage; and for brooches the newly designed casque of the Imperial Guard (which, like its helmet, had been created at the beginning of the war) gleamed in emeralds and jet. Even in musical criticism the war note was sounded, and Verdi's "Trovatore" was censured for ". . . its overwhelming noise of cymbals, bells and drums, anything that produces a deafening effect on the ear. If cannon are not used, it is only because all the cannon in France are spending the winter at Sebastopol!"

In April, the year following, the French Emperor and Empress for once heard opera in a London instead of a Paris house, in

connection with their visit to England. Queen Victoria "had the good taste" to order a gala performance of "Fidelio" at the Royal Italian Opera, though "the attention of the vast audience was so absorbed by the royal and imperial *dramatis personæ* that the republican Beethoven had no chance for a hearing," even with a new German prima donna—Mlle. Jenny Ney (not related to the Prince)—for his heroine. The *London Times* of April 20, 1855, describes the event in the ornate phraseology of its Victorian day:

> It was more than ten years since an Emperor had been visible in a London theatre; and the audience gazed . . . as though such an event would not again occur in our time. The theatre looked wonderfully gay and brilliant . . . hangings of white calico with broad satin edges and gold ornaments gave a light and airy appearance to the boxes, adorned, moreover, with festoons of flowers from top to bottom; and there was as much propriety as elegance in banners that separated one box from another, with the initials "V," "N," "E" and "A," variously distributed in the midst of circular wreaths—one initial on each banner. The retiring rooms of the State box, which comprised the saloon at the grand entry and a portion of the lobby on the grand tier, were arranged with consummate taste and prodigal magnificence. Vast mirrors multiplied the effects of the statuary, parterres of flowers, richly adorned furniture and endless lustres almost realized the ideal of one of the palaces of the Arabian Nights. [How like one of Ouida's aristocratic boudoir interiors!] Foremost among the manifestations of the sculptor's art were statuettes of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, the Empress Eugénie and the Emperor of the French.
>
> The illustrious party did not make its appearance until after the first act of the opera was over. The interval was passed by the audience—probably the most brilliant, if not the most numerous, ever assembled within the walls of a theatre—rather in a low sustained buzz or murmur of expectation than in attention to the performance. About a quarter to ten Her Majesty entered the State box with the Emperor Louis Napoleon, and the Empress Eugénie with His Royal Highness Prince Albert. Mr. Costa then waving his baton, "Partant pour la Syrie" was struck up, and the acclamations of the audience were graciously responded to by repeated obeisances. The French national air was succeeded by our own anthem, of which Mme. Bosio sang the first verse, and all the company of the Royal Italian Opera, save those engaged in the performance of "Fidelio" took part. The *entente cordiale* thus established, the cheers and acclamations of the audience were renewed until the illustrious party resumed their seats, and the "Leonore" overture, magnificently played by the orchestra, obtained at least some degree of consideration for the music of Beethoven. After the second and third acts . . . listened to with comparative attention . . . the curtain rose, and behind the principal performers and the chorus was revealed a dense mass of ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress, who, sooner than not be present on such an occasion, had purchased the privilege of standing before the footlights during the performance of the national anthem and the "Partant pour la Syrie."

The imperial voyagers had returned toward the end of the month to Paris, to prepare for the first of the great French *Expositions Universelles*, grandiose economic epics of the industrial and commercial development of the country, and splendid visual poems of its productivity and wealth. For despite the cynic spirit of recklessness, luxury and pleasure which ruled society in general, and which was becoming more and more manifest, the Second Empire was no mere régime of stockjobbers, military adventurers, card-sharpers and courtesans. It was economically sound to a degree that led Taine to say: "There is in this country a sudden expansion of public prosperity, similar to that of the Renaissance of Colbert's time. . . . The Emperor understands France and his country better than any of his predecessors." Nor was the high decorative value of music in connection with the approaching festivities of prosperity overlooked.

On April 30, Hector Berlioz's monster "Te Deum" was given at the Church of Saint-Eustache in dual commemoration of the coming opening of the Exposition, and as a thanksgiving service for the Emperor's lucky escape from death by an assassin's bullet a few days before. Berlioz's epic-dramatic tone-picture had originally been planned as a musical apotheosis of the first Napoleon. Its beginning was supposed to represent the moment when Bonaparte, returned from his Italian campaign, enters the cathedral of Notre-Dame, to the chime of bells, waving of banners and thunder of cannon. Berlioz had vainly tried to have it performed, first at the coronation, and then at the wedding, of Napoleon III. At last, with three choirs, aggregating 1050 singers (850 of them children), and an orchestra of 150 men, the great work was given, with an effect which, according to the composer, was "colossal, Babylonian, Ninivetish." Parisian critics, though, claimed that the organ was overwhelmed in its dialogues with the orchestra by explosions of brasses and drums à la Meyerbeer, and other questionable improvements of M. Sax, "that enterprising monopolizer of infernal noises."

Though practically all the crowned heads of Europe had subscribed for the publication of Berlioz's score, the enormous cost of production prevented further performances. At the powerful finale the whole audience involuntarily rose to its feet, and the performance concluded with a march during which the flags of the Crimean Allies were carried to the altar to be blessed by the clergy. It was seldom that the third Napoleon lost a chance to draw all the political profit possible from a musical event.

No musical work could more sonorously and solemnly have prefaced that official Exposition opening of May 15, when Napoleon and Eugénie, on a throne raised against a background of crimson, gold-embroidered velvet, dedicated the monster glass *Palais de l'Industrie* as a sign of the beginning of those fêtes of peace in the midst of war which were to draw to Paris visitors from all parts of the world. And there was other music to spare for all who might be interested. At the *Opéra* Verdi's "Vêpres Siciliennes," with Sophie Cruvelli as Helen, the hapless heroine, the première conducted by the composer, was the outstanding score. At the *Théâtre Lyrique*, Marie Cabel was applauded in Halévy's "Jaguarita l'Indienne," which was followed by Auber's "La Sirène"; and at the *Opéra-Comique*, before brilliant audiences, the Emperor and Empress and a host of notables attending the opening, Auber's "Jenny Bell" was acclaimed.

As suited the Franco-British entente, it was the story of an English foundling, become an opera singer, nobly rejecting her aristocratic lover out of gratitude to his father, the Duke of Greenwich, who had paid for her education. The noble sprig threatening to blow out his brains (?) the Duke allows him to marry the artiste, and all is well. "God Save the King," "Rule Britannia," and the inevitable "Partant pour la Syrie" were introduced in the last act. "Partant pour la Syrie" was the French national anthem during the Second Empire, and supplanted the prohibited "Marseillaise." Filial piety and political calculation alike induced Louis Napoleon to raise it to official dignity as the national anthem.

Night by night, while the Exposition lasted, the operas and theatres were filled to overflowing, and thousands thronged to hear the open-air concerts of the military bands which played every evening in the gardens of the Palais-Royal, the Tuileries and the Place Vendôme. And it was on July 5 of the Exposition summer, out on the Champs-Elysées, that Jacques Offenbach—to whose airs the armies of the Second Empire were later to go into action—opened his *Bouffes-Parisiens*, a minuscule open-air theatre whose amusing one-act farces soon drew the whole fashionable world of Paris to "the bonbon-box."

The time of the imperial orgies had not yet arrived. The Empire still affected the idyllic, albeit somewhat artificially; and the *Bouffes* seemed like a return to the pastoral plays Marie Antoinette once had given in Trianon. For Offenbach's three-character farces were witty without being indecent, and lacked the cynicism and sensuousness of the great parody operas which

came later. "Les Deux Aveugles" (The Two Blind Men), a sketch in song and dialogue of two street beggars whose supposed infirmities are exploited to trick the confiding public, first called de Morny's and the Emperor's attention to the composer.

In August came the crowning glory of the Exposition, the visit of Queen Victoria and the Prince-Consort Albert of England, and among the many festivities for which it furnished an excuse was a gala performance at the *Opéra*, where Victoria, the *kohinoor* gleaming in her hair, listened to Alboni. The advent of the English royalties threw the visits of the King of Portugal and the King of Sardinia, young Victor-Emmanuel, Napoleon's Crimean ally, altogether in the shade, for it practically marked the acceptance of the French imperial "climbers" as social equals by the greater sovereigns of Europe, and announced that they were no longer to be regarded as "detrimentals."

In September the Exposition closed musically, as it had opened, with the performance of a gigantic score by Hector Berlioz. His cantata "L'Impériale," presented by 1200 performers, formed the climax of a number of Exposition mass concerts given in the circus of the Champs-Elysées. To Berlioz, an enthusiastic Bonapartist, the Order of the Red Eagle, which the King of Prussia had bestowed upon him when he had visited Sans-Souci by royal command, meant little compared with the great gold medal bearing his face in profile, which his own emperor had struck for him in acknowledgment of the fact that Berlioz had dedicated "L'Impériale" to him; and the inscription: "L'Empereur Napoleon III à M. Hector Berlioz," went straight to his heart.

Early in September the Crimean War had virtually come to an end with the storming of the Malakoff by the French. Since the loss of this great redoubt meant the fall of Sebastopol itself, the street singers blossomed out with Robequin's ballad, "La Prise de la Tour Malakoff," and Leroy's "Sous les Murs de Sébastopol," written in the trenches, became a back number. Eugénie, incidentally, was able to carry out the plans she had formed during her summer residence in St. Cloud; of making the balls of the coming season at the Tuileries more than ordinarily brilliant to commemorate the Empire's first great military success.

The closing scenes of the Exposition—Berlioz's cantata; the distribution of premiums to the winners in the *Palais de l'Industrie* by the Empress, in a crimson velvet robe and pearl tiara, in the presence of 40,000 guests in gala attire, while the band of the Imperial Guard played triumphal music; the return of the imperial pair to the Tuileries in a gilded state coach drawn by eight

milk-white steeds, surrounded by the *Cent-Gardes* in their blue and gold splendor and their great steel helmets—who "with the elegance of the age of Offenbach wore a uniform of the age of Murat"—were followed by splendid entertainments in honor of the young King of Sardinia.

Next came great official musical celebrations of the Crimean victory. There was a Te Deum at Notre-Dame, and the cantata "La Victoire," written by Adolphe Adam—at a day's notice—for gratuitous performance at the *Opéra-Comique* and the *Théâtre Lyrique*, the crowd at the last-named house being so great that soldiers and police had to open a passage for the musicians to enter. Finally, there was the grand entry, with regimental bands playing, of the troops who had stormed Sebastopol, with Marshal Canrobert at their head. It was the first of those splendid entries of victorious soldiers whose picturesqueness lent so much color and emphasis to war that they became one of the Empire's most popular "public shows," one which carried the public by storm as it swept along on the tide of the sparkling military marches and quicksteps dear to the French heart. A terrible mass concert of some 4,500 choral singers at the icy *Palais de l'Industrie* in December, at which the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Sardinia nearly froze to death listening to Gounod's tepid cantata, "Vive l'Empereur!" was the climaxing political-musical event of the year.

The years 1856 and 1857 were those years of gold and azure of the *Empire autoritaire* when, despite a government of autocracy pure and simple, France, in general, was content. In March, 1856, Napoleon presided over the Peace Congress which met to settle the Crimean War, and won a diplomatic triumph over the Czar's envoys, for whom, in guise of consolation, he had Offenbach's "Les Deux Aveugles" performed in the *Salle de Diane*, at the Tuileries. It was in the same month, too, that Eugénie assured the continuance of the dynasty in line of direct descent by giving birth to a Prince Imperial, a happy event which, among other incidental pieces, called forth cantatas by Auber and Adam. The composer-courtiers of the boulevards also wrote special "baptism" numbers, among them Offenbach his one-act bouffe "Les Dragées du Baptême." In June, with the Pope and Queen of Sweden for god-parents (by proxy), the baby prince was carried to Notre-Dame to be baptized, in a coach drawn by eight horses. Again the tide of official music ran high: the regimental bands along the line of procession intoned the national anthem; the great cathedral organ caught up the strain where they left off,

and Bernadine Hamakers, a protégée of de Morny, who had just made her début at the *Opéra*, sang the baptismal mass under the great vaulted dome.

It was a time of peace and prosperity, with the future spreading fair and seemingly untroubled before the imperial couple, a year of excursions without alarms, of millinery and dance-music. The black Emperor of Haiti, Solouque, had with difficulty raised his salary from 150,000 to 200,000 Haitian dollars in 1857—the Haitian dollar was then worth six cents American money—but Napoleon could dip into his imperial treasury and draw forth golden *Napoléons* without counting. Yet, if he spent liberally—to maintain the splendor of his court; for political visits to the Isle of Wight and Stuttgart, to meet respectively Queen Victoria and the Czar of Russia in tête-à-tête; and to entertain Frederick William, the Prussian Crown-Prince, who visited him in Paris—he and his wife also gave liberally to charity. Nor did he count expense in connection with his musical policies.

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It was in 1857, too, that Béranger died. He had been an out-and-out democratic singer, a lyricist of liberty, whose poems formed the texts of many favorite songs, whose very name carried music straight to the popular heart. While he lived, the imperial government had had but little use for Béranger, for all that he had praised the nobler side of the first Napoleon. When he died, however, Napoleon III promptly improved the opportunity to identify himself with the singer beloved of the people. Béranger, who had a horror of publicity, had objected to any "public demonstration" at his funeral. But the chance was too good for Napoleon to lose and so, against the wish of the defunct, his body was carried to rest in a splendid procession. There was a huge funeral car with waving plumes of black and white, a company of the *Sergents de la Ville*, a squadron of the *Cuirassiers* of the Imperial Guard, city dignitaries in robes of state, one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, in dress uniform and gold epaulets, as the sovereign's personal representative, and a closed imperial mourning coach drawn by four horses. It was the very antithesis of all that was cherished by the soul of the gentle bard whose *chansons* had made the cold marble image of the First Napoleon descend from its pedestal and become the people's friend.

Bernadine Hamakers, already mentioned, was the daughter of a soldier of the First Empire. She was a *prima donna* probably more representative of the Second Empire than Alboni, Patti, Stoss, Frezzolini and others who trod its operatic boards, for the *prima donna* of the Second Empire was judged quite as much by her personal attractions as by her voice. Mlle. Hamakers had been "discovered" by de Morny, a judge of feminine charm as well as of music, and when she first made her bow to an opera audience, "with her lovely blond hair, her white teeth, harmoniously veiled by the rosy shade of her lips," she "looked like a clavier begging to be played." She never sang her famous "page" rôles without accompanying showers of flowers. And she had admirers innumerable, from de Morny, who made it a point to see that her carriage horses—she drove her own victoria in the Bois de Boulogne—were finer than the Emperor's, to old Rossini, at whose home she sang arias from the "Barber of Seville" to the accompaniment of the monophone—an arrangement of musical glasses filled with water, whose crystal sonorities blended well with her sweet but somewhat metallic voice.

She held the favor of the Paris public until her death, and one of her "stunts," as Gilda in "Rigoletto," was to trill, watch in hand, for a full minute or more. The Emperor, remembering that she was the daughter of a veteran of Austerlitz, sent for her after one of her performances, and when she appeared in his box presented her with a parure of emeralds. But though, even when not singing at the *Opéra*, gold continued to flow through her hands, "the Hamakers" was not one of those who tried to take the imperial heart by storm. "He amused himself with me as with a child," she said, "there was nothing serious in his attentions."

In 1857, again, that year of supreme imperial radiance and splendor, music began to mark the change from idyllic luxury to the more cynical sensuousness, the more gorgeous display and more brutal lust for pleasure which, in increasing measure, was to take possession of Second Empire society, high and low. As Guedalla puts it: "They danced at the *Bal Mabille* and *Valentino*, and the town was beginning to sway to the measure which sung and quickened and rose until the Second Empire danced to an air by Offenbach out of the gas-light into the cruel sunshine of 1870." Napoleon and Eugénie appeared with increasing frequency at the new operas and ballets—among the latter a gorgeously staged ballet-version of Auber's "Manon Lescaut," a forerunner of Puccini's opera—which introduced the American note in its

Louisiana Negro dances. De Morny, who had outshone all other ambassadors at the festivals of the Czar's coronation in St. Petersburg—where Colonel Colt, maker of the famous pistol of the "Old Frontier" was also present—had returned to Paris with a young Russian wife of marvelous beauty, the Princess Troubetzkoi (a union of eighteen and fifty-three) and celebrated his new-found happiness with a series of splendid balls and receptions. And a spectacular event of the year was the entry into Paris of the Persian ambassador, Ferouk Khan, magnificent in gold-girdled Kashmir robe and diamond-clasped black Astrakhan cap, on his way to the Tuileries in an imperial carriage surrounded by *Cent-Gardes.*

In the streets and *cafés* the popular songs were growing more unrestrained in tone, to match an increasing social laxity. The rag-picker, the dog-tax, the bearded lady (in one of Thérèse's famous ballads), the joys of the pipe, the daguerreotype, the locomotive, the crinoline, the turning-tables, these homelier subjects, as the Empire grew more and more sophisticate and gluttonous for pleasure, were abandoned for ballads that sang the *grisette*, successor of the *lorette* of the days of Louis-Philippe, and the gold of California, which had for some years been finding its way to the Paris *Bourse.* Gold, gold and pleasure, were the keynotes of the changing character of the times, and at the great fancy-balls at Court, the Empress Eugénie dusted her hair with gold, and the "*beau monde* showered California on its tresses." Even music, pure and colorless in itself, yet so truthfully reflecting its period and surroundings, could not help but take on harder, more brilliantly metallic inflections under the circumstances.

All those dizzy, feverish vibrations of material pleasure, those "rhythms which catch one between marrow and bone," which were to make "Second Empire" and "social corruption" synonyms, with which Offenbach vitalized his "Vie Parisienne" and other scores, and which Carpeaux symbolized in his beautiful statuary group before the *Opéra*, of "dancing Bacchantes, drunk with music and motion," swung into gayer oscillation in this year of gold and azure. A dramatic incident, in a way, emphasized this turning-point in the spirit of the times in the very first month of 1857. Monsignor Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, had been assassinated while celebrating high mass in the Church of St.-Étienne, by Verger, a mad priest suspended from his functions for writing a treatise against the Immaculate Conception. When the news reached the Tuileries the imperial couple, of course, gave up its Carnival engagements for the evening. But the

great popular *Bal de l'Opéra*, which had become more frenetic and less restrained, year by year, was too dear to the public heart to be given up. So while the dead Archbishop lay in state, tapers blazing about his bier, half his flock, in Pierrot costumes and laced pantalettes, danced madly until dawn began to color Paris roof-tops.

(*To be continued*)

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THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

VOL. XVI OCTOBER, 1930 NO. 4

J. A. CARPENTER, AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN

By OLIN DOWNES

I SOMETIMES think that the existence of John Alden Carpenter, who is probably the most sensitive, sincere and accomplished American-born composer that we have to-day among us, is as acute an artistic problem to him as it is a benefit to us. That, the reader may say, is the case with every creative artist. It is. But the "problem" of Carpenter—"problem" is a pompous and hateful word to use—is a special one, as I see it, greatly complicated by questions of his particular period and position in American music, and by the very facts of his sincerity, scrupulousness as an artist, and personal integrity. These things are said with very slight personal knowledge of Mr. Carpenter. At the same time they take into account passing impressions of his character—character and temperament being inevitable considerations when any creative artist is involved.

If you hear one of Carpenter's representative compositions, you feel at once the fine grain of the man and his extreme sensibility and passion for truth. You recognize with delight his intolerance of trifling with such a thing as art, his rare sense of beauty, his really virtuoso technic, in the best sense of the term. And you are aware of something better than that, a thing which is the ultimate promise of Carpenter as a composer, namely his genuine humanity. If this man had followed an intellectual and emotional path all too clearly marked out for him by ancestry, traditions and environment, he might have become an Emersonian. He did nothing of the kind. Emerson is used here, of course, as a symbol or illustration of a certain psychology. I never talked to Mr. Carpenter about literature or Emerson, but I will

guarantee that he perused and listened to his sweet truths and hearkened to the song of the stars with him. But I will also wager that Carpenter has read and rambled with Mark Twain and gloried in his wisdom and humanity and laughter. More: he has surely been stirred and profoundly touched by the coarse, cosmic and racial Whitman. A man of too exquisite sensibility, as I am certain, for his comfort or a wide success, or perhaps for the emotional and creative explosion that achieves an undying masterpiece, Carpenter has walked, culturally speaking, with poets and kings "nor lost the common touch." In a word, his heart is bigger than his head, which is essential for a composer. Will Carpenter's integrity and quest for the reality and fullness of life conquer his watchful conscience and good breeding sufficiently to make him more than the remarkable and significant composer that he is to-day? That is the question; the answer to it will be the measure of the durability and significance of his work after he and we have joined our fathers.

Carpenter's work, on the average and in the sum of the writer's experience of it, is to him the most salient and brilliant that is being done to-day in American music. It appears to gain steadily in substance and decisiveness because, with his natural and indeed incorrigible sincerity and his artist's perceptiveness, he is getting constantly nearer to life as well as constantly more mature and unhesitating in the moulding of his musical material. And this is not said merely because, in such scores as his "Skyscrapers," he uses some Foster melodies, "Old Uncle Ned" or "Old Jim Jo" or whatever it is, and some rag-time or jazz idioms. What are idioms? They never amount to chips unless they are permeated with the spirit that begot them, unless they are the inevitable and unaffected accent of the composer.

And here is the question of that "unaffected accent." In how far is it natural for Carpenter to write in local patois—a man who is a gentleman born, a man of cultivation, of refined surroundings and experience, an artist confronted by the very sort of tradition that would have made him sacrosanct and a pillar of society in, let us say, the hopeless latitudes of Beacon Street or the Cambridge Yard? Shall he write music in the tone adopted by the Negro minstrel or the performer in the cabaret? Obviously such a course would be as impossible for a man of his intelligence and sincerity as the mere imitating of stuffy European modes of composition of a century ago. At the same time, what are we in America as creative musicians, and what the devil, as Bernard Shaw said of one of the people in "Captain Brassbound's Con-

version," are we to evolve into? Contrary to the impression still current in quarters abroad, we are not wild Indians, Negro mammies or cabaret dancers. We are not even—all of us—rum-runners or millionaires. How is the American to be natural, real, racial, alive with the temper of a country which is so fertile, alive and generally irritating to the universe? How about jazz and all that? How about Stravinsky and atonality and red-blooded Americanism? Just answer these questions, if you can, and then go and ask Mr. Carpenter about it! He is too thoughtful for them to pass him by. He cannot be unconscious of them in his art.

If he could, he might be our great American prophet—perhaps. But his synthesis is incomparably more complex and difficult. He is not a flag-waver. He is not a thoroughly convinced hobble-dehoy, fanatic and Whitman-ite, as, for example, Henry F. Gilbert was—Gilbert of hilarious and wildly romantic pages, Gilbert whose musical jokes were sometimes shrewd, sidesplitting, and sometimes vulgar to the point of being obscene! But alive, and with the stuff of woods and forests and sea and the pungent jests of children of Adam. But Gilbert was not perplexed by the extent of Carpenter's perceptions, Carpenter's far more subtle, if not so powerful, psychology, Carpenter's humble spirit and Carpenter's many-tinted dreams. Perhaps Carpenter knows and sees too much for his good, since the creative act in music needs to have in it much of the complete concentration and reckless detonating power, unconscious of the consequences, of a charge of TNT. Carpenter cannot behave that way, nor, to be sure, is it imperative that he should. Debussy did not explode and did not write without self-consciousness. Nor did Stravinsky, barring and excepting such a possibility in what is undoubtedly his most epochal work, the "Sacre du Printemps." But Beethoven did, at least in the spiritual sense, and so did Wagner when he penned "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Carpenter is the last man to compare his music with "Tristan und Isolde"; we are the last to ask such a thing as the *sine qua non* with a creative artist.

But the comparison is useful here as furnishing, perhaps, a sort of perspective in which to observe so gifted and sympathetic a composer as John Alden Carpenter. He is all too aware of the stature of the giants who tower above him; all too well acquainted with and observant of the vastness of the temple of art for his happiness as a composer. But his character and his sense of beauty are carrying him through.

Carpenter is himself; and whatever may be the warring elements, questionings, ideas contained within the compass of that

inner self, they have been integrated by his will, his patience, his scruple as an artist. He is an eclectic in his appreciations and also in his technical knowledge, but with entirely too much background to be dazzled or overwhelmed by the fascinating things that the eclectic mind discovers in the cultures of other countries and other periods than those in which it exists. He is vividly contemporaneous, contemporaneous in such a balanced manner, and withal with such technical certainty and distinction, that the most sophisticated European must reckon with his workmanship, even if he only half understands what Carpenter's expressive purpose is. But underneath all this is the deeper thing—the thing we referred to earlier as the great hope for Carpenter's future as an artist, and the future of his works. It is his deeper vision of life, his human sympathy and pity, without which no artist can possibly be great, and his poetical search that give his music more than ephemeral promise. We speak, of course, of Carpenter at his best, or at least at the best that the writer has discovered.

This is not a catalogue of his works and does not consider them in detail and must not linger even over the finest of his songs. But conspicuous among his best works, let us say, are his two ballets, "The Birthday of the Infanta," after the story of Wilde, and the ballet "Skyscrapers," which had its production at the Metropolitan in New York three years ago. In the first score, very notably, is reflected the pomp and the decorative glitter that the scene implies; but this with a dramatic sense, in a manner to throw into stronger relief the emotions of the characters. There is perhaps something of the professedly unemotional brilliancy and laconicism that is so prominent an attribute of the earlier Stravinsky, whose influence is obvious in some technical details of both scores. But there is also the note of the naïve and of searching pathos. And in the ballet "Skyscrapers," which has much of the style of a lightly conceived fantasy inspired by the thought of the dwellers in Manhattan at their work and their play, there is, for the writer, a more broadly human and tragic thing than in the earlier work. There is the vibration, as it seems, in this music of exhaustion, of nervous and harried merriment, of heavy dreams, all caught up in a current of electricity and noise and quest. In a word, this music has some of that aroma of life and dream which no real music is without. Words are futile, unless they are in poets' hands, to convey very much of what is meant by this, but any lover of music will understand. It is this atmosphere and this heartbeat in Carpenter's score that give it life and make it fruitful, as arid intellectuality or a purely esthetic purpose never

could do. Most composers of our period decline in real expressive power in inverse ratio to their technical development. The shell gets harder and smoother as the creative organism within it atrophies. Carpenter will not, in the writer's belief, undergo this fate. He is too sincere, too humble, too responsive to the tragedies and frustrations of all human existence. He knows that the most fertile thing in life is tears.

Will he write music that will endure far past its epoch? That is in the lap of the gods, and beyond the capacity of contemporaneous criticism to say. Certainly he has enriched and moved us who now listen to his music.

He has—speaking of merely practical things—brought the American composer's technic up to date. Himself acquainted with the works not only of the Straussian era, the stylistic qualities of which he has happily left behind him, but of the modern Frenchmen, the contemporaneous Russians, and what not, he has embodied in his compositions the indispensable technical facilities that the musical art of Europe holds for us. He has evolved certain clear and admirably developed forms which enclose American popular musical idioms and imply poetical impressions and interpretations of American environments. He has done this with an immense passion, a regular New Englander's concealed passion (though he wasn't born in New England) for truth and beauty. Gilbert was suspicious, even resentful—and, for such a great and significant pioneer of American music, rightly so—of sophistications and technical refinements of the musical art, especially when these came from Europe. That reaction was inevitable and necessary for the great thing that it was Gilbert's mission in American art to do. It was the defect of Gilbert's virtues, and it prevented him from fully achieving his purpose. He knew this, and he neither regretted nor repented, and went on rough, irascible, and sure of his destiny, with his "barbaric yawp." He was clumsy, inept, banal and farmerish, if you like, in his scores. His friends called him "Hank," and another friend, a poet, who in Gilbert's words, gave him two or three good texts, and then "died on him," called him "a battered and sawed-off old stump in which larks and linnets had built their nests." And so with his music, which was laughed out of court when it was performed ("The Dance in Place Congo") in Europe at the 1927 festival of the Society for Contemporary Music. But Gilbert wrote some racy American stuff. Carpenter's scores would not have been laughed out of court, but "Skyscrapers" would also have had the flavor of American music. The "white man's burden"—the

American composer's burden at least—has fallen on Carpenter's shoulders. What Gilbert could not assimilate, what overwhelmed Gilbert and dated him, was the advance of musical technic and musical ideas which were accumulating while he was absorbed in the endeavor to strike an authentically racial note in American musical art.

Carpenter has assimilated all these necessary ingredients of his craft. He has welded them together and created beautiful things. Through his music he has brought American thought into closer rapport with the poems of a Tagore and a William Sharp, with Negro folklore and classic and romantic ideals of older civilizations. These tendencies have met on harmonious terms in his mind, a process that must come to fruition with the American whose heritage is one of overwhelming richness and confusion of elements, before he can fulfil his destiny as artist. In doing these things, Carpenter has succeeded in putting on paper at least much of that which is finest and truest in himself, and something of his time and his land. Whether he can express all of this in his music is doubtful, because, we should say, of the fact that a life divided, through sheer conscience and ideals of duty, between claims of an inherited past and an inherited business makes it extremely difficult for the complete and unfettered release of creative thoughts. But Carpenter has wrought beautifully, wisely, truthfully and well. He has created, and he has contributed indispensably to the erection of the great future edifice of a national music.

JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER

By FELIX BOROWSKI

IN the dreadful period of artistic activity that is generally indicated by the term "Victorian," a merchant or gentleman—which, Victorianly speaking, was not quite the same thing—might paint pictures or compose music, but if he did such eccentric things it was universally agreed that he must be classed as an "amateur"; and if that title signified etymologically that the merchant or the gentleman cultivated his art because he loved it, it commonly implied, at the same time, that he cultivated it only indifferently well. This curious attitude toward the "amateur" and his artistic strivings was due, probably, to the circumstance that throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the skilled workers in music and other arts were men and women who belonged to what was rather invidiously called the "lower class" and who, for the most part, were without either money or rank. There were exceptions, to be sure; but the noblemen or princes who composed concertos were regarded as hardly normal, and the head of a commercial establishment who performed too well upon, let us say, the violoncello, was an object for suspicion. Occasionally it happened, however—as in the case of Meyerbeer or Mendelssohn—that extraordinary gifts for artistic expression lifted their possessors out of the amateur class in which, on account of their extensive bank accounts, they rightfully belonged.

That these nineteenth century ideas in regard to the distinction between the amateur and the professional still lingered into the twentieth century was made clear in the surprise evoked when John Alden Carpenter first appeared before the world as the composer of important works. For Mr. Carpenter was—and still is—a business man, a partner in a firm that deals in mill, railway and shipping supplies, and there seemed something incongruous in the association of sailcloth, railroad ties and other unromantic articles with ballets and songs and symphonies. Whatever the subject of this article may think privately about the mentality of people who affected to be astonished when he demonstrated his ability to write in the highest forms of music, there is undoubtedly something of interest in the skill with which he treads with equal firmness the paths of commerce and of art.

George B. Carpenter & Sons is—for Chicago, at least—an ancient house. It was founded as a ship's chandlery in 1840 by one Robb, who later turned it over to Gilbert Hubbard. This owner of the business was served by the father of John Carpenter and later—about 1860—the employé became a member of the firm. When Hubbard died, his partner succeeded him as sole owner, and the name of the firm was changed to George B. Carpenter. John Alden was born at Park Ridge, Ill., February 28, 1876. His gifts for music were undoubtedly an inheritance from the maternal side of the family. The composer's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Curtis Greene Carpenter, was a vocalist who had studied in Europe with Marchesi and William Shakespeare and whose special activity was church-singing. She took particular interest in the musical development of her children and much of John Carpenter's success in the field of art was undoubtedly due to her early influence. Nor was Mrs. Carpenter alone in the family cultivation of music. Her elder brother was a well-known music teacher in the East.

John Alden Carpenter's talents were first developed by Chicago teachers; for Park Ridge is an immediate neighbor of the great metropolis that borders on Lake Michigan. One of these instructors was Amy Fay, a sister-in-law of Theodore Thomas, whose book "Music Study in Germany" was widely esteemed in the 'eighties. Another was W. C. E. Seeboeck, a gifted pianist and composer who played and taught in Chicago for a quarter of a century. At Harvard, from which Carpenter was graduated in 1897, the young musician was a pupil of Professor Paine. It may be thought that the academic austerities of that master would be little likely to inflame the artistic imagination of the student from the Middle-West. Probably they did not cause the latter to see a new heaven and a new earth in art; but Professor Paine may have exercised a sedative influence—and that is often advantageous when students stand in need of the discipline of counterpoint and fugue.

Having, then, been given the education that befits an American gentleman, John Alden was taken into George B. Carpenter & Co., in 1897. But the new member of the firm could not forego his musical aspirations. A great admiration for the music of Sir Edward Elgar moved him to apply to that distinguished representative of British composition for lessons. Elgar, who was probably aware that creating music and teaching its creation are two entirely different matters, threw cold water upon the fire of Carpenter's enthusiasm for his instruction. But the young

musician was persistent, and in 1906 he cornered the English master in Rome. The lessons did not endure for long, and in 1908 Carpenter was in Chicago studying with Bernhard Ziehn, from whom, the composer believes, he derived more benefit than from any other teacher. It would be interesting, if space permitted, to trace back the activities of the composer of "Skyscrapers" to the studies which he made with Ziehn. For although the latter was not himself a composer, he was an untiring investigator of polyphony in all of its phases, and particularly in that one which brought it into touch with original and unconventional harmonic combinations.

The twentieth century was still in its youth when Miss Lucille Stevenson, one of Chicago's sopranos, invited the author of this article to hear some songs, which, she said, were the work of a local composer whose gifts were of more than ordinary worth and whose reputation was still in an embryonic state. The composer was Mr. Carpenter and the songs were some of his earlier efforts, among which were "Don't Ceäre" and "The Green River." The fascination of these lyrics was undeniable and although the writing of songs is a favorite amusement of many people who have no business to be writing anything at all, it was clear that the composer of "Green River" owed a duty to his country, not only by creating more songs, but by digging deeper in the field of art and producing from it other and larger works. With the exception of the sonata for piano and violin which had been performed for the first time at Aeolian Hall, New York, in December, 1912, Carpenter contented himself for the time with song composition; but the settings of "Gitanjali" by Rabindranath Tagore, published in 1914, brought him before a larger public than any which had hearkened to his strains before. The success of these six songs was founded upon the solid rock of merit. In spite of the fact that the song literature of America comprises more rubbish than is to be found in any other literature except, perhaps, that of England, there is a large public and many singers in the United States eager to listen to or to interpret vocal art that contains fine music wedded to really poetic and imaginative texts. To this public and to such singers, Carpenter's "When I bring you colour'd toys" or "The sleep that flits on baby's eyes" made a searching appeal; for this was not music that had been written for the market-place; it had beauty undisfigured by cheap tunefulness and the harmonic subtlety struck a new note in native composition. In 1914, too, the composer made an orchestral arrangement of the "Gitanjali" songs and this arrangement was heard in a concert given at Orchestra Hall, Chicago, with Miss Lucille Stevenson as the interpreter

of the vocal part. In this form the lyrics were somewhat less convincing than they had been in the form in which originally they had been conceived—a circumstance due, it is probable, to the fact that the composer at that time was less familiar with the orchestra than he became later.

Yet Carpenter did not take long to improve his acquaintance with the mysteries—such as they are—of symphonic creation. In 1915 he brought out at Orchestra Hall the first, and one of the best, of his orchestral compositions. "Adventures in a Perambulator" was hailed with joy by people who long had believed that the American sense of humor might be united to a sense of poetry in a symphonic work by a native master. Nor, having put his hand to the orchestral plough, did Carpenter look back. In 1916 he provided a symphony for the festival at Norfolk, Conn. His ballet "The Birthday of the Infanta," was brought out by the Chicago Opera Company—now the Chicago Civic Opera Company—at the Auditorium, Chicago, December 19, 1919. "A Pilgrim Vision," written at the invitation of Leopold Stokowski, was given its first hearing by the Philadelphia Orchestra on a "Tercentenary Mayflower" program of that organization, November 26, 1920. The following year Carpenter returned to the ballet and his "Krazy Kat," founded upon the inimitable pictures of George Herriman, was staged at the Town Hall, New York (January 20, 1922), with Adolph Bolm as inventor of the choreography and Mr. Herriman as designer of the scenery and costumes.

The composer of "Krazy Kat" was not likely to rest upon his laurels. Bolm's production of the Carpenter-Herriman ballet had reached the ears of the late Serge Diaghileff, who was in Europe superintending the labors of the Ballet Russe and inducing composers of distinction to write mimodramas for him. Diaghileff had progressed beyond the stage of pseudo-oriental ballet. "Scheherazade," "Thamar" and other productions of their kind had done well for him—especially in England and America—but he had evidently arrived at the conviction that there was nothing to be gained artistically by producing oriental ballets by natives of Leningrad, or Spanish ballets by composers who came from Cork. Perhaps, too, it occurred to him that nothing was to be gained either by taking compositions and fitting dramaturgy to them that had never been in the thoughts of the composer who had written the original score. He had sublimated his artistic ideals and was devoting himself to productions which, if they were nationally inclined, had been commissioned from composers whose nationality was that of the scenario itself.

Behind the outworks of innumerable Parisian dance-halls, cafés, vaudeville houses, etc., jazz was impregnably entrenched. Diaghileff probably knew comparatively little about American music, but there could be no doubt that he would have been struck as vividly by the Americanism of jazz as Dvořák had been almost three decades before by the Americanism of Negro tunes. Why not an American ballet? Why not, indeed! The Russian director pulled from out the recesses of his inner consciousness his recollection of Carpenter's success with "Krazy Kat," and he asked the composer to send to him in Paris the score of that work and some photographs of the action. Having assimilated that material, he proposed that Carpenter should write for him a ballet which should embody the bustle and racket of American life expressed in the terms of the prevalent "American" musical vernacular. Composer and producer went into conference concerning the general plan of the work and, reverting to his earlier practice of making music and dramatic action two entirely different constituents of pantomime, Diaghileff suggested that Carpenter should write the music of his ballet as an expression in general terms of contemporary American life, without regard to details of story or action. The latter, he said, would be supplied, on completion of the music, by himself and his associates in the form of a choreographic and scenic investiture to fit the basic conception of the work.

The composition was finished in 1924 and Carpenter went into further conferences with the Russian producer, who not only evinced great interest in the work, but made numerous suggestions which were acted upon by the composer. The première was arranged to take place in 1925, at Monte Carlo, but negotiations fell through and it was at that period of uncertainty that the sagacious Mr. Gatti-Casazza, of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, heard that Carpenter had completed the score of a new ballet and he made a bid for it. He invited him to develop his own ideas as to staging and selected Robert Edmond Jones, the theatrical designer, to assist him. The two men evolved "Skyscrapers." The ballet was rehearsed in December, 1925, and was produced for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, February 19, 1926. That was not, however, the last of "Skyscrapers." In 1928 (February 10) the work was mounted at the National Theater, Munich, and under the title "Wolkenkratzer" was given its first hearing in Germany and, it may be added, with great success. It reappeared in the repertory more recently. Nor was this the first occasion on which

Carpenter was honored by a foreign country. In 1921 he had been decorated by the French government with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

When the Chicago composer first began to attract the attention of music-lovers in America, it was often said that his style, so far from being American, was really French. This dictum, it must be remembered, was pronounced in the earlier part of this century, when Debussy and Ravel were regarded as apostles of modernity. It is one of the peculiarities of public opinion—in the case of music at least—that nothing pleases it quite so much as to drape the mantle of the hero of the day round the shoulders of the lesser men. Thus it was that when Bizet produced his "Carmen," in 1876, his critics discovered, what no critic would find it easy to discover to-day, that the baleful influence of Richard Wagner sat heavily upon the score. The same accusation had been made earlier in the matter of Verdi's "Aida." Carpenter was scarcely likely to escape the painstaking investigators who found Debussy in every composition that might contain augmented triads or successive chords of the ninth or whole-tone scales. But although there is a modicum of truth in the assertion that the composer of "Skyscrapers" has absorbed something of the Gallic spirit of the twentieth century, it is none the less true that he has evolved a style of his own. And, together with this individual note, there is to be found in Carpenter's music a curious distillation of rhythms and turns of melody that have their origin in Spain. Some annoyance must surely have been caused the patriotic inhabitants of Catalonia by the fact that the really popular examples of their national style have been written by Frenchmen, Russians, Poles, or by any other musicians than those who have come from Spain. If Spanish characteristics have so successfully been handled by Glinka, Chabrier, Moszkowski, Rimsky-Korsakow and others, it need scarcely be a matter for astonishment that there are passages in Carpenter's works which lull the listener into the suspicion that their creator, instead of having been born and reared at Park Ridge, Ill., probably was ushered into the world in a mansion on the banks of the Guadalquivir.

Mr. Carpenter himself is at a loss to know how or why this Iberian element figures in his art; there is not, he declares, any Spanish strain in his ancestry. But, possibly, it was the opportunity to work the vein of Spanish tune and rhythm that caused the composer to apply himself to the delineation in sound of Wilde's "Birthday of the Infanta." Yet he did not really need a Spanish subject to stimulate that vein; for in many of Carpenter's works

that are not, as to their titles, connected with Spain at all, the Iberian influence is very strong.

Probably it is by his vocal music that the Chicago composer is best known to people who take their pleasures in the concert-rooms. Carpenter has labored industriously in the field of song and his harvest is rich and full. The vocal pieces, too, are often imbued with the poignancy and emotion that have eluded him in some of his instrumental works. Looking upon this literature as a whole, it would seem that Carpenter has done more than any other native musical creator to bring honor and respect to American song. Not, to be sure, that all of Carpenter's lyrical productions stand upon the loftiest plane of art. There are songs, like the early "Treat Me Nice" (written in 1905), which Mr. Carpenter would like to see suppressed. Even "Her Voice," a setting of a text by Oscar Wilde, composed seven years later than the previously mentioned work, is scarcely worthy of the gifts which called it into being. But it would be easy, for that matter, to pick out songs that are commonplace or dull, or both, from the works of the greatest masters. The large majority of Carpenter's vocal offerings are of the most admirable purity of style, steeped in an atmosphere of poetry and of musical refinement such as is seldom met with in American song literature—literature in which so often the "pot-boiler" rules supreme.

The poetic quality manifested itself early in Carpenter's vocal work. "The Green River," written in 1909 to a text by Lord Alfred Douglas, is pregnant with poetic suggestion and this, too, may be said about "Le Ciel" (Verlaine), written the following year. Some of the songs written before and about the period of "The Green River" are less arresting, but no critical listener in that period can have hearkened to the two works that have just been mentioned without having come to the conviction that their creator would be heard from in the future. "Il pleure dans mon cœur" (Verlaine) was composed in the same year as "Le Ciel," and breathes much of the same beauty and imaginativeness. Carpenter was able, too, to put more than mere charm into the song; the conception of the music, as he felt it, involved the constant iteration of one note and the technical skill with which this was accomplished is worthy of all praise. Cornelius tried the same device in his song "Ein Ton," but he missed the spell of beauty that Carpenter was able to weave round his work.

Passing by "The Cock shall crow" (1908), which is rather ordinary, there should be mentioned a delicate setting of Waller's "Go, lovely rose" (1908); "Little Fly" (1909), which is interesting

without being much more; "Looking-glass River," an expressive setting of Stevenson's verses, dating from 1909; and a somber one of Verlaine's "Chanson d'Automne," a product of the following year. The two last-named lyrics disclose Carpenter's fondness—in the earlier songs at least—of making use of the lowest range of the piano in writing the accompaniments. It was in 1913 that Carpenter made a leap forward with the composition of his "Gitanjali," a setting of six poems by Rabindranath Tagore. There is exquisite music in these settings. "When I bring to you colour'd toys" and "The sleep that flits on baby's eyes"—respectively the first and third of the cycle—have out-paced the other songs in popularity, but all are of extraordinary worth. Another cycle, "Watercolors," composed in 1915, carried a mood different from that of "Gitanjali." In "Watercolors" Carpenter went to four Chinese poems translated by Herbert A. Giles, Professor of Chinese at the University of Cambridge. In the songs there is made manifest an irresistible combination of whimsicality and expressiveness. It is perhaps in music such as this that the Chicago composer is most typically represented. A year or so ago he made a version for orchestra of the piano accompaniments to the songs and this was given at a performance of the Allied Arts in Chicago, greatly to the rapture of the connoisseurs.

The dialect songs include two whose texts have been drawn from the Dorsetshire poems of William Barnes and six which, as to their poems, have a Negro origin. The Dorsetshire songs are "Don't Ceäre" and "Wull ye come in eärly Spring." The first of these is admirable in its humor and in the spiritedness of its vocal and piano parts. The second is not particularly inspired. Carpenter began experimenting with Negro music as early as 1905, when he wrote "Treat me nice"—one of his failures. "The Lawd is smilin' through the do' " followed in 1918 and is a highly effective example of Negro characteristics in the voice-part with Carpenterian treatment of the accompaniment. Still later came the cycle of Four Negro Songs—"Shake your brown feet, honey," "The Cryin' Blues," "Jazz-Boys" and "That Soothin' Song"—which, composed in March, 1926, was published the following year. There is distinct fascination in these lyrics. The harmonic effects are more astringent than in the earlier works and the composer has been successful in keeping intact the spirit of Negro art, at the same time giving musical value to its setting. To the music of the people "The Home-Road" surely belongs. Carpenter wrote it in July, 1917, when the war fever was at its height and the song is one of the very few products of the period which survived that

calamitous struggle. Edward Elgar once said: "Why should a composer always write in an exacting spirit? Why not relax the bow occasionally? My conception of a composer's duty includes his being a bard for the people. He ought to write a popular tune sometimes." The English master pointed his case by writing the marches in "Pomp and Circumstance," and Carpenter seconded him by the production of "The Home-Road."

Of the larger works by Carpenter the Sonata for piano and violin was the earliest in which he essayed the design that had been the basis of the classical cyclic form. Published in 1913 with a dedication to his teacher Bernhard Ziehn, Carpenter struck a note in the Sonata that had not been sounded by American composers before. There is that which is akin to Franck in the poetic atmosphere of the opening movement, whose music, a decade and a half ago, must have been something of a harmonic revelation to many a concert-goer. The second movement opens with brisk rhythmical vigor, but undeniably it is spoilt by the middle section, whose style suddenly plunges into the sort of tuneful obviousness that tickled the ears of music-lovers in mid-Victorian days. Whatever regret may result from this falling from grace in the second movement of the Sonata is removed by the sheer beauty and imaginativeness of the third. Nor is there any falling off in the finale, whose exuberance of spirit mixed with romantic sentiment is captivating to the ear.

Another work of importance in which the piano is concerned is the Concertino for piano and orchestra which, performed for the first time by Percy Grainger at a concert of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, March 10, 1916, was characterized by its composer as "in effect, a light-hearted conversation between piano and orchestra—as between two friends who have travelled different paths and become a little garrulous over their separate experiences. The conversation is mostly of rhythms—American, Oriental and otherwise."

There is admirable writing in this Concertino. The Spanish strain, to which reference already has been made, peeps out in the opening movement, with not a little of Carpenter's characteristic whimsicality as well. There is real and nostalgic beauty in the slow movement, and while the 5-8 section which follows it does not quite convince one that this particular quintuple setting of the music was the only one that could express its creator's inspiration, it is undeniably clever. A little waltz-tune in the Glockenspiel, which arrives toward the close of the movement, is evidently a *jeu d'esprit* on the part of Mr. Carpenter, as is also the introduction

of "Dixie" and "The Old Folks at Home" in the closing pages of the score. Taking it as a whole, the Concertino is one of the most important contributions made by American composers to the literature of the piano and orchestra. The piano-writing is at once grateful and brilliant, and it would be well indeed if native and foreign virtuosi would occasionally forsake the hackneyed repertory so many of them affect, and offer their listeners a composition which, like this work by Carpenter, is as interesting as it is effective.

The composer's smaller piano pieces are worthy of respect as *musique de salon* contributions that have more than mere elegance to recommend them. The "Polonaise Américaine" has achieved well-deserved popularity, for it possesses gusto and a certain breezy spiritedness which make it attractive. The "Impromptu," published the same year (1915), as a companion piece, is rather less appealing, its message being cast in a less spontaneous form. "Little Indian" and "Little Dancer" (1916), are short, pleasant and not difficult. Mr. Carpenter, having made a success with his "Polonaise Américaine" in 1915, evidently bethought himself to follow it up with a "Tango Américain" in 1921. The latter piece has not won the popularity which visited its predecessor, yet it is full of interesting rhythm, even if its melody is less immediately striking than that of the "Polonaise." There is interesting material, too, in the four pieces published (1923) under the collective title "Diversions." The first of these is really imaginative and charming. There is quaintness in the *chinoiserie* of the second and piquancy in the character—again Spanish—of the third and fourth.

Carpenter's symphonic works deserve extended comment. Few of his fellow-composers in this country have demonstrated as much brilliancy as colorists. Nor has he many rivals in the art of establishing a mood with often light and simple touches. Yet Carpenter's moods are not varied. His most successful accomplishments have been associated with a certain whimsicality that is not inevitably humorous—often, indeed, it is framed in poetry. One of his earliest, as well as one of his most successful scores was the suite which, entitled "Adventures in a Perambulator," was composed in 1914 and published in 1917. No discussion of this work can be undertaken without preliminary reference to its creator's gift for writing words as well as notes. The "program" of "Adventures in a Perambulator" is a little masterpiece of its kind. The description by the baby of its impressions of life, when the nurse wheels it out for an airing, once

read cannot easily be forgotten. Certainly it should be given quotation in this place, if only as proof that the musician who wrote it has more than one string to his bow.

I.

En Voiture!

Every morning—after my second breakfast—if the wind and the sun are favorable, I go out. I should like to go alone, but my will is overborne. My Nurse is appointed to take me. She is older than I, and very powerful. While I wait for her, resigned, I hear her cheerful steps, always the same. I am wrapped in a vacuum of wool, where there are no drafts. A door opens and shuts. I am placed in my perambulator, a strap is buckled over my stomach, my Nurse stands firmly behind—and we are off!

II.

The Policeman

Out is wonderful! It is always different, though one seems to have been there before. I cannot fathom it all. Some sounds seem like smells. Some sights have echoes. It is confusing, but it is Life! For instance, the Policeman—an Unprecedented Man! Round like a ball; taller than my Father. Blue—fearful—fascinating! I feel him before he comes. I see him after he goes. I try to analyze his appeal. It is not buttons alone, nor belt, nor baton. I suspect it is his eye and the way he walks. He walks like Doom. My Nurse feels it too. She becomes less firm, less powerful. My perambulator hurries, hesitates, and stops. They converse. They ask each other questions!—some with answers, some without. I listen, with discretion. When I feel that they have gone far enough, I signal to my Nurse, a private signal, and the Policeman resumes his enormous Blue March. He is gone, but I feel him after he goes.

III.

The Hurdy-Gurdy.

Then suddenly there is something else. I think it is a sound. We approach it. My ear is tickled to excess. I find that the absorbing noise comes from a box—something like my music-box, only much larger, and on wheels. A dark man is turning the music out of the box with a handle, just as I do with mine. A dark lady, richly dressed, turns when the man gets tired. They both smile. I smile too, with restraint, for music is the most insidious form of noise. And such music! So gay! I tug at the strap over my stomach. I have a wild thought of dancing with my Nurse and my perambulator—all three of us together. Suddenly, at the climax of our excitement, I feel the approach of a phenomenon that I remember. It is the Policeman. He has stopped the music. He has frightened away the dark man and the lady with their music-box. He seeks the admiration of my Nurse for his act. He walks away, his buttons shine, but far off I hear again the forbidden music. Delightful forbidden music!

IV.

The Lake.

Sated with adventure, my Nurse firmly pushes me on, and before I recover my balance I am face to face with new excitement. The land comes to an end, and there at my feet is the Lake. All my other sensations are joined in one. I see, I hear, I feel the quiver of the little waves as they escape from the big ones and come rushing up over the sand. Their fear is pretended. They know the big waves are amiable, for they can see a thousand sunbeams dancing with impunity on their very backs. Waves and sunbeams! Waves and sunbeams! Blue water—white clouds—dancing, swinging! A white sea-gull floating in the air. That is *My Lake!*

V.

Dogs.

We pass on. Probably there is nothing more in the world. If there is, it is superfluous. *There IS.* It is Dogs! We come upon them without warning. Not *one* of them—all of them. First, one by one; then in pairs; then in societies. Little dogs, with sisters; big dogs, with aged parents. Kind dogs, brigand dogs, sad dogs, and gay. They laugh, they fight, they run. And at last, in order to hold my interest, the very littlest brigand starts a game of "Follow the Leader," followed by all the others. It is tremendous!

VI.

Dreams.

Those dogs have gone! It is confusing, but it is Life! My mind grows numb. My cup is too full. I have a sudden conviction that it is well that I am not alone. That firm step behind reassures me. The wheels of my perambulator make a sound that quiets my nerves. I lie very still. I am quite content. In order to think more clearly, I close my eyes. My thoughts are absorbing. I deliberate upon my Mother. Most of the time my Mother and my Nurse have but one identity in my mind, but at night or when I close my eyes, I can easily tell them apart, for my Mother has the greater charm. I hear her voice quite plainly now, and feel the touch of her hand. It is pleasant to live over again the adventures of the day—the long blue waves curling in the sun, the Policeman who is bigger than my Father, the music-box and my friends, the Dogs. It is pleasant to lie quite still and close my eyes, and listen to the wheels of my perambulator. How very large the world is! How many things there are!

The music in "Adventures in a Perambulator" is, in some respects, among the most attractive that its composer has given to the world. In it there is nothing of the grand style; for neither the subject nor Mr. Carpenter's particular variety of talent has much, or anything, to do with the grand style. But it has humor, fantasy

and that romantic whimsicality that figures in so much of the composer's work. The motive of the perambulator is so exact a reflection in sound of one of those domestic vehicles in action, that no one listening to it would be able to restrain a smile. Excellent fooling, too, is the movement entitled "The Hurdy-Gurdy," in which the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore" is ground out ludicrously by a xylophone, a celesta and a piano. Nor is Mr. Carpenter's imaginative humor less adroit in "Dogs," in which the barking of the animals is mingled with "Where, O Where has my Little Dog Gone?" and "Ach, du lieber Augustin," and in which a little fugue at the end is absurdly suggestive of a canine "follow the leader." Two of the movements—"The Lake" and "Dreams"—provide poetic contrast, but it is difficult to resist the conviction that their creator was less stimulated by their "program" than he had been by the fantastic pictures which formed the other movements of the suite.

The two other purely symphonic works by Carpenter are a symphony, written for the Norfolk Festival of 1917, and "A Pilgrim Vision," composed at the suggestion of Leopold Stokowski for the concert given by the Philadelphia Orchestra in connection with the Mayflower Tercentenary celebration, November 26, 1920.

The symphony, written in 1916–1917, has for its motto "Sermons in Stones," a phrase that occurs in the second act of Shakespeare's "As You Like It," where it begins "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and ends, "Sermons in stones, and good in everything." While this motto would not seem to have much bearing upon a musical composition, its connection is in the direction of optimism. The symphony is a remarkably fine work, but scarcely of the type whose beauty is apparent at one hearing. That the composition has failed to excite the public and, therefore, has been only infrequently performed is to be regretted; for the number of first-rate American symphonies is comparatively small. The symphony, moreover, is unpublished, and the demand for such works—on the part of conductors, at least—is often in exact ratio to their accessibility.

"A Pilgrim Vision" also is still in manuscript. It has been seldom in the history of musical composition that a *pièce d'occasion* has risen to any soaring heights of beauty. There have been enough exceptions to point to the rule, but Mr. Carpenter's tercentenary piece can scarcely be said to belong to them. The composer set out to depict—as he declared in the program-book of the Philadelphia performance—"the grim little Puritan band in a last religious service in England, the march to the sea and the

embarkation." The religious service is set forth in the "Old Hundredth" played upon the organ, and there is music of a processional character which, presumably, denotes the progress to the ship. This material is less stimulating than some of the music connected with the sea, in which Carpenter apparently loses the self-conscious conviction that the Puritans are sitting on his score. Taken as a whole, "A Pilgrim Vision" is not one of the works of which their creator has most reason to be proud.

There must now be considered the compositions that Carpenter has written for the stage. All these are ballets. The first was "The Birthday of the Infanta," based upon Oscar Wilde's story of the same name. Other composers have been attracted by this tale, among them Schreker and Sekles, who, like Carpenter, made the adventures of the dwarf and the infanta the subject of a ballet, and Alexander von Zemlinsky, who turned them into an opera.

"The Birthday of the Infanta" was produced by the Chicago Opera Association at the Auditorium, Chicago, December 23, 1919. The scenes and action of the work were arranged by Adolph Bolm—who also gave a notable interpretation to the part of Pedro, the dwarf—and the ballet was conducted by Louis Hasselmans. The action of the piece followed in the main the details of Wilde's story. The little Infanta—delightfully interpreted at the Chicago performance by Miss Ruth Page—comes out of her palace depressed, because it is her birthday and apparently that important fact has been forgotten by the world. But a surprise party has been planned for her. The birthday guests come running in; majordomos and servants appear, bearing gifts, and are followed by the gypsy dancers, the juggler and tight-rope walker, the make-believe bull with boys on hobby horses who will pretend to fight it. Finally a weird creature, who has been caught in the forest, is brought in. This is Pedro the dwarf. He dances for the little princess who, in her admiration and excitement, throws her handkerchief to him. Pedro is filled with extraordinary emotion. He wonders if the princess can have found him beautiful; if, maybe, she loves him.

After the cook has brought in a wonderful birthday cake and the Infanta and the children have followed him into the palace to eat it, Pedro, left alone, wanders into deserted chambers of the building, thinking of his princess. It has grown dark and the rooms are gloomy. Suddenly he sees a terrible figure approaching him. Pedro stops in affright and the figure stops, too. It is his own reflection that he sees in a mirror. Horror-struck at this

first revelation to him of his deformed body, Pedro asks himself what impression such a body could have made upon the little Infanta. In despair he again tries the dance which he had performed before her, but now it is an ugly and perverted thing, such as he imagines it must have appeared to her. The dwarf falls exhausted to the floor and dies. Some of the children have passed the door of the room, playing a game. Some of them enter, but do not see the huddled form of Pedro lying in the gloom. The princess enters, too, and she recognizes the dwarf. Kneeling, she touches him with her handkerchief, but the form does not move. The Infanta starts back with a vague feeling of horror in her soul, and steals away.

This is an admirable story for choreographic treatment and Carpenter has made much of it. Particularly in the earlier sections of the work—the opening scene, the spectacle of the gypsy dancers, the jugglers, the mock bull-fight and the dance of the dwarf—the score of "The Birthday of the Infanta" abounds in vivid touches. The composer had learnt much symphonically from the work which he had done on the symphony, the suite "Adventures in a Perambulator" and the Concertino for piano and orchestra, and skillful handling of the orchestra in the ballet, the fine manipulation of color were demonstrated with unerring skill. Only in the closing scene—the death of Pedro—did one feel that Carpenter had somehow missed the mark at which he aimed. High emotions and tragedy are planes of expression on which his gifts rest somewhat uneasily. Perhaps the composer felt some realization of this himself; for neither of his other works for the stage, and few of his songs, dealt, even remotely, with either the one or the other. A work that concerned itself with Spain offered extraordinary opportunities to a musician so devoted to the rhythms of that romantic land, and it is not too much to declare that some of the most brilliant and enticing Spanish music of modern times went into the score of Carpenter's first ballet.

In "Krazy Kat" Carpenter returned to that combination of humor and music which had made "Adventures in a Perambulator" so delightful a work of art. This "jazz-pantomime"— the composer's own term for the work—was written to a scenario by George Herriman, whose cartoons dealing with Krazy Kat and Ignatz Mouse have been made familiar to multitudes of newspaper-readers. Carpenter worked on the score from June to August, 1921, and the first hearing of the music was given at concerts of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Chicago, in December of that year. The première of "Krazy Kat" as a pantomime took

place at the Town Hall, New York, January 20, 1922. The work was staged by Adolf Bolm, who mimed the part of Krazy Kat, and George Barrère conducted the orchestra. There is delightful fooling in this ballet, in which Carpenter has been extraordinarily successful in fitting grotesque and comical situations with their apparently exact equivalents in sound. Much of this success is due, to be sure, to his ability to seek out and to manipulate the bizarre tints on the orchestral palette; much of it, too, is concerned with his clever handling of equally bizarre harmonies. And in "Krazy Kat," as in "The Birthday of the Infanta," Carpenter makes evident his astonishing and persuasive talent for transforming ordinary dance-rhythms into novel and exciting lilts of tune. The "Kat-nip Blues" in "Krazy Kat" is a little masterpiece of its kind. Mr. Herriman's cartoons would not have seemed a fruitful soil for his collaborator's Iberian proclivities, but Carpenter will not be denied and there is a Spanish dance for the feline hero.

"Skyscrapers" represents the composer in his most advanced phase. The condensed plan of this work, as indicated in the published score, is as follows:

> 'Skyscrapers' is a ballet which seeks to reflect some of the many rhythmic movements and sounds of modern American life. It has no story, in the usually accepted sense, but proceeds on the simple fact that American life reduces itself essentially to violent alternations of work and play, each with its own peculiar and distinctive rhythmic character. The action of the ballet is merely a series of moving decorations reflecting some of the obvious external features of this life, as follows:
>
> Scene 1—Symbols of restlessness.
>
> Scene 2—An abstraction of the skyscraper and of the work that produces it—and the interminable crowd that passes by.
>
> Scene 3—The transition from work to play.
>
> Scene 4—Any 'Coney Island,' and a reflection of a few of its manifold activities—interrupted presently by a 'throw-back,' in the movie sense, to the idea of work, and reverting with equal suddenness to play.
>
> Scene 5—The return from play to work.
>
> Scene 6—Skyscrapers.

It is scarcely necessary to state that, as "Skyscrapers" reflects "some of the many rhythmic movements and sounds of American life," the influence of "jazz" is potent in the score. Mr. Oscar Thompson, who wrote upon Carpenter's ballet at the time of its first performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, is of the opinion that "Skyscrapers" contains "not literal jazz, but jazz as it has filtered through the mind of a musician who thinks in terms of art, and whose purpose was to write an art-work, not

merely to add to America's store of popular music." This is very true; comparatively little of Carpenter's "jazz" would be hailed rapturously by the ladies and gentlemen who step it out upon the floors of our *cafés dansants*. But there is more that is redolent of our soil in the score of "Skyscrapers" than "jazz." Its composer has taken thought unto the Negroes and the music which they cultivate—music which Dvořák once declared was the foundation upon which to build an American school of composition. This does not refer to snatches of "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," heard in the middle of the work, but to such a passage as that in the Coney Island scene, in which a Negro chorus entones a dreamy chant while a banjo and a soprano saxophone are heard in comment upon it. There is more of the true character and the nostalgia of Afro-American music in those few measures than in the whole of the "New World" symphony.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the art which Carpenter put into "Skyscrapers" was the harmonic complexity of its score. In the literature of ultra-modern music, with its insistence upon atonality and polytonality, there are the works, extraordinarily numerous, which have bizarre progressions and nothing else; and there are those which contain ideas as well as curious chords. No one who has made a study of Carpenter's ballet could have any doubt that, although he advanced further in it harmonically than in any previous work, he always has definite subject-matter upon which to hang his chord-progressions, which in themselves frequently make the music of the latter-day Germans seem pale and wan. "Skyscrapers" is a work Stravinsky would have liked to have written when, realizing that he had come to the boundary line of his twentieth-century resources, he turned his back upon the modern idiom and snatched nervously at the mantle of Bach. And not less remarkable than Carpenter's harmonic maturity in "Skyscrapers" is the maturity of his orchestral scoring in the work. There is no groping for "effects." The certainty of touch that was a notable feature of so early a composition as "Adventures in a Perambulator" is pushed to even a higher power in the Chicago composer's later ballet.

Before leaving the subject of Carpenter's larger works something must be said concerning his string-quartet. This contribution to the rather limited repertory of American chamber-music was finished in July, 1927, and the first public production was given at the Chamber-Music Festival in the Library of Congress at Washington, by the Rosé String-Quartet, of Vienna, April 28, 1928. It is in a work of this description that the highest qualities

of a composer are to be observed. To such a work many have been called, but few have been chosen. There can be no doubt that Carpenter has tilled the field of chamber-music with admirable success in this string-quartet, the writing in which is in the modern rather than in the classic vein. The opening of the piece, with its syncopated complexity of rhythm, is more curious than beautiful, but, having had his fling with cross-accents, the composer carries his four instruments into a region of truly alluring charm. The composition is not divided into several movements complete in themselves, but employs the unified design that consists of continuous music in three uninterrupted sections, the material of the first returning in the course of the third. The slow section has moments of striking originality, and in the last division of the work Carpenter's fanciful whimsicality crops out once more, and in it there is more than a hint of his liking for the rhythms of Iberian song.

When the history of music in America—the history of its later phases—comes to be written, the achievements of John Alden Carpenter will necessarily form material for an important chapter. Living in an age that apparently has parted company with the ideals and the practices of earlier composers, Carpenter has not only contributed to it the brand of music which is of modernity modern, but he has suffused it with the warmth and beauty that have been the constituents of the finest classic art. Moreover, the creator of "Skyscrapers" is of all our composers the most typically American. Nationalism, as such, is less in favor among composers of the twentieth century than it was in the century that went before. There is not in Carpenter's music the racial tang which set the Russian Borodin apart from his colleagues in Germany or France or brought an ephemeral popularity to Grieg; but the essence of our highly vitalized American life, our febrile activity, our somewhat superficial emotion, our boundless energy are deeply implanted in the Chicago master's style.

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COMPOSITIONS BY JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER

Orchestra	Composed	Published
Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator"	1914	1915
Suite, "The Birthday of the Infanta"	1930	1930
Symphony	1916	MS.
Symphony	1917	MS.
A Pilgrim Vision	1920	MS.
Jazz Orchestra Pieces	1925–1926	MS.

Piano and Orchestra	Composed	Published
Concertino	1915	1917

Ballets

The Birthday of the Infanta	1917–1918	MS.
Krazy Kat	1921	1922
Skyscrapers	1923–1924	1926

Chamber-Music

Sonata for Piano and Violin	1911	1912
String-Quartet	1927	1929

Songs

Improving Songs for Anxious Children	1901–1902	1903
Treat Me Nice	1905	1906
The Cock Shall Crow	1908	1912
May the Maiden	1908	1912
Go, Lovely Rose	1908	1912
The Heart's Country	1909	1912
The Green River	1909	1912
Little Fly	1909	1912
Looking-Glass River	1909	1912
When the misty shadows glide	1910	1912
Chanson d'Automne	1910	1912
Dansons la gigue	1910	1912
Il pleure dans mon cœur	1910	1912
Le Ciel	1910	1912
Bid me to live	1911	1912
A Cradle-Song	1911	1912
Don't Ceäre	1911	1912
Fog-Wraiths	1912	1913
Her Voice	1912	1913
The Player Queen	1914	1915
Les Silhouettes	1912	1913
To One Unknown	1912	1913
Wull ye come in the eärly spring	1914	1918
Gitanjali:	1913	1914
When I bring to you colour'd toys		
On the day when death will knock at thy door		
The sleep that flits on baby's eyes		
On the seashore of endless worlds		
Light, my light		
The day is no more	1915	1915
Watercolors:	1915	1916
On a Screen		
The Odalisque		
The Highwaymen		
To a Young Gentleman		
The Home-Road	1917	1917
Khaki Sammy	1917	1917
The Lawd is smilin' through the do'	1917	1918
Berceuse de la guerre	1918	1918
Serenade	1920	1921
Slumber-Song	1920	1921
Four Negro Songs:	1926	1927
Shake your brown feet, Honey		
The Cryin' Blues		
Jazz-Boys		
That Soothin' Song		

Piano	Composed	Published
Polonaise Américaine	1912	1915
Impromptu	1913	1915
Little Indian	1916	1918
Little Dancer	1917	1918
Tango Américain	1920	1920
Diversions (Five Pieces)	1922	1923

N. B.: With the exception of three songs—"May the Maiden," "The Heart's Country" and "When the misty shadows glide"—published by Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass., all of John Alden Carpenter's compositions are published by G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.

MUSICAL TENDENCIES IN CONTEMPORARY RUSSIA

By LEONID SABANEEV

CONTEMPORARY Russia is the arena of a grandiose sociological experiment, the results of which it may be difficult and premature to discuss at present. But the effects of this experiment make themselves felt in every domain. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world—with the possible exception of ancient Sparta—has there been a state which has so assiduously supervised all the functions of the national organism and brought them into line with its own ideas. Even music, apparently the most abstract of the arts, has come within its purview. In contemporary Russia nothing is created until it has been considered theoretically and a scheme of construction prepared. The central idea in regard to music and the other arts is the establishment of a "proletarian" art, an art created by the proletariat, which (in theory, at least) has come into power. Moreover, theorists have for a long time been working out the fundamental lines of this hypothetical art, though, truth to tell, with regard to the results they are not quite unanimous. My intention in this article is to show the nature of these theories and the outcome of their practical application.

In the sphere of music an obscure and obstinate struggle has been carried on throughout the eleven years of republican Russia's existence—not between purely musical groups and parties, but between political musical parties, if I may thus express it; between the supporters of the development of music on previous lines and those who aimed at a proletarian organization of the tonal art. The differences of opinion were more substantial than those which separated the old musical groups—at one time the conservatives and the radicals of music instinctively endeavoured to join forces against the incomprehensible and foreign foe in the shape of art on a sociological footing.

On the eve of the Russian Revolution there were two distinct and hostile groups—the left and the right—whose general features were those characteristic of the identical or analogous groupings in the West. After the Revolution they disappeared, and we observe two main schools of thought—the advocates of pure music and social music respectively.

As I have said, the hypothetical proletarian art was developed —like the whole of the Marxist doctrine—theoretically, by "*a priori* constructions." There was as yet no trace of any proletarian art, there was not even a single member of the real proletariat capable of composing and writing down half a dozen notes, but the theorists knew what the contours and signs of the new art were to be. It is true, as already mentioned, that the results of their theorizing were by no means in accord; the only thing they had in common was that this new, universal art of the future, this proletarian music, must be entirely different from its predecessor, which was a survival and must be fought and destroyed.

These musical theorists of the proletarian art, who made their appearance in 1919 or 1920, were soon split into groups holding different opinions. The two most important might be called the "democratic" and the "demagogic" respectively. The former assumed that the music of the proletariat would be comprehensible to the genuine worker of to-day, would express his tastes. Music must therefore be simplified, must be deprived of its artificial characteristics and become purely vocal, in the shape of "workers' songs" for chorus, solo, and community singing. Examples were sought, either in folk-music (the ethnographical school), or in the creations of composers of a national type, such as Moussorgsky, or, again, in the style of the factory songs. The most important consideration in all this was that everything should be made primitive, so that the musical art should become international and universally understood, and should not be the privilege of the upper classes, of the cream of society—the intelligentsia. It was also inferred that the former bourgeois art, whether classical or modernist, ought to be, if not destroyed, at least anathematized, and in no case encouraged. What was needed was music calculated to suit the tastes of the people, the workers.

The other group, which I have christened demagogic, was cleverer and less straightforward. Its supporters, wedded to scientific Marxism, reckoned that it was inadvisable from an artistic point of view to consider the contemporary proletarian, who was undeveloped and had little culture. The music of the proletariat should appeal to the proletarian of the future, who would be possessed of taste, either self-developed or acquired from others. It was supposed that certain persons knew what that taste would be, and, as in the case of the preceding group, it was further assumed that the tastes of all proletarians would be identical, that all of them would receive music in the same way, whereas amongst the bourgeoisie different people had different likes and dislikes.

In putting forward these views, the second group was really making a tactical move to justify in the sight of the triumphant and predominating Marxist doctrine the existing work of certain left-wing composers. It was a necessary step to safeguard their existence and their careers, and to prove that the music of the left was pleasing to the Communist deities of the Marxist religion. In this respect the situation of music was as tragic as that of the other arts—painting, literature, sculpture, and architecture—in the early days of militant Communism. The left wing proclaimed itself, very successfully, to be proletarian, and serviceable to the new creed. The fact is, the leaders of Communist politics in Russia, especially during the period immediately following the Revolution, were quite unprepared to discuss æsthetics; in the sphere of social problems their theoretical positions may have been excellently worked out, but in regard to music and painting they were as innocent as babes; taken in the mass they had no artistic tastes or training, and were profoundly indifferent to art. On the whole, Lenin had no discrimination in music, and its effect upon him, as upon all anti-musical people, was evidently merely psychological; nor were the other promoters of the "first conscription" much in advance of him. It was extremely easy to persuade a crude public, ignorant of art, to accept anything, since they had no convictions on the subject, and were ready to believe whatever they were told, provided only that it could be shown to be in accordance with Marxism. So far as art is concerned, the whole of the early period of militant Communism presents a sufficiently lamentable picture, which I would characterize as the systematic fooling of politicians unversed in art by men mixed up with one section or the other, and working in their own interests.

It might be pointed out that this was the case along the whole of the "artistic front"; all the active workers in art (they least of all are to be condemned) in the course of a bitter struggle for existence, for the justification of the work to which they themselves were accustomed, demonstrated enthusiastically and frantically that their art was particularly agreeable to the Communist god and emanated from the Marxist teaching. The victor in the struggle was he whose proof was best prepared, and not the man whose talents or line of work were really suited to the moment. In the early days of militant Communism the capitals were covered with futurist memorials (most of them were afterwards broken up or simply allowed to decay), and futurist buildings and projects (some of which, happily for art, proved to be technically unfeasible), whilst the poetry and music of the extreme left were every-

where in evidence. At that time hungry and ragged conductors and musicians assembled in icy concert halls—the temperature was from 7 to 10 degrees below zero—and with gloves on their frozen hands played the most modernist compositions to a completely indifferent audience, who dropped in without payment and wandered out again, utterly perplexed. It was not until some years later, about the time of the "New Economic Policy" (1922), that the democratic line of music and of art in general began to raise its head.

My task in this sketch does not include the discussion of the question as to which of the two schools really agrees best with the Marxist religion—the idea of an art for the worker that shall be comprehensible to him now, or of an art for the worker of the future, conceivable in some futurist or other form and semblance. As the Communists themselves are not agreed upon this point, it is the more permissible to us outsiders, who have no part in politics, to pay but little attention to it. My personal opinion is that the proletarian state can do without music or art of any kind; it needs things of general use, such as roads, hospitals, schools, sanatoria, and domestic and hygienic appliances. I believe that if the Communist life could be organized, it would be a commonwealth of hygiene and not of art, and the style of its mode of existence would be hygienic and not artistic; the artistic sense would be atrophied owing to its uselessness. The prophet of Communism himself, Lenin, was very nearly of this opinion.

No one appears to have expressed this idea in so radical a form, but there have been attempts at a compulsory and logical approximation to it on the part of Marxist theorists, who arrived at the notion of a derived art as the ideal of the future art of Communist life. Theoretical thought had a vague feeling that a logical deduction from materialist premises could not possibly be propitious to art as such, that it must inevitably degenerate or be transformed into an industry.

Thus these two camps stood facing each other and a duel began between them. They fought, moreover, with a weapon naturally adapted to inflict deep wounds—the weapon of Marxist orthodoxy. At first it seemed that the left, i. e., the demagogues, would win; then the victorious line was transferred to the democratic side; later still there were signs of a "synthesis by arrangement." Hence the first proletarian music was designed in accordance with the views of the extreme left and the innovators. It was considered that proletarian art should above all things be absolutely new, unprecedented, unusual; that it should entirely abolish the

music of the past. Grandiose schemes were drawn up. The idea was conceived of expropriating the creations of the great composers and of modifying them to suit the new consciousness; they altered the text of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, endeavoring to expunge its mysticism and to bring its ideology into harmony with the moment. They projected a new music, based on ultrachromaticism as the latest achievement of science; they created a symphony of factory sirens and automobile horns; they occupied themselves seriously with the problem of sonorous instruments, in order to produce new, workers' symphonies for performances, not in concert-halls, but in the public squares, under the open sky, so that the proletariat in the mass might attend them. They dreamed of the electrification of music, of replacing all the instruments by a single universal electrical apparatus, which would be orchestra and everything besides. In spite of the naïve and fantastic nature of many of these plans and visions, it cannot be denied that at this period there was a sort of original exaltation, particularly strange and unexpected amongst a starving and unclad people. In this atmosphere there were created the Soviet "Musico-Scientific Institutes," and the symphony of factory sirens—the latter, it is true, suffered lamentable damage when its realization was attempted, as the performers, terrified by the roar of the sirens, fled in a panic, leaving the "instruments" to bellow, instead of playing the "Internationale." In this atmosphere, too, the now famous apparatus of the engineer Theremin—the Theremin-vox—was invented. It would be ingenuous to suppose that the workers and the proletariat troubled themselves about these visions. No, the proletariat remained silent—all these fantasies were the spawn of the intelligentsia, these whimsical flights of thought in the long run, perhaps, were nothing more than the struggle for existence, the desire to create something to justify existence, the necessity of which, at this particular time, was the subject of very serious doubt. The musicians of the intelligentsia endeavoured by means of these rash projects to show the ruling class that they were necessary to the latter in some respects, that they sympathized with and were glad to help their conquerors, to whom they offered all the treasures of their knowledge and their inventive powers. The entire lack of any basis at the moment, and in particular the utter ignorance of the ruling authorities concerning such matters, permitted these projects to assume hypertrophied, Homeric outlines; the new lord and master liked anything strange and extravagant, even in speech, and, however curious it may seem, at that happy period it was easier to persuade

men of the indispensable necessity of something quite fantastic, some symphony of factory sirens under the open sky, or the general electrification of all the musicians and music-halls in the world, whereby to obtain the means of existence—it was easier to do this than to convince the ruling class of the need for the simplest and most elementary things, such as the provision of an instrument for the pianist, or in any case the supplying him with a pair of shoes. The ragged, half-naked, hungry musicians, who were fed on substitutes or not fed at all, exercised their wits on the principles of the extreme left and in beating the records for wild and extravagant schemes for the world of the future. The bulk of the ruling class, alas! remained especially indifferent to all this, though the executive authorities were occasionally inclined to sympathize with such projects. When they tried to explain to the worker why Tchaikovsky and his music were incompatible with the present day, he did not go to listen to them; at the clubs they put him in possession of the heritage of the bourgeosie, in the form of the sonatas of Mozart and Brahms, but he went there merely to smoke a couple of cigarettes and eat a roll; whilst the instruments requisitioned for the requirements of the proletariat were used to satisfy needs for which their construction made no provision, and which it is often impossible to describe.

Towards the end of 1922 it became evident that the proletariat was not very anxious to make use of the musical heritage of the bourgeosie, and, saddest of all, did not see any need for it. The symphonies of sirens and the electrification of music fell through, since the power available was insufficient even for electric lighting. The workers received with apathy and scepticism the attempts to create symphonies of factory noises—symphonies consonant with the proletariat and of necessity supplanting Tchaikovsky's "debilitated" music. They hinted very plainly that they had too much of the noises of the factory during the day to want to hear symphonies concocted of them by way of recreation. And the left, with its projects and innovations, began to wither and evaporate. On the heights, from which the theories and instructions were issued, they subjected their art to careful scrutiny and ceased to be so simple. It may seem paradoxical, but the tastes of the leaders themselves proved to be supremely bourgeois; they frankly preferred a fox-trot or a gipsy song to the proletarian symphony of factory noises. The tide of sympathy and success began to flow in the direction of the democrats.

Before passing on to consider the democrats, it should be remarked that this extreme, innovating, demagogic school, which con-

sidered that musical advance should keep pace with the advanced political theories of the left wing, really achieved very little in the way of practical composition. I have already spoken of the grievous fate of the "Symphony of Factory Sirens" conceived by the theorist Arseny Avramov, for which the authorities placed at his disposal (they may have been joking) certain factories, with the whole of their "vocal" resources. Most of the composers of a serious and relatively left tendency, who had created and moulded themselves before the war, showed a manifest desire to preserve a political chastity and neutrality. They continued to write symphonies, quartets, and sonatas, without any proletarian application, and making no allowance whatever for an audience of workers—which infuriated their opponents. The unfortunate symphonists were accused of sabotage, of counter-revolutionary conduct, and thunders and lightnings were called down upon their modest heads. The impartial historian should note the fact that, in spite of these unpropitious circumstances, Russian composers managed to preserve for nearly ten years the political chastity dear to their hearts, and to remain politically neutral. On the tenth anniversary of the October Revolution, however, their patience and endurance gave out, and many were constrained to burst forth into compositions on this jubilee theme. Amongst those who proclaimed and professed "left" and "proletarian" tendencies, two only—Roslavets[1] and Lourié[2]—were straight men, having affirmed from the very first that this art of theirs was the real art of the workers. The latter, so far as they came across these compositions in their everyday life, which was so remote from music, apparently did not agree with this assertion. An attentive scrutiny of these composers leads us to conclude that their work, no matter whether good or bad, was *sui generis*, but the ideology attached to it was merely protective coloration, to ensure the possibility of performance under the conditions then existing, and to put themselves on the most favourable footing.

The other, democratic school was timid and bashful at first. Its members were not by any means proletarians, but musicians of the conservative camp only, who used to write *pièces d'occasion* for jubilees and similar festivities. The *ci-devant* composers of "Coronation Cantatas" turned their attention to "Workers' Hymns"; the command to write them came from a different

[1]A communist, who afterwards left the party; occupied the post of chief musical censor.

[2]A communist, who subsequently emigrated; Minister of Music from 1918 to 1921-22.

person, but the music remained. In other cases the process assumed still simpler forms; the compositions were not altered at all, but over such titles as "Under the Double Eagle" or "To the Memory of Admiral Makarov," new names were pasted, e.g. "Sickle and Hammer," or "To the Memory of Ilyich." The musical language has never displayed such poverty of ideas, nor, I would even say, such lack of principle. The drawing-room composer of the once popular "Two Puppies" Valse became the author of the proletarian composition "The Brick-makers," which proved on examination to be the same "Two Puppies" without any change in the facture. Kastalsky, the writer of sacred music, who composed some really beautiful canticles, admirable in their style, was compelled by the struggle for existence (religious music having become the object of persecution) to devote himself to turning out satirical songs ridiculing priests and monks, and even God Himself. A colossal literature was created for the mass of the workers, but, alas! it could not boast of originality; the best examples were compositions by previous, skilled musicians, usually conservatives (Sakhnovsky, Glière, Kastalsky, Kochetov, and others), driven to take up this employment for the sake of the small earnings. They generally adopted the style of the Russian national school, in the form of couplets and ditties. Moussorgsky was a particular sufferer by this; the proletarian composers took his satirical passages and from them wrote fresh satires on the priest, the Tsar, and the merchant, whom they hated or ought to hate. At this time the "Association of Proletarian Composers" was formed, with the object of actively attacking the bourgeois element in music, of declaring war on elegance and bourgeois science and refinement. This being agitational literature, the State paid a good price for it, and it afforded these poor composers a subsistence of sorts. But it must be acknowledged that the workers did not go into raptures over this music; on the contrary, it very soon disgusted them, and they turned frankly to their classical balalaïka, their own harmonists, and even at times to gipsy songs. So far, the musical art in Russia has not essentially brought forward a single genuine proletarian, a single genuine worker; if there have been and are any who claim to be such, a study of their biographies will show that they have almost invariably been members of the intelligentsia with protective coloration.

In 1925–26 a moderate school of thought was promoted, by way of a compromise. It demanded a proletarian outlook, but it also called for a musical culture, and even proposed to take lessons from Western Europe. It was assumed that the art needed

by the U. S. S. R. at the given moment must be fully equipped with the European technique, but at the same time must be ideologically compatible with the state of affairs in Russia. As ideology generally has a very small point of contact with music, this demand for ideological consistency, when translated into the technical language of music, merely amounts to a choice of subjects and titles from the repertory of the current slogans. The composers quickly comprehended the new course, and for the tenth October anniversary a swarm of "October Cantatas" of every possible tendency, from the extreme left to the extreme right, was produced; new "compatible" ballets, such as Glière's "Red Poppy," appeared; and "compatible" operas, amongst them Zolotarev's "Decembrists" and Triodin's "Stenka Razin." So far as the music itself was concerned, it differed in no respect from the work of any Western European master, and had not the least suggestion of compatibility. Thus a number of composers, previously characterized as unsympathetic, or even hostile, were suddenly included in the sphere of the compatible. Myaskovsky, Glière, Krein, Shostakovich, Roslavets, Gnesin—all of them became more or less revolutionary and complied with the "socialist commands."

So far as quality is concerned, the purely musical results of this compliance leave much to be desired. This art is least of all independent, and in its democratic manifestations it amazes one by its utter poverty and dullness. In its more refined forms, such as we get from Krein, Gnesin, and Myaskovsky, it is exactly similar to the other works of these composers, and consequently has nothing to do with revolution.

What the Revolution did introduce into the life of art in the way of novelty and progress was the democratic trend, the impulse to make music accessible to the masses—hitherto in its most refined and subtle achievements it had been a preserve of the upper classes. To us musicians, as well as to any intelligent observer, it is, of course, evident that music has deserted the masses; that a huge rent has been made between the musical comprehension of the classes and that of the masses; that which arouses the enthusiasm of the former is quite unintelligible to the latter. There can be no doubt that the music of the twentieth century is alone responsible for this chasm. The music of the eighteenth century was more or less within everybody's grasp—Bach wrote both dances and fugues, and Schubert's songs were (and are) appreciated by the man in the street as well as by the musician. In the nineteenth century, the age of materialism, the secret of a widespread musical language was lost, and the democratic reform

of music in the U. S. S. R. is particularly directed towards its recovery. It is very anxious to reunite the auditorium of the uninitiated with the auditorium of the professionals; in this lies its originality, its novelty, and in this it differs from the other musical tendencies in the U. S. S. R., which, on the whole, represent a mere continuation—more or less talented or untalented—of the former musical lines, and reëcho Western European influences. I have already had occasion to remark elsewhere that, after the war, so far as music was concerned, Russia did not keep pace with the fashions of Europe; she still clung to romantic impressionism and to modernism of the Skryabin and Debussy type, whereas the whole of Europe was possessed by entirely different ideas. It is only recently that compositions have appeared in Russia reproducing the general features of the latest European tendencies. I cannot agree with certain critics in the U. S. S. R. who try very hard to make out that the Revolution originated these tendencies. All this music is typically professional, a complete analogue of the music of Europe. If Communist Russia has created anything original, it is the advance in the democratic direction, the appeal for "music for all." It is an interesting fact that this appeal coincides with the inclination, also noticeable in Europe, to seek a new simplicity. But that which to the satiated citizen of Europe and America is merely a question of his satiety and his demand for contrast, to the Russian worker and peasant is something dictated by entirely different considerations. Here we are dealing with an awakened sense of music which wants to extend itself to the vast masses of a very musical race.

How is all this to be successfully achieved? So far, the attainments in this direction, as I have already stated, are not of a very high quality. It is infinitely more difficult to create a great and simple thing than to compose the most modern music in accordance with certain stereotyped rules. This difficulty, however, does not do away with the proportions of the problem. From the Marxist point of view this democratic tendency should imply the organization of a music industry which would respond to the widest demands. It is clear that the problem as formulated by the Marxists differs entirely from contemporary Europe's quest for a new simplicity. There can be no doubt that the proposals —monstrous in the eyes of the West—put forward by certain musical writers of modern Russia, to the effect that the musical treasures of the world should be expropriated for the benefit of the proletariat, and that the great works of the past should be

adapted to the needs and tastes and comprehension of the U. S. S. R. worker—there can be no doubt that they go better with the materialistic and utilitarian dogma of Marxism than does the idea of a "national democratic inspiration." The U. S. S. R. needs, not composers, but musical workers who, in special music-factories, would more or less skilfully remake and refashion the creations of the past to meet the tastes and requirements of the socialist market.

Meanwhile the democratic trend is rickety and impotent. Perhaps the most tragic thing about it is that on the whole it shows itself to be demagogic, and not democratic. It is agitational through and through. Communist thought does not recognize the existence of a non-agitational, neutral art. This, again, is natural and logical. Materialistically, music is necessary, not as a self-sufficing entity, but as a means; in the given instance as a method of agitation. It has a meaning only in so far as it is a vehicle for the ideas needed at the moment. Hence it is crammed with agitation, and is required to be spirited, to be in the vocal form, and to be provided with a suitable text. Lyricism, romanticism, and tenderness are eliminated from it as harmful and unnecessary. Nevertheless the workers, who have to listen to this kind of thing, have little sympathy with the sterilization of their own music. Hardly had it made its appearance when they wearied of it, and in the towns there was a definite demand for what they call "worldly music"—ballads, simple love-songs, tender and lyrical. They are sick of continually marching about and clamouring for victory and calling down thunder on the heads of the bourgeoisie, whom they do not really feel to be their oppressors. The distressing conditions of life harmonize very poorly with this official attitude of boldness and triumph. These are the factors that compel us to think that the democratic tendency, in the form which they endeavour to impart to it, will not endure the struggle for existence, but will die out as soon as the artificial support of the State is withdrawn. It should also be remarked that I have little belief in the survival and expansion on Russian soil of even a genuinely democratic art, in the blooming of an art created by the hands of the workers.

The conditions under which the worker lives are generally unfavourable to the study of music, and this is particularly the case in Russia, where deprivations and poverty are doubly severe. The materialistic doctrine of Marxism, upon which all the contemporary organizations are based, is least of all propitious to the expansion of the musical art. From the materialistic point

of view music, on the whole, is unnecessary. It is an idle occupation, typically bourgeois, if you choose. What is to be expected from the reciprocal action of a theory which, in its logical inferences, rejects music; from a life which of necessity also rejects it? In modern Russia, whether Marxist or Imperial, the musicians are recruited from the intelligentsia. So long as this social class exists there will be musicians. Their conception of music is entirely foreign to that of the working class, ignorant and unversed in artistic matters. The life of the worker has become much more difficult and burdensome, and music, whatever one may say, is a luxury and not an object of the first necessity, consequently he now has absolutely nothing which will help him to develop his musical understanding. Then again he encounters on his path a theory that aspires to be an obligatory and authoritative religion —a theory that destroys beforehand all the inner meaning of the tonal art—the theory of "materialism in art." This theory repudiates in music the very moods—romanticism, mysticism, love, refinement, imagination—by which music has lived and for which it exists, without which it becomes a mere superfluity. Why music for a sober, practical, sensible, materialistically-minded man? He needs substantial things—a roof over his head, furniture, food, means of communication—but he can do without sounds, except, perhaps, those of telephone bells and automobile horns. Music becomes an unnecessary addition, an "appendix" that must be extirpated unless he himself is to perish.

I have no desire to engage in a controversy as to the soundness or unsoundness of the arguments underlying the doctrine which has triumphed in Russia and founded a new state there. So long as he is victorious the conqueror is not brought to judgment. I would merely say that, once the fundamental propositions are established, we ought not to fear the logical deductions from them. If we admit the truth of the doctrine of scientific and economic materialism, which forms the basis of one of the greatest States of the modern world, let us be courageous enough to face all the consequences involved. Granting that materialism is right, "religion is an opiate for the people"—this is indisputable—but art and music are also opiates, neither more nor less. Materialism is extremely sober and lucid, and the doping and enervating effect of art is as alien to it as the haze of mysticism and religion. In its essence music, like religion, is intoxication, ecstasy, a departure from the plane of lucidity and sobriety. Lenin, the founder and apostle of Communism, was an exceedingly temperate man and was doubtful about art of every kind, in which respect he was

very logical and consistent. Of all the arts he preferred the cinematograph—not, so far as he was concerned, as an art but as a chair of science, a means of instruction. I do not know whether it is a good or a bad thing, but it is quite clear to me that a logical materialism annihilates art and religion, and leaves nothing but technical knowledge and science. All forms of art, like all forms of religion, are bourgeois survivals. For the materialist things must be useful and hygienic, but not beautiful. It seems to me that not only Communist thought, but the general mood of modern life is inevitably leading to this hygienic conclusion. Capitalistic America aims at hygienism, just as does proletarian Russia. Mysticism has already abandoned the world and beauty is now forsaking it. If thinkers in contemporary Russia still hold art in relative esteem, it is due merely to misapprehension, to a want of logic, which can be explained by the fact that there are very many in the country who are personally interested in the preservation of art, the professionals of art, and that Communism itself contains many bourgeois, non-materialist elements. The instinct of the worker, who despises the musician and regards him as an idler, is not mistaken. The musician is a bourgeois of the bourgeois, the organ of the bourgeoisie; music is a most deadly opiate for the worker, more effective nowadays than any religion. The priests of art are priests in any case, and are subject to expulsion like the other priestly orders. The logical end of the materialistic outlook is a hygienic world, a world of shining machinery used for the work of men like machines, who multiply judiciously, within the limits of an elaborated scheme. It is an economic world, in which there is no place for such cumbrous methods as religion or music. The nervous system will be soothed and irritated by drops bearing various names or by aspersions, and from the height of this hygienic viewpoint any symphony of Beethoven's will seem a wild and ridiculous absurdity.

(*Translated by S. W. Pring.*)

VERGIL IN MUSIC

By W. OLIVER STRUNK

WHILE Vergil's influence on arts and letters has by no means been insignificant, musicians have probably made one of the largest contributions to the interpretation and criticism of the poet, the two-thousandth anniversary of whose birth is being marked this year by sundry celebrations.

For the musician, the name of Vergil is inseparably associated with that of the romantic composer of *Les Troyens*, "l'huomo più 'Vergiliano' dell' Ottocento," as he has been very justly called. "The Latin poet," Berlioz writes, "telling me of epic passions of which I had already a presentiment, was the first to find the way to my heart, the first to appeal to my awakening imagination." In an early chapter of the *Mémoires* Berlioz describes the unusually vivid impression he received from his first reading of Vergil and tells how, on one occasion, when translating orally from the *Aeneid*, he became so affected by the poet's account of Dido's tragic death that he was obliged to stop abruptly to avoid making a display of his emotion before his father. "I ran from him," he concludes, "and, in secret, gave myself over to my Vergilian despair." Again and again, in the pages of the *Mémoires*, the figure of Vergil reappears. In Rome as a student, Berlioz felt himself irresistibly attracted by the associations of the Italian countryside.

'Sometimes' (to quote from one of his accounts of his many excursions), 'when I had my guitar with me instead of my gun, a passage from the *Aeneid*, which had lain dormant in my mind from childhood, would suddenly rise to my recollection, aroused by some aspect of the surrounding scenery; then, improvising a strange recitative to a still stranger harmony, I would sing the death of Pallas, the despair of the good Evander, of his horse Aethon, unharnessed and with flowing mane and falling tears, following the young warrior's corpse to its last resting-place; of the terror of good King Latinus; the siege of Latium, which had stood on the ground beneath my feet; Amata's sad end, and the cruel death of Lavinia's noble lover. This combination of the past—the poetry and the music—used to work me into the most wonderful state of excitement; and this intensified condition of mental intoxication generally culminated in torrents of tears . . . I mourned for poor Turnus, whom the hypocrite Aeneas had robbed of his state, his mistress, and his life; I wept for the beautiful and pathetic Lavinia, forced to wed the stranger-brigand, bathed in her lover's blood. I longed for the good old days when the heroes, sons of the gods, walked the earth, clad in shining

armour, hurling slender javelins at targets framed in burnished gold.' (From the translation by Rachel and Eleanor Holmes.)

Throughout his life Berlioz retained, undiminished, his youthful enthusiasm for the *Aeneid* and its author, and it is both appropriate and natural that the work which many regard as Berlioz's masterpiece should have been suggested, and, as the composer himself acknowledges, inspired by Vergil. "At the head of the vocal score of *Les Troyens* you will read these two words: *Divo Virgilio*," Berlioz writes in December 1863 to the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein; "it is as if I had written there this motto of consecration: *Sub invocatione Divi Virgilii.*"

Remarkable though it was, this preoccupation of the musician Berlioz with the poet Vergil is by no means unique. Other musicians, in other days, have felt Vergil's influence and have expressed their veneration for him in other forms. An almost uninterrupted sensitiveness to Vergil on the part of musicians may be traced through nearly ten centuries of musical art. During certain periods, indeed, Vergilian music was decidedly in vogue. So numerous and so varied have been the tributes paid to Vergil in music that it is a little surprising that, save for Vladimiro Zabughin's valuable, though scarcely exhaustive survey of the subject,[1] no attempt to treat this aspect of Vergil's influence for its own sake appears to have been made. Within the confines of this article we propose to enumerate certain representative examples of Vergilian music, singling out a few particularly typical specimens for more detailed discussion.

Among the early evidences of the musician's regard for Vergil, interest has centered in that afforded by the tenth-century *Aeneid* Ashburnham 23 of the Laurenziana in Florence, a manuscript once the property of the notorious Libri. Musical notation in neumes, of a somewhat later date than the text, is found on seven of its one hundred and eighty-two folios. The passages distinguished in this way, far from being random selections, include some of the most dramatic moments of the epic: Laocoon's warning, the apparition of Hector to Aeneas, Dido's appeal to Anna on discovering the Trojans in flight, and the last words of the dying Queen of Carthage. Jules Combarieu, who has made a careful study of the manuscript in his *Fragments de l'Enéide en musique d'après un manuscrit inédit* (Paris, 1898), shows that there is reason to believe that its provenance may have been the monastery of St. Gall. "We regard these melodies as having been copied at

[1]In his *Vergilio nel rinascimento italiano da Dante a Torquato Tasso* (Bologna [1921–24]), v. 2, pp. 383, 432.

St. Gall by a Benedictine musician," he concludes, "a musician transcribing from a manuscript that has since disappeared; they are a part of that repertory of secular melody which the Middle Ages produced *simultaneously* with the music of the liturgy, and of which the manuscript of St. Martial of Limoges [to be referred to presently] has conserved for us some still earlier examples." Rejecting Coussemaker's suggestion that these melodies may be those to which Vergil's contemporaries sang his verses, Combarieu insists that they are none the less important when considered as products of Christian art. Fleischer, in a review of Combarieu's monograph, dismisses them, on the other hand, as "the scribbling of an idle monk." We are inclined to accept Combarieu's estimate of their significance, for it appears that they may have had a more than local importance. This is indicated by the musical notation found in Ms. 239 of the Stadtbibliothek in Bern, a ninth-century *Aeneid;* comparison of the two codices leads Friedrich Ludwig, in his contribution to the Adler *Handbuch*, to conclude that, though their melodies "are at times distinctly different, they have, nevertheless, so much in common that there is probably a connection between them." Combarieu's conjecture that the manuscript in Florence is of Swiss origin thus acquires a new importance. Whether the musical notation in the Bern manuscript antedates that in Florence has not been determined.

Thus far we have dealt only with Vergil the poet. Now he is to appear again in a medieval musical setting, this time in a rôle more characteristic of the period. Codex 1139 of the Bibliothèque Nationale, a twelfth-century manuscript[1] from St. Martial of Limoges, includes the liturgical music-dramas *The Wise and the Foolish Virgins* and *The Prophets of Christ*, together with the familiar organum *Mira lege* and other important monuments of medieval musical art. Coussemaker has published *The Prophets of Christ*, the section of the manuscript with which we are concerned, in facsimile, with transcription and comment. Unlike *The Wise and the Foolish Virgins*, the text of which is partly Latin, partly Provençal, *The Prophets of Christ*, based on a pseudo-Augustinian sermon, is in Latin throughout. Coussemaker regarded its melodies as plain song and has given his transcriptions in modern choral-notation, but the regular rhythm of the Latin rhymes suggests that the music, too, is rhythmic, as Ludwig has held. After the opening song of thanksgiving in honor of the Nativity, sung perhaps by a chorus, perhaps by a precentor, thirteen prophets

[1]According to Ludwig. Coussemaker assigns the manuscript to the eleventh century.

MELODIÆ

PRVDENTIANAE ET IN VIRGILIVM MAGNA EX PARTE NVper natæ, & per Nicolaum Fabrum typographum expressæ.

LIPSIAE.

M. D. XXXIII.

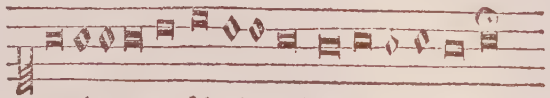
Mense Aprili.

Quicquid est uirtutis usquam, psallat in laudem Dei,
Nullæ linguarum silescat, uox & omnis consonet.

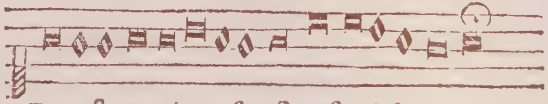
ALTERVM IN VERSVS DVOS.

Hexametros & Heroicos.

DIS.

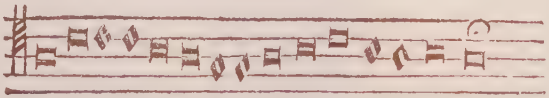


Daphnis ego in sylvis hinc usq; ad sydera notus,
O formose pu er nimium ne crede co lo ri:



Formosi pecoris custos formosior ipse.
Alba ligustra cadunt, uaccinia nigra leguntur.

TENOR.



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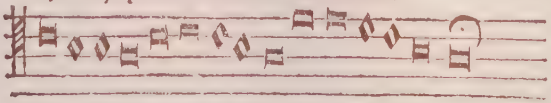
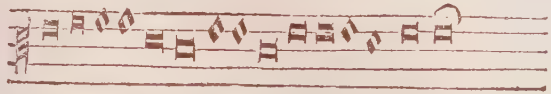
O formose puer nimium ne crede colori:



Formosi pecoris custos formosior ipse.
Alba ligustra cadunt, uaccinia nigra leguntur.

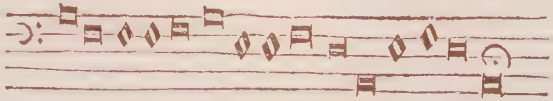
ALTVS.



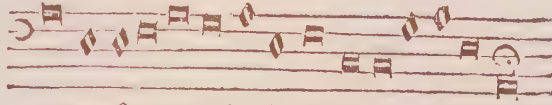
Daphnis ego in sylvis hinc usq; ad sydera notus
O formose puer nimium ne crede colori:

Formosi pecoris custos formosior ipse.
Alba ligustra cadunt, uaccinia nigra leguntur.

BASSVS.



Daphnis ego in sylvis hinc usq; ad sydera notus
O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori:



Formosi pecoris custos formosior ipse.
Alba ligustra cadunt, uaccinia nigra leguntur.

SEB. FORST

D 3

Title-page and Sebastian Forster's Vergilian ode *Daphnis ego in silvis* (Eclogue V, 43–44, and II, 17–18) from Nicolas Faber's *Melodiæ Prudentianæ et in Virgilium* (Leipzig, 1533).

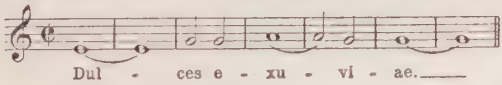
(Courtesy of the Library of Congress.)

foretell the coming of the Messiah. Vergil is the eleventh to appear. To the exhortation: "*Vates, Maro, gentilium, da Christo testimonium,*" Vergil replies, "*Ecce polo dimissa solo nova progenies est*" (paraphrasing *Eclogue* IV, 7: *Iam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto*). A *Benedicamus* brings the little drama to a close.

The medieval musician's interest in Vergil does not appear, however, to have been very great, for if there exist early examples of Vergilian music other than those few isolated specimens just described, they have eluded the scholars specializing in this field. The composers of the Early Renaissance are even more disappointing. Not until the close of the fifteenth century do we find musicians turning once more to Vergil; then, and during the century which followed, his lines seem to have had an extraordinary fascination for the composers, who, aroused no doubt by the widespread revival of interest in the art and literature of Antiquity, vied with one another in their settings of favorite passages from the *Aeneid*.

Naturally enough, the lines which appealed most strongly to the Renaissance composer were the same which, centuries before, had stirred the imagination of the musician of the Middle Ages. Dido's last words, *Dulces exuviæ, dum fata deusque sinebant*, were now, as then, in especial favor. Without attempting to account for all the fifteenth- and sixteenth-century settings of this passage, no less than fourteen may be named. Heading the list is a motet by Josquin de Près; his example was followed by Jean Mouton, Mabriano de Orto, Jean Verbonnet, Derick Gerarde, Adrian Willært, Stefano Rossetti, and Orlando di Lasso (*Sämtliche Werke*, v. 11), and in six anonymous compositions, one in Rhaw's *Symphoniæ jucundæ* (1538) and *Tricinia* (1542), and five in the British Museum Ms. Royal 8 G. vii.[1]

The settings of Josquin[2] and Mouton have a peculiar interest. The soprano parts of the two motets are identical, and Mouton's



composition has every appearance of being an elaboration of Josquin's. Making the utmost of the opportunities offered by

[1]An anonymous setting in Ms. 228 of the Bibliothèque de Bourgogne (Brussels, Bibliothèque Royale) was published by Maldeghem in the *Trésor musical* (*Musique religieuse*, 1882) as the work of Pierre de La Rue. The attribution is apparently unfounded; according to Burbure (*Etude sur un manuscrit du XVIe siècle*), the composition is identical with de Orto's setting in the Codex Basevi (now Ms. B. 2439 of the Biblioteca del R. Istituto, Florence).

[2]Ambros questions Josquin's authorship.

the *cantus firmus*, Mouton has succeeded in introducing a number of very agreeable contrapuntal refinements; the conduct of the lower voices is, for the most part, entirely new, and the motet actually presents a rather striking contrast to Josquin's unassuming, straightforward composition. Quotation of the closing bars of the two settings will make this more clear.

(Aeneid, IV, 654)

Josquin de Près

Et nunc ma - gna me - i sub
Et nunc ma-gna me - i sub ter - - - ras
Et nunc ma - gna me - i sub
Et nunc ma-gna me - i sub ter - ras

ter - ras i - bit i - ma - go,
i - bit i - ma-go, sub ter -
ter - - ras i - bit i-ma - - go, i - - bit i-
i - bit i-ma - go, sub ter - ras i-bit i - ma - go,

sub ter - ras i - bit i-ma - go, i - ma - go,
- ras i - bit i - ma - go, i - - bit
- ma - go, i - - bit i-ma-go,
sub ter-ras i - - bit i-ma-go, i - - bit

i - bit i - ma - go.
i - ma - go, i - bit i - ma - go.
i - - bit i - ma - go.
i - ma - go, i - bit i - ma - go.

(After Berg's NOVUM ET INSIGNE OPUS MUSICUM, Nuremberg, 1559-59.)

(Aeneid, IV, 654)

Jean Mouton

Et nunc ma - gna me - i sub ter -
Et nunc ma-gna me - i sub ter - ras, sub
Et nunc ma - gna me - i sub
Et nunc ma-gna me - i sub ter -
ras i - bit i - ma go, sub
ter-ras i - bit i - ma - go, sub ter - ras
ter - ras, sub ter - ras i - bit i - ma -
ras, sub ter - - ras, i - - bit i - ma -
ter-ras i - bit i-ma - go, i - ma - go, i - bit i - ma - go.
i - bit i - ma - go, i - - bit i-ma - go, i - ma - go.
go, sub ter - ras i - bit i-ma - go.
go, i - - bit i-ma - go, i - bit i - ma-go, i - ma - go.

(After Berg's NOVUM ET INSIGNE OPUS MUSICUM, Nuremberg, 1538-39.)

Here Mouton's part-leading (the antiphonal opening-phrase, the effective canon between the soprano and tenor, and the imitations in the alto and bass just before the final cadence) is infinitely more sophisticated than Josquin's; yet, perhaps because of its very simplicity, the Josquin original, with its strange though very characteristic close, has an equal, if not a greater charm.

Ambros calls de Orto's setting of these lines "a composition well worthy of its text, with something of a suggestion of tragic, antique dignity in its impressive declamation." In Willært's composition the same writer sees an evidence of that master's

classical training. "Why," he asks, "were composers so attracted by this particular passage, setting it again and again? Not only because, when taken from the epic, it was, like the text of a motet, complete in itself; the solemn pathos of the lines, the situation, and the poetic figure of the dying queen appealed to them. Willært's music, in which the declamatory principle is more than usually prominent, makes all this felt. Nominally a motet, the composition is almost a tragic monologue."

Other fifteenth- and sixteenth-century settings of passages from the *Aeneid* are those of lines 305 ff. of Book IV (*Dissimulare etiam sperasti*) by Philippo de Luprano (in Book VIII of the Petrucci *Frottole*, 1507) and Cipriano da Rore (in the 1567 edition of Striggio's *Il cicalamento delle donne al bucato*); the Oeglin *Liederbuch* (1512)[1] and the British Museum manuscript already referred to include anonymous settings of lines 174 ff. of Book IV (*Fama, malum qua non aliud velocius ullum*). The beginning of the first Eclogue was set to music by Orlando di Lasso (*Sämtliche Werke*, v. 19), lines 6 ff. of the second by Stefano Rossetti.

At the same time German musicians were providing Vergil's lines with settings cast in an entirely different mold. Italian and Flemish composers, oblivious to learned speculation concerning the antique metres, and animated solely by artistic considerations, had conceived their music to the Latin verses in the traditional style and in the most appropriate of the established forms, that of the motet; the compositions of their German fellows, on the other hand, prompted by literati preoccupied with the problems of classical prosody, and written for the literary fraternities at the universities or for use in the schools, were deliberate attempts to supply a modern substitute for the lost music of the Ancients. At Ingolstadt in the fourteen-nineties, students of Conrad Celtes, distinguished German humanist and poet, sang odes of Horace, set to music by a certain Petrus Tritonius (Treybenreif), one of their own number. These compositions, published in two editions by Oeglin in 1507 as *Melopoiæ, sive Harmoniæ tetracenticæ*, and reprinted with additions in 1532 and 1551–52 by Egenolf, soon attained an extraordinary popularity (Judenkünig included arrangements for the lute in his *Utilis et compendiaria introductio*, published in Vienna about 1515) and led to further experimentation. The first collection of Latin odes in which Vergil is repre-

[1]Publications of the *Gesellschaft für Musikforschung*, v. 9. The composition in question is also included in the Brussels Ms. 228; following this source, Maldeghem has published it in the *Trésor musical* (*Musique religieuse*, 1883), ascribing it to Pierre de La Rue.

sented seems to have been Nicolas Faber's *Melodiæ Prudentianæ et in Virgilium* (Leipzig, 1533), with contributions by two local composers, Sebastian Forster and Lucas Hordisch. In addition to the settings of the hymns of Prudentius, many of them designed for the use of the *Thomaner* at particular hours or on particular days, the collection contains a setting of lines 43 ff. of the fifth Eclogue by Forster and an anonymous composition to the opening of the *Aeneid*. A year later, at the request of the Basel scholar Simon Minervius, Ludwig Senfl made new harmonizations of the Tritonius tenors, adding twelve original compositions to Latin texts, among them Vergil's *Arma virumque cano*. Further settings of this passage appeared in 1539 in a collection by Benedictus Ducis (Herzog), intended for use in the schools of Ulm, and in Paul Hofhaimer's posthumously published *Harmoniæ poeticæ*. An anonymous setting of the beginning of the first Eclogue was included in the final edition of the Tritonius odes (Frankfort, 1551–52).

It would be difficult to imagine a style more homely than that which distinguishes this group of compositions. Neither harmonic simplicity nor formal severity could well be carried further. The ode, mechanically reproducing the rhythm of the text and scrupulously avoiding even the appearance of polyphony, is, indeed, the absolute antithesis of the motet, with its quasi-dramatic declamation and involved counterpoint. The possibilities of the style are extremely limited. There is, consequently, a rather depressing uniformity about its literature, and one doubts whether composers as distinguished as Hofhaimer and Senfl would have cared to submit to its restrictions had they not been bound by ties of friendship to men prominent among the exponents of Humanism in Germany. It is amusing to note that what a sixteenth-century critic found most tolerable in these pieces was precisely that which irritated his eighteenth-century *confrère*. Glareanus observes that "aside from the *concentus* (concord), one discovers no trace of an even moderate talent"; Forkel, on the other hand, complains particularly of the awkward heaviness of the harmonizations.

The anonymous *Arma virumque cano* of 1533 is quoted (in part) in the first volume of Wustmann's *Musikgeschichte Leipzigs* (Leipzig and Berlin, 1909); its companion piece, Forster's *Daphnis ego in silvis*, is reproduced in the accompanying facsimile. Though no copy of the odes of Benedictus Ducis has been preserved, his *Arma virumque cano* was reprinted in the *Erotemata musicæ practicæ* of Lucas Lossius (Nuremberg, 1563). The composition is so short that it may be given here in its entirety.

Melodia carminis Hexametri

Autore Benedicto Duce

(Aeneid, I, 1-4)

Ar - ma vi - rum - que ca - no, Tro - iae qui pri - mus ab o - ris

I - ta - li - am fa - to pro - fu - gus La - vi - nia - que ve - nit

Li - to - ra mul - tum il - le et ter - ris ia - cta - tus et al - to,

Vi su - pe - rum sae - vae me - mo - rem Iu - no - nis ob i - ram.

Hofhaimer's Vergilian ode is reprinted in Moser's recent biography (Stuttgart, 1929).

Such musical settings of Vergil's lines as we have are almost all of them products of the period just considered, a period which with the close of the sixteenth century was practically at an end. The new style of composition introduced by Peri, Caccini, and their fellow modernists was one scarcely congenial to Latin metres;

partly as a result of the almost universal acceptance of this style, partly as a result of a more general reaction from Renaissance values, secular compositions to Latin texts became from thenceforward more and more infrequent. Though Horace, to be sure, never quite ceased to interest musicians, later-day settings of his lines, such as Philidor's *Carmen sæculare* (1787) or Lœwe's *Fünf Oden*, Op. 57 (1836), are distinctly irregular phenomena, curious, but hardly representative. Vergil's characters and situations, if not his lines, continued, however, to invite musical treatment, and we shall find the composers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries interpreting the *Aeneid* in the musical language of their day, producing Vergilian cantatas and operas to Italian, French, German, and English librettos.[1]

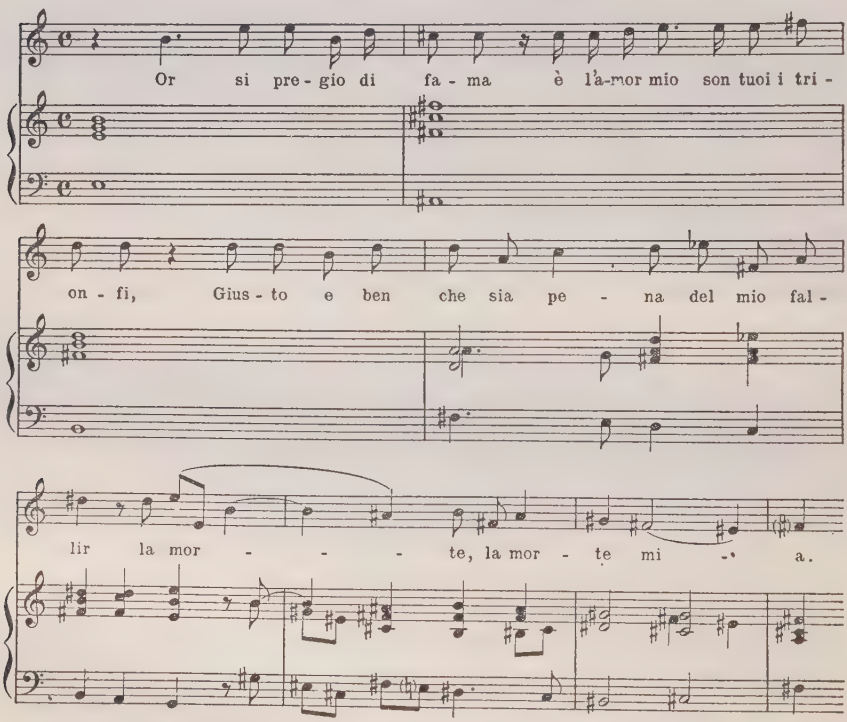
The *Dialoghi e sonetti* (1638) of the Roman composer Domenico Mazzocchi contain what are probably the earliest specimens of the Vergilian cantata, two dialogues, *Dido furens* and *Nisus & Euryalus*, the first from the fourth, the second from the ninth book of the *Aeneid*. These compositions, for three and four voices with *basso continuo*, may be said to represent the transition from the Latin motet to the Italian and French cantata, for though the style and spirit of the music are new, Vergil's original lines are retained. Mazzocchi's Vergilian dialogues are selected for special commendation in a contemporary defence of the new music, Pietro della Valle's *Della musica dell'età nostra* (1640). Addressing the reactionary Lelio Guidiccioni, an Italian translator of Vergil, della Valle writes, "Sir, you tell me of the delight which the playing of Correggio [Claudio Merulo] occasioned you in Parma many years ago, but more recently, as I hear, and as you yourself will perhaps deign to remember, you were unable to conceal your pleasure when certain passages from Vergil, in a most attractive musical setting by the elder Mazzocchi, were sung at the house of Signor Raimondo in Rome."

Early in the eighteenth century the Vergilian cantata came into its own, and its vogue, once established, was remarkable. In Italy Vergil was celebrated in Alessandro Scarlatti's *Alle Trojane antenne*, in Benedetto Marcello's *Didone*, in Antonio Tozzi's *Dunque il perfido Enea*, and, later, in Nicola Antonio Zingarelli's *Didone;* in France in the *Didon* (1708) and *Enée et Didon* (1714) of André Campra, in the *Didon* (1723) of François

[1]Compositions to poems in the vernacular, paraphrasing Vergil's lines or suggested by his situations, were not unknown to the musical art of the Renaissance. Compare, for instance, the anonymous *La nocte aquieta ogni animali* in Book IV of the Petrucci Frottole, 1505 (paraphrasing *Aeneid*, IV, 522 ff.), and Palestrina's unusual madrigal *Dido, chi giace entro quest'urna?* (*Werke*, v. 28.)

Colin de Blamont, in the *La mort de Didon* of Michel de Monteclair, in the *La mort de Didon* of Jean Joseph Mouret, and in the *Enée et Didon* (1764) of La Garde.

Among the Italian examples, that by Scarlatti is easily the most interesting. Dent has not dated this cantata in his catalogue of Scarlatti's compositions; the bold harmonies implied by the continuo, particularly in the recitatives, suggest, however, that the work belongs among Scarlatti's later productions, perhaps among the cantatas written at the time of his correspondence with Gasparini in 1712. Quotation of the opening of the second recitative will give an idea of the dramatic quality of this music and of the character of Scarlatti's mature harmonic writing.

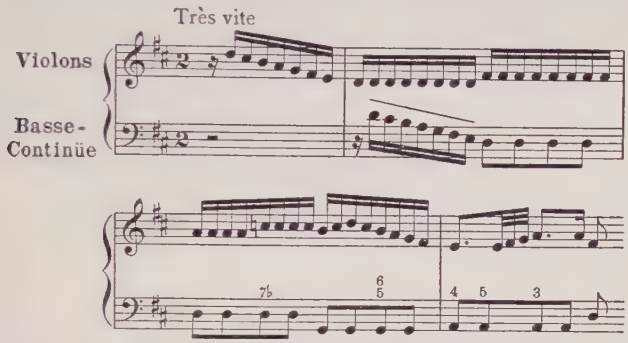


Tozzi's Vergilian cantata is cited by Eugen Schmitz in his *Geschichte der Kantate und des geistlichen Konzerts* (Leipzig, 1914) as a typical specimen of the great dramatic monologue cultivated in the opera by the masters of the Second Neapolitan School; its subject, the complaint of the abandoned Dido, was, he adds, a favorite one. Marcello's *Didone* is available in a modern edition.[1]

[1]Edited by Malipiero as No. 67 of the *Raccolta nazionale delle musiche italiane* (Milan, 1919).

Most of the French cantatas enumerated above must have been heard, at one time or another, at the *Concerts spirituels*, where, beginning in 1727, secular compositions in French were admitted to the repertory. Colin de Blamont's *Didon*, in fact, was sung there on December 20, 1727, as part of the program which inaugurated this change in policy.

Descriptive music plays an important part in the French cantata. Colin de Blamont begins, for example, with an instrumental "*Tempeste*,"



Campra, in his *Enée et Didon*, with an "*Orage*"; the same composer's *Didon* includes the air

Que les vents déchaînés, que les flots en colère,

Monteclair provides a similar piece,

Tyrans de l'empire de l'onde,
Grondez, volez, vents furieux.

Apparently only one section from this group of compositions has been reprinted, a recitative and air from Campra's *Didon*.[1]

The favor with which Italian music and the Italian style were regarded by the German aristocracy during the first half of the eighteenth century did not encourage native production. There were but few German contributions to the literature of the Vergilian cantata, and these exceptional compositions, written to Italian texts, are scarcely to be distinguished from those provided by Italian composers in German service. The entire activity centered about the Saxon court in Dresden, where the Elector's music-loving consort, Maria Antonia Walpurgis, had gathered round her a group of notable musicians and literati. Shortly after her

[1]As No. 27 of *La cantate au XVIIe et au XVIIIe siècles*, edited by Mme. Jane Arger (Paris [1912?]).

marriage to the Elector, the Princess, who occasionally turned her hand to musical and literary composition, amused herself by writing two Italian cantata-librettos, *Didone* and *Lavinia e Turno*. Metastasio's *Didone abbandonata* served as a model for the first of these, but we are told that the Princess was dissatisfied with Metastasio's poem and endeavored to improve on it by following Vergil more closely than had her predecessor. Subsequently the two librettos were submitted to Metastasio for criticism; in replying to the Abbé Pasquini, who had acted as intermediary, Metastasio piles compliment upon compliment, protesting, at the same time, that he has not been taught "the language of adulation." "Oh poor Pasquini! and poor me!" he concludes; "if sovereigns write such excellent poetry, what is to become of us wretched plebeian bards" (Burney). In 1748 both librettos were set to music by Giovanni Alberto Ristori, composer of church music to the Saxon court and, after 1750, Vice-Capellmeister under Hasse; later settings were provided by Johann Gottlieb Naumann, associated with music in Dresden from 1764 until his death in 1801. Gennaro Manna, of Ferrara and Naples, is also credited with having set both poems to music.

Two further compositions to *Lavinia e Turno*, by Giovanni Placido Rutini of Prague and Carl Heinrich Graun of Berlin, were published in 1756 and 1762 by Breitkopf. The printed scores do not mention Maria Antonia; the authorship of the poem was, however, an open secret. "The graceful Italian verses are the creation of an exalted hand," writes Marpurg, reviewing the Rutini cantata in his *Historisch-kritische Beyträge*.

Despite this intensive cultivation, however, the rôle of the cantata in the Vergilian music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries appears relatively insignificant when compared with that of the opera. Librettists and composers were not slow to recognize the operatic possibilities of certain portions of the *Aeneid*, and it was not long before Dido, Aeneas, Lavinia, and Turnus became familiar operatic figures. The earliest dramatic composition on a theme from the Aeneid is Monteverdi's *Didone*, an intermezzo composed in honor of the marriage of Odoardo Farnese and Margherita Medici and performed in Parma, December 13, 1628. In 1641 followed the first operas on themes from the Aeneid, Monteverdi's *Le nozze d'Enea con Lavinia* and Cavalli's *La Didone*, both performed in Venice. Neither of the Monteverdi scores has been preserved; the libretto of his *Didone*, by Ascanio Pii, is reprinted, however, in Solerti's *Musica, ballo e drammatica alla corte Medicea* (Florence, 1905). In Germany priority belongs to Johann

Wolfgang Franck's *Aeneas des trojanischen Fürsten Ankunft in Italien* (Hamburg, 1680), in England to Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* (London, ca. 1689), in France to the *Enée et Lavinie* of Colasse (Paris, 1690).

A detailed account of the history of the Vergilian opera would be a formidable undertaking, and it is a question whether such an account would contribute anything of genuine importance to our appreciation of Vergil's relation to music. It will perhaps suffice to say that the total number of Vergilian operas is so great that it cannot even be conveniently estimated. One libretto alone, Metastasio's *Didone abbandonata*, was set to music more than forty times; from 1724 (Sarro) to 1824 (Reissiger) it dominated the entire field of operatic composition for a century. It must be remembered, too, that Vergil is one of the principal sources for the Orpheus legend; a thoroughgoing survey of the Vergilian opera will need, then, to consider the innumerable compositions on this theme in addition to the operas dealing with Dido, Aeneas, and the other heroes and heroines of the *Aeneid*.

There will, perhaps, be the objection that Vergil's Dido and Aeneas have little or nothing to do with the Didone and Enea of Metastasio and his contemporaries, and that the phrase "Vergilian opera" is something of a misnomer. One has but to turn, however, to the prefaces and dedications which are so characteristic a feature of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century opera-libretto and one will find, here and there, an acknowledgement of the Vergilian source of an author's inspiration, accompanied, perhaps, by a Vergilian quotation. Hinsch, for instance, writes as follows in the preface to his libretto for Graupner's *Dido, Königin von Carthago* (Hamburg, 1707): "We are obliged to the excellent Latin poet Virgilius for the content of this drama." There follows a seven-page dissertation on the historical inaccuracy of the *Aeneid*, with appeals to the authority of Menander, Justinus, Solinus, Macrobius, Josephus, and a host of other writers, ancient and modern. In the original edition of Calsabigi's libretto for Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* (Vienna, 1762) the reader is expressly referred to *Georgics*, while on the fly-leaf appears the following quotation:

> *Te, dulcis coniunx, te solo in litore secum,*
> *Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.* (*Georgic* IV, 456–66.)

Cramer prefaces the German edition of his libretto for Naumann's *Orpheus und Euridice* (Kiel and Hamburg, s. d.) by complete translations of the passages dealing with Orpheus in the *Georgics*

and in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, followed by a very sensible discussion of the theory of dramatic poetry in its relation to his own poem (previously published in his *Magazin der Musik* for 1786).

Non-operatic Vergilian music since 1800 need not detain us long. Rossini's cantata *La morte di Didone*, composed in 1811 for Ester Mombelli, waited until May 2, 1818, for a hearing. A contemporary critic, quoted by Radiciotti in his biography of the composer (Tivoli, 1927–29) reported "the poetry beneath criticism, the music of no consequence, and the performance indifferent." Two French cantatas, Berlioz's *La mort d'Orphée* and Gustave Charpentier's *Didon*, were *morceaux de concours*. The fate of the Berlioz cantata is a familiar story; rejected as impossible by the jury of the *Académie des Beaux-Arts*, it was performed at a concert given by the composer in May 1828. The score, which Berlioz was believed to have destroyed, was recently discovered in the Library of the Conservatoire and has just been published by the *Réunion des Bibliothèques nationales*. Charpentier was more fortunate; in the competition of 1887 his cantata won him the *Prix de Rome*. Much more significant are the instrumental compositions written to Vergilian programs or bearing Vergilian mottoes. Clementi's piano sonata *Didone abbandonata*, Op. 50, No. 3 (1821), is an isolated early example. More recent and more ambitious essays in this field are the third movement from Edward MacDowell's *Erste moderne Suite* for the piano, Op. 10 (1883), with a motto from Book II of the *Aeneid;* Paul Gilson's *Suite pastorale* for orchestra; Henri Rabaud's *Eglogue* (*Poème Virgilien*, for orchestra, Op. 7 (1898), with a motto from the first Eclogue; Charles Martin Lœffler's *A pagan poem* for orchestra with piano, English horn, and three trumpets obligati, Op. 14 (1909), suggested by the eighth Eclogue; and Gabriel Pierné's *Sonata da camera* for piano, flute, and violoncello, Op. 48 (1927), a memorial to Louis Fleury with a motto from the fifth Eclogue. One assumes that Mario Castelnuovo-Tedescho's unpublished *Madrigali a Galatea* for four voices (1914) are an anticipation of the Neoclassicism which has distinguished so much of the Italian music since the war. At the moment of writing (May 1930) comes the report that Riccardo Zandonai is at work on a Vergilian "sinfonia," commissioned for the September Bimillennial Festival in Mantua.

There is a temptation to recognize in this vast and varied repertory a reflection of men's constantly changing attitude, not only toward Vergil, but toward antique culture in general. Some few of the compositions enumerated here are, to a certain extent,

the products of a combination of accidental circumstances; these compositions, however, represent the exception rather than the rule. That Vergilian music has flourished in one period and declined in another is neither accidental nor due entirely to variations in musical style and technique. It is rather that these variations themselves are to be interpreted as phenomena attendant upon changes in the broad cultural background.

HAYDN AND MOZART

By R. V. DAWSON

THE connection between an artist's life and his works is a speculative difficulty alike to biographer and critic. One writes of "the man and the artist," another of "the man and his circle"; some tentatively explain the life in the light of the works, others interpret the works in terms of the life. A measure of truth may be found in each of these attitudes, but the perfect biography is as elusive as anything approaching an acceptable standard of criticism. Indeed, it does not seem that life and artistic output can be divorced without seriously diminishing the significance of each. No genius can be examined *in vacuo*, nor if he could, would his contribution have the value that it derives from its artistic relationships. Both as a man and an artist he lives in an environment. He is born in it, is submitted to its principles of conduct long before he becomes a conscious artist, and lives in it while his genius is expressing itself. In respect of his art he possesses an individuality that marks him as one of the leaders of his age, and the same individuality extends itself to his life. This does not mean that a man's life and his art are mutually explanatory, but it does mean that deep down the spirit that underlies the artist is the spirit that underlies the man, that the individuality of work and life is unified.

Admittedly, this fundamental spiritual outlook is rarely expressed with equal felicity in life and in art, for in the one it may attain an incredible clumsiness, and in the other an exquisite grace. In fact, any likeness between them may seem almost non-existent. The artist who achieves the perfect balance of form and content that we call beauty, may fail to attain a corresponding adaptation of conduct and morality, without any fundamental inconsistency of spirit. The spiritual freedom of Shelley, whether embodied in "Prometheus Unbound" or the "Ode to the West Wind," found therein a perfection of utterance which evokes the wonder of mankind; but that same spiritual freedom, working through the everyday course of his existence, brought him into conflict with morality, by bringing into the sensual sphere of his nature the emancipation of his spiritual being. The conduct arising from this has led many, and M. Maurois in particular, to emphasize the sensual aspect of

Shelley, whereas it is really evidence to the contrary. He was simply working in a medium unsuited to his ideas, and of which he had had but little normal experience, the medium of life. It was not a matter of his being immoral, but of his seeming so, whereas little he recked those lower elements of morality which were to him no more than the dogmatic assertions of conventionalized conduct.

Similarly there may be seen in the life and work of any artist a broad correspondence of spirit, which varies, certainly, but which is rarely imperceptible. Frequently it has been the case that the greater the beauty achieved by the artist, the more pronounced has been the ugliness of his conduct. Rousseau, for instance, conceived an idea of freedom which his burning faith almost transmuted from the ore of philosophy into the gleaming metal of poetry; but his life, moved by a similar passion for freedom, attained only a gaping ugliness. Tennyson, on the other hand, moved by ideals more closely related to current moral conceptions, came near to expressing for all men in his art what he expressed for himself in his life.

This connection of artist and man may be established more securely by regarding it from another, and more personal, standpoint. From time to time all of us have those inspired experiences, which, though they never find expression, do none the less effect a transformation of outlook. Even if these fade, they still echo faintly and remind us how commonplace are our ordinary perceptions. These rare moments of illumination convince us of the futility of much of our criticism, and make us conscious that we judge an artist's work in terms of a perception much lower than that by which the artist was inspired. We are also convinced of the uniqueness of each of these experiences and realize that had we been able to articulate it, the expression would have been equally unique, transcending any principles generalized from other unique experiences. Moreover, those moments of insight reveal to us, if we are humble enough to accept the revelation, the wide difference between what they can show us, and what we can see without them. And then we realize how this higher plane of perception must spread its influence over the whole life of a great artist; how this frequent, and in some cases almost constant, inspiration must work upon that lower outlook which is the common stock of all of us.

We are prepared, then, to look up to an artist's experiences as transcending our own, and to acknowledge that he moves on a different plane. We do not always remember, however, how this

individuality, this spiritual and intellectual emancipation must, by reason of its vigour, make itself manifest not only in the artist's work but in his life. Consequently, when we examine his life, we measure it by our own. We delight to see that now that we are on common ground, we can estimate his behaviour by our own standards, and by those standards even condemn him. We fail to recognize that this very emancipation of spirit that frees him from servility to artistic ideas of the past, may equally liberate him from present moral conventions.

It would be unnecessary to emphasize this underlying consistency of man and artist were it not so frequently denied. Arguing from the perfect completeness and unity of a work of art, and the remoteness from average perceptions of the experience embodied in such a work, it is often assumed that art is a manifestation of some intellectual or spiritual process almost wholly disconnected from the mental processes of every-day life. Now in view of the steady progress we can see in the art of any genius, and in that of Milton and Beethoven preëminently, it does seem that we are in touch with a continuity of development which certainly cannot have remained apart from life, and which in the case of Shakespeare was co-terminous and identical with life. The experience that an artist seeks to express is the experience of a living being; it derives its significance from being a vital experience, and fulfils its function by the fact of its vitality.

As there is a significant connection between a man's life and his art, it seems clear that while the one should not be interpreted in terms of the other, the one may throw light on the other, and help us to appreciate, at least from one angle, that fundamental relationship of life and art, which on account of its comprehensiveness, is frequently overlaid by more restricted theories of art. Since, however, example is the school of mankind, it is both helpful and interesting to trace this connection with particular reference to Haydn and Mozart, for beneath the many broad similarities of these composers, there lie still broader contrasts, which seem to enhance the uniqueness of their music. One can either regard as fundamental the similarity of their places in the development of the musical art, and account for their idiosyncrasies and differences as projecting indications of personal character; or one can take as basic those same differences and regard them as smoothed over by the conventions of their artistic medium.

This was preëminently the period of what it has delighted critics to call "pure" or "absolute" music. Since, as Mr. Ernest Newman has said, all other music is by implication impure, or in

any case relative to this absolute, the value of these words in the vocabulary of criticism is very small indeed. But this critical attitude has done positive harm for it has so mis-stated the facts as to hide a difference between Haydn and Mozart as great as that between Goldsmith and Pope. By "pure" music apparently is meant a perfect adjustment of content and form amounting almost to identity; a music evoking no other emotional state than that of delight at the successful communication of an æsthetic experience; a music that fulfils its function by giving pleasure, without reference to cathartic or other subsidiary effects. Now it seems that when such an attitude is made to embrace both Haydn and Mozart there are two possible and obvious sources of error. The first may arise from too comprehensive a connotation being given to the word "pleasure". There is an æsthetic pleasure that may be evoked by a purely musical appeal, and a pleasure that may arise from recognition and association; the one, for instance, evoked by the originality and treatment of a melody of Mozart, the other by Haydn's treatment of a Croatian melody. In neither case is there a pleasure susceptible of explicit analysis, and in the case of listeners unacquainted with Croatian melodies and their idiom, there will be no ground whatever for differentiation. A second source of error derives from a general predisposition to regard the works of classical composers too much from the point of view of form, and too little from that of content. In fact, so used are we to attend to the obvious relationships of form and content among the romantic composers, that we seem to forget that classical works have any content at all. It is the general nature of the content of classical works which contributes to this ill-expressed "absoluteness". The extreme romantic not only expresses his experiences, but wraps them in the burning passion of his emotional crises; the clay receives the impress of his impassioned fingers; the music is melted into shapelessness by the fire of his zeal. Here form is annihilated by content. There is another romantic, however, whose experiences mature by contemplation and bear a wider significance from intellectual environment, but which remain personal and associated with particular circumstances. Here form is dictated by content. But the classical composer is different. His is an emotion purged of immediate circumstances, cleansed of obtruding individuality, assimilated and purified, an emotion not only recollected in tranquillity, but generalized from humanity.

Herein we have a content so unified and so universally accepted that our attention is drawn more to the embodiment

than to the experience. We have a content so objective yet so profoundly human, that the quiet contemplation of it is an experience which spontaneously assumes a shapeliness merging into formal expression. And in this sense content is form. But we are presupposing a classical composer on his artistic side completely flawless, and no such one exists; yet in that infinite gradation from classic to romantic, Mozart is as clearly at the one end as Liszt is at the other. In every case form is involved in content, and when Spohr laid down rules for the construction of the sonata, he was suggesting what neither he nor any other man could have accomplished, an artistic achievement working back from form to content. The difference is that between a living form born of another living form, and a form constructed in perfect likeness, but innocent of the breath of life and insusceptible of its transfusion.

The individuality of the classical artist, then, lies in two things —his perceptions, which, broadly, are ours deepened and enriched by his inspiration; and his seemingly inexhaustible facility for sensitive and logical expression. His style is the hall-mark of his individuality; it is the man. Regard it from just one more angle. You listen to Tchaikovsky or César Franck and you say, "I have felt this," or, "I have never experienced this." Then you turn to Mozart, to almost anything he wrote, and unless your experience is abnormally circumscribed you say, "This is the very essence of what I have felt."

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Haydn was born in 1732, and Mozart grew up under his influence; in 1791 Mozart died after influencing the older Haydn. This musical intercourse is of the utmost importance, but alone it does not account for all those broad likenesses we see in their works. Both received from C. P. E. Bach the elementary sonata-form, which Haydn developed further before Mozart came upon it. Both were particularly concerned with the musical demands of the time, and the wide difference of their contributions is a strong testimony to the individuality of their genius. They composed for the same circumscribed type of audience, a cultured but indolent society, and their music reflects this. They were concerned with music as a pleasure; their purpose was apparently fulfilled by the blowing of an infinity of exquisite bubbles, so entrancing in their design and colouring that many a hearer must have forgotten the divine breath that sustained them. Slightly though these

bubbles varied in shape, each had its uniqueness. One would be sent floating upwards radiating in tender blues and greens the *allegro* of sensuous delight in the brightness of day. A second would pass *andante*, wafted along by the faintest breath of air through the softening twilight shades, only to be pursued by a third, sparkling and iridescent, dancing its course down the fleeting shaft of a setting sun. And when they were not concerned with music as a pleasure, they turned to music for an occasion, the visit of one prince or the death of another. So their art was circumscribed in some degree by fashion. The Vienna of Haydn and Mozart was the stronghold of the aristocratic patron under whose benign influence art was fostered. But it was an art most sensitively adjusted to cultured demands, an art moving smoothly and with the grace of the richly conventioned society that accepted it. Expression was never to grow intense, nor innovations to distress the processes of mild assimilation. Yet the greatest composers of the time surmounted those restrictions imperceptibly and expressed with sensitive fluency those inspirations which, unrestrained in expression, might have lost their limpid clarity in a thicker speech.

But Haydn and Mozart lived also in another Vienna, a Vienna conscious of the intellectual ferment which began to work obtrusively in France. They lived when the Hapsburg dominions were being benevolently governed, but when it was becoming obvious how loose-knit those dominions were. Finally, they lived when the Church, though less discredited than in France, was far from what its ideals demanded of it; when the age of reason was displaying its strength, and unwittingly beginning to betray glimpses of its weakness; when the forces of conservatism and progress were growing more antagonistic; and when their own art was on the point of being given to the people by that most inflexible of artistic despots, Beethoven.

Identity of social and artistic environment did not induce a likeness sufficient to impair the individuality of Haydn or Mozart. In fact it operated beneficially, by thwarting the exaggerated significance of romantic introspection and leaving almost unconsciously expressed those elements which are the permanent realities of character. That is why the classical composer, although he apparently tells us less of himself than the romantic does, actually tells us more, not of details but of essence. We are not encumbered by a mass of seemingly conflicting facts, nor appalled by psychological intricacies; we see instead the whole man, his proportions and salient features. In short, the Milton implicit in "Paradise

Lost" is in all respects as significant as the Wordsworth explicit in the "Prelude." In this respect, Haydn and Mozart, though both classical composers, were not classical in the same degree, and this contrast may be seen to arise from the circumstances of their early life and to develop in their respective attitudes towards nature and religion.

Haydn was born of peasant stock, and, as Sir William Hadow has pointed out, his ancestry, his name and the locality of his birth are all Croatian. For eight years he lived the usual life of a peasant's child, and those eight years, formative in the case of any child, are particularly so in the case of a genius. During those years he lived an open-air life, near to nature and surrounded by its beauty; he sang the folk-songs of the peasantry, was brought up in a simple faith, and developed a sense of freedom only fettered by the conventions of the country folk. He was sent to Vienna when he was eight and did not leave until he had completed his studies, but the impressions of those early years survived the limitations of town-life and the rigours of musical training. It is clear, then, that his early life did not differ widely from that of many another boy with a natural aptitude for music. But the first years of Mozart's life were wholly different. Of the world's infant prodigies he is perhaps the most notable, and certainly first among those who fulfilled early promise so abundantly. Born at Salzburg, he spent practically all his life in a typically German environment. The early evidence of astounding genius persuaded his father to travel with the children, and when Wolfgang Amadeus was only just six he made his first excursion. The extraordinary manifestations of the child's genius are too well known to need repetition, but one fact above all must be remembered—from his earliest years he was brought up in an atmosphere of professional musicians. His father was a musician of some note and devoted a large part of his time to the training of his two surviving children. Consequently, though the *naïveté* of the child charmed society, the sophistication of society soon moulded him on other lines.

The formative generalities of their early years mark the first fundamental contrast between these two composers. The second may be seen in their attitude towards religion, and this hinges in some degree on the state of the Church at that time. The eighteenth century is not one to which Catholics, or even Protestants, can look back with any sense of satisfaction. It was a period of sloth and decay, when the humble piety and unwearying zeal of many a parish priest passed unnoticed; when the higher clergy threatened to become part of a social caste, and dallied with the

works of "reason," not because they felt that the works of reason and faith might attain a fruitful union, but because they provided something new, something fashionable. But reason was singularly uncolorful, and the Church had never been that; so as her spiritual supremacy declined, her æsthetic appeal extended. Both the churches and the services conducted therein were richly decorated, and to the sensuous appeal of the architect and sculptor was added that of the musician. Here was no atmosphere to inspire the spiritual glories of Bach and Handel, but here above all was the chance for one primarily concerned with the art of music, and Mozart seized it. He clothed the mass in fine raiment, lit it with the subtlety of his art; but never does one feel that he is making a tremendous confession of faith, not even in the "Requiem" which he knew was his own. He was a supreme artist, but he was also a child of his age. He achieved an objectivity which is in many respects admirable, but which has no place in the sphere of faith, for the man of faith is in essence a romantic, and he was not. He lit the mass from without, but never from within. And this is the very point where Beethoven eclipsed him, for this lack of faith runs through the whole range of Mozart's output. Professor Tovey points to it in the G-minor Quintet, where:

"we see Mozart for once transcending his limits. The slow movement rises to a height not surpassed by Beethoven himself until his second period; an adequate finale is impossible with Mozart's resources, and he knows it."

Mr. W. J. Turner sees it a little differently.

"That finale is beyond all denial inadequate. Why? Because after the poignant, heart-breaking intensity of the slow movement some affirmation of the soul is inexorably demanded. *Mozart could not make that affirmation.* He could not even attempt to make it. If he had attempted and had failed, *then* we could speak of inadequate resources. But he had no faith, he could not lift up his heart and sing from the bottom of that abyss, he could not stretch his wings and rise up out of it, he could only shrug his shoulders and blow us another bubble. Therefore, and therefore only, he is not the world's greatest composer."

Spiritual content, then, is lacking in his works, but it was beginning to appear in the symphonic trilogy, and the finale of the "Jupiter" symphony more than hints at dawning affirmation. Perhaps the spirituality of the man was impoverished by the precocity of the child, but whether it was or not, the facts of his life no more disclose a thread of spiritual development than do his symphonies.

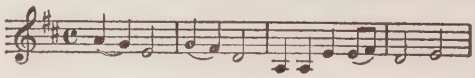
The simple faith in which Haydn was brought up clung to him throughout his life. For him the Church was what churchmen made it, so he approached it as an individual. And this subjective outlook coloured the whole of his life and a large number of his works. The power of his faith, this invincible belief in the benignity of God, so far removed him from the despair of Beethoven that he knew not even the anxiety of César Franck; and his life was suffused with a joy that almost passes understanding. His genius he regarded as a gift of God. "It came thence," he exclaimed in his old age when he came upon the words "And there was light," at a performance of the "Creation." In that oratorio he enshrined the joy of creation, the eternally miraculous manifestation of God. He did not build up a faith, nor even analyse the one he accepted; he rejoiced in it, and in his works passed on his joy to others. This attitude towards religion marks most plainly the romanticism in Haydn's outlook, but it may be seen as clearly in his love of nature. Those early years had been spent in close communion with nature, and there grew up that mysterious understanding which comes only of profoundest intimacy. Thomson's "Seasons" inspired another oratorio which confirms the fact of his being a precursor of romanticism. To nature he turned from the desiccated rationalism of the eighteenth century, knowing full well that dogmatic reason could never be inspired with feeling. He turned to nature and found feeling; he turned to the dogmatic unreason of the Catholic Church and expressed his feeling through it. He was composing when the *ancien régime* was at its height, and still composing as the Revolution shattered it to fragments—its diplomacy, its social conventions and its art. And there was Haydn, romantic by nature, instructed in the classical art, watching the world pass from what had once been his environment to what had always been his intuitive desire. He was the precursor of the new age in much the same degree as Goldsmith was, fusing a restrained and halting romanticism with classical canons of art, as one sees them fused in the "Deserted Village." And he has shared the fate of many who lived in the valley between the towering peaks of classicism and romanticism. He is a great composer, but not one of the greatest, and failed for the same reason that Thomson and Gray also failed: he poured new wine into old bottles. His emotional content strained form, but did not recreate it. That was left for Beethoven. So now the difference between Haydn and Mozart is as clear as the reason for it, and the reason of Mozart's supremacy is clearer still. Unspiritual as his content may have been, it was perfectly adjusted to form; he found

that equilibrium where not only was the one moulded by the other, but where the one was the other. He attained the perfect expression of experience, whereas Haydn in his more significant works did not. He worked on a different plane from Mozart, in the light of implicit faith, but though this may exalt him in the world of the spirit, it cannot be used as a justification in the realm of art.

One more aspect of the life and music of Haydn marks him as an early romantic, but it is an aspect so susceptible of exaggeration that it is only mentioned most tentatively. As we have seen, Haydn had by early life strong Croatian connections, and these were strengthened when he became *Kapellmeister* to Prince Esterházy. Dr. Kuhač and Sir William Hadow have pointed to the frequent use he made of Croatian melodies and idiom, and it does not seem far-fetched to connect this interest in folk-music with an incipient nationalism. Broadly speaking, Europe has seen two waves of national feeling. The first, at the dawn of what we call the modern era, produced England, France, Spain, and the United Provinces, and left in other peoples a vague consciousness which they were unable to fulfil. There followed a long period when the great nations preyed upon one another, actuated by territorial and economic motives, and largely out of their disregard for local and national feelings there gradually arose a second wave of nationalism, the one that emancipated Greece and Belgium, Germany and Italy. As before, the introspective consciousness of minorities was disregarded, and among those minorities there were none more prominent than those incorporated in the Austrian Empire, and among them was Croatia. Now it is equally easy to exaggerate or underestimate the significance of a nationalism which has not found expression in political independence, but it must be borne in mind that the political is only one aspect of nationalism, and that a derived aspect. National consciousness is as deep and individual as that indefinable essence we call personality. It derives from the intimate psychology of a people and finds its most felicitous expression in the idiom of the spontaneous utterance of the people. Moreover, a nationality politically undefined is, in the nature of the case, intensely self-conscious, and from this arises a subjective outlook that reveals the characteristics of a people in its folk-art. But subjectivity is radically romantic, and the periods of nation-forming have been periods of romantic literature, not of the intensely personal romanticism of Wordsworth, but of the national romanticism of Chaucer and Shakespeare. The great artist not only lives in, but sees beyond, the spontaneous expressions of the folk. He extracts the essence, the spontaneity

of inspiration, and fuses it with the principles of his art. So that just as Shakespeare was in some measure indebted to elementary dramatic representations, so Haydn in a lesser degree derived inspiration from the music of his country folk. The thread of national influence in his work is tenuous but it is undoubtedly there, and one does not detect a spuriousness or element of exploitation such as crept into music during the nineteenth century, when nationalism was a fashion. The nationalism we associate with autonomy has its roots in the heart of the people; thence it derives its spirit, and from the spirit, its expression. In such a spirit Haydn lived, and from it his art drew vitality.

All this has no counterpart in Mozart. He had no consciousness of nationality and was oblivious of vertical cleavages. For him the stratification of society was horizontal and he moved on the plane of an art which appealed universally. He was basically cosmopolitan, and so removed from the influence of nationalism that he was at one time even called an Italian composer. He was of the age of reason, and the preëminent classical composer. He concerned himself with his art, spurning equally national and personal introspection and only tincturing his works with sublimated feeling. All this arises from his being in character, outlook, and personality, widely different from Haydn. Haydn was a man of faith, Mozart was not; the one lived in the light of a sustained joy, the other in a constant fluctuation of pleasure and pain; the former lived a life faithfully reflected in his art; the latter, a life like one of his bubbles, now in the sunlight, now in the shadows, fascinating, inconsistent, and inconsequent. The difference is nowhere more clearly seen than in the cheery humour of Haydn and the polished wit of Mozart, in



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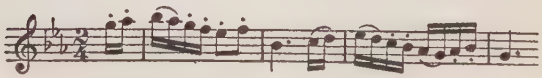

We see, then, how the salient features of an artist's life do throw light on his works, and how the broad characteristics of his art may help us to an understanding of his life. We see how the conventions of an art may tend to obliterate, or at least diminish, an artist's individuality, and how this may be rediscovered in his work. In particular, the comparison of the art of Haydn and of

Mozart in relation to their life, is most fruitful. Too frequently are they closely associated from the point of view of the development of form, and too rarely are they contrasted in respect of content. And here their difference is most marked. Haydn was born into a classical tradition of art, and brought up according to it; but his early associations, his faith, his love of nature and consciousness of Croatian nationality, inbred in him a tentative romanticism which he had to express in classical form. He is comparable to the early romantics in England, to Goldsmith, Gray and Thomson. Mozart was classical to the root of his being, and attained an identity of form and content which is little short of miraculous, and invites comparison with André Chénier in his detachment, the restraint of his emotion, and the limpid clarity of his diction. Both of them projected into the growing romanticism, but they were the most perfect flowers of classical culture.

LILI BOULANGER
(1893–1918)

By PAUL LANDORMY

GUY DE MAUPASSANT once said a foolish thing. He wrote: "In spite of the experience of the ages, which has proved that woman, without exception, is incapable of any truly artistic or truly scientific effort, they try, nowadays, to force upon us the woman physician or the woman politician."

Why did he not add: the woman painter and the woman composer? And why did he not, rather, avoid revealing himself so poor a prophet? Why always insist that the future must repeat the past?

Besides, even in the past, has not woman proved what she is able to do, at least in art and in literature?

Is it necessary to recall the names of Madame de Sévigné, of Madame de Caylus, of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, of Madame de Staël, of George Sand, of George Eliot, of Selma Lagerlöf and, quite near at hand, the Countess de Noailles and our exquisite Colette?

With regard to science, need I mention Descartes's illustrious friends, Christine of Sweden and the Princess Elizabeth? Nor need we look so far afield: we have Madame Curie.

Painting and sculpture have some remarkable representatives among women and—let us remark in passing—the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, founded in 1648, included fifteen women among its titular members in the course of a century and a half.

Madame Vigée-Lebrun was the last woman academician, and the Institute, less gallant than the *Académies* of the old *régime*, thereafter refused to take any but men to its bosom.

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It is in composing music that woman, up to the present time, has been least prominent.

Can it be that woman is barred from the most feminine of the arts? One can, of course, mention Francesca Caccini, daughter

Lili Boulanger

of the founder of Italian opera, and, nearer our own time, Madame Farrenc, Reyer's aunt, Augusta Holmès and Chaminade. Yet these are not names on a par with the feminine glories of literature or of the plastic arts.

And yet it is a fact that a taste for music is more frequent in woman than in man.

What was woman looking for in order to express herself musically?

Is it possible that certain social conditions were a necessary prerequisite?

Music is essentially a confidential art, and, owing to that very fact, indiscreet. All that it reveals of a soul, it must forego jealously preserving as its own.

And that, in a woman's case, takes for granted habits of freedom, sincerity and frankness, not alone with regard to others, but with respect to herself, which only the manners of modern life can attempt to make habitual so far as she is concerned.

Be that as it may, woman's music has just been born; it has been born, it has revealed itself in a truly remarkable way, and its fortuitous advent has been consecrated by the verdict of the Institute which awarded the *first "grand prix de Rome" to a young girl barely nineteen years old.*

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For over a century the Boulanger family filled the Paris Conservatory with the echoes of its triumphs.

Frédéric Boulanger, toward the end of the eighteenth century, was one of its first students. He gained the first violoncello prize in the year V (1797).

His young wife in her turn left the Conservatory in 1809, with a first prize for singing. She was destined to become one of the stars of the *Opéra-Comique*, and she created the title-rôle in "La Dame Blanche." The son of Madame Boulanger, a Roman prize-winner (as his daughter was to be), at the age of nineteen composed operas in which his mother sang. He himself possessed a decidedly attractive tenor voice, and taught singing at the Conservatory for twenty-seven years.

Ernest Boulanger had married a young Russian girl and she, too, was an artist, although her lovely voice was hardly ever heard in public.

Two girls were the fruit of this marraige: Nadia and Lili—Lili being a charming diminutive of Juliette.

How could the two help becoming musicians?

Yet their remarkable musical bent was manifest in a very different manner in the case of each.

Until she reached the age of five, Nadia could not hear a musical tone without beginning to howl. She hid beneath the piano. Then, quite suddenly, she betrayed her vocation. Nadia became a brilliant student. At the Conservatory she took the whole curriculum and secured all the prizes: harmony, accompaniment, organ, counterpoint and fugue. She competed for the *Prix de Rome*, and, only twenty-two (1908), obtained the second grand prize. This was already a startling victory for the cause of feminine art. Yet, after that, she gave up, feeling, perhaps, that the time to insist upon a triumph even more complete had not arrived. The Institute already had felt that its first concession was a most daring one.

Lili, for her part, when no more than two and a half years of age, was singing *rondes* whose music she read.

At five and a half she was singing Fauré's songs, to the master's accompaniment.

At six she began to study harmony under the guidance of Chapuis. But her health was already very delicate. It was necessary to lavish care and attention on her. Her sister and her mother shared this cherished duty.

Until she was sixteen, Lili was unable to work, in the true sense of the word.

She played piano, violin, 'cello and harp, for her own amusement. She read much music at sight. She improvised.

At the age of sixteen she resumed her work and completed all her musical courses, studying harmony with Caussade and composition with Paul Vidal.

And her supporter, adviser and devoted friend at all times was her sister Nadia.

In 1913 she presented herself for the *Concours de Rome*. She entered the competition as No. 2, and the remarkable qualities of her *Cantata* at last compelled her admission to the Villa Medicis, until then jealously reserved for men.

On that day, a day of wellnigh unexpected triumph, she returned to her sister, to her best friend, toward the girl who had always forgotten herself for her sake. She pressed her hand, then flung herself into her arms, and her chief joy was to know how very happy her success had made her sister.

Her sojourn in Rome was a time of intensive production. And, incidentally, from that time until her last day she never

ceased to produce with febrile haste, as though she feared that she would be unable to disclose all that her heart contained.

Her works were: *Clairières dans le Ciel*, by Francis Jammes, *Les Reflets*, by Maeterlinck, the *Pie Jesu*, and, above all, the *Trois Psaumes*, vast constructions with an imaginative splendor and a depth of sentiment altogether unexpected on the part of so youthful a soul.

Lili Boulanger did not long remain in the Villa Medicis. The War soon broke out. She returned to Paris and, with her sister Nadia, devoted herself with incomparable generosity to the admirable work instituted by the Franco-American Committee.

But her failing health soon forbade such effort. She took refuge in Arcachon, and later in Gargenville, to look after herself, but it was in vain.

Little by little her vitality ebbed.

Yet, despite all, despite suffering and care, she wrote. She composed with ever increasing ardor. The pencilled sheets of music-paper were piled up on her very death-bed.

On March 15, 1918, she bade her family farewell, and her poor little soul took flight.

There is a touch of the extraordinary in this fate.

Extraordinary, above all, genuinely unexpected was this ample, powerful genius, which seemed to bear within itself the experience of full maturity. Lili Boulanger had a prescience of human misery, and an intensely tragic depth of feeling that were actually disconcerting.

Quite naturally our thoughts hark back to the Schubert who, at the age of seventeen, wrote his *Gretchen am Spinnrade* and who, almost a child, still unaware of the great passions, found within himself the resources needed to express with so true and penetrant an accent this poignant distress.

We have here two analogous cases.

The disproportion between this child's psychological experience and the content of her inspirations already shows itself in the cantata she wrote for the Rome prize, *Faust et Hélène*.

Its subject is as follows:

It is evening.

Faust, stretched out upon the grass, is sleeping. A light whirring of sylphide wings sounds on the air. Mephisto is present, watching over Faust's slumber.

Faust opens his eyes; he has been dreaming of Helen's beauty. He wishes to see her, he wishes without delay to satisfy his soul's

desire to possess the absolute in sensate form; he wishes to know Helen, the ideal of loveliness.

Mephisto resists. It would be tempting God!

What of it? Faust dares all the terrestrial and celestial powers to oppose his will.

He will have known beauty eternal, the rapture supreme!

Night falls. Mephisto traces magic circles. Vague sounds fill the darkness.

Suddenly the moon emerges from the clouds, and beneath the willows, in the distance Helen appears. Faust hurries forward to greet her.

But he stops, confronted with the impassibility of this woman whom he has awakened among the dead.

Helen, in a wellnigh inaudible voice, questions Faust: who wishes to call her back?

She refuses once more to bring to earth hatred as well as love.

But Faust recalls to her the memories of forgotten happiness. He reawakens in her the wish once more to live and to love.

Soon, in an identical expansion, both proclaim their love in the midst of the night and the silence of surrounding nature.

The darkness grows more profound. The rumbling of the storm is heard. In the plain appear the ghosts of warriors covered with wounds, a ghastly vision.

Suddenly, from their countless ranks a spectre taller and paler than the others comes forward: it is Paris.

He seizes Helen. She resists, but he drags her off with him. Faust wishes to pursue him. He draws his sword to strike.

The thunder crashes. Faust falls senseless. Mephisto takes him in his arms and goes swiftly off. . . .

For a really gifted artist this subject offered ample matter for lyric and dramatic development.

Yet every one was surprised that so young a girl was able to handle a subject of the kind with the dramatic accents it demanded, with so much seriousness, with so dolorously passionate an ardor, and, in certain places, with such violence.

And this was no more than the first step—a brief, simple essay—on the road where this lofty heart was to awaken sounds that gripped the soul in quite another way.

First came those touching *Clairières dans le Ciel*, the *Reflets*, the *Pie Jesu*, but above all those gigantic constructions, the *Trois Psaumes*.

The first Psalm (cxxx), is a supplication addressed to the Almighty, one that seems to rise from the depths of an abyss.

Du fond de l'abîme, je t'implore, Iahvé, écoute ma prière. . .

Iahvé, du fond de l'abîme je crie vers toi, Iahvé Adonai. . .

And the prayer ascends, broadens out, swells tremendously.

Mon âme espère, Iahvé. J'espère, je compte sur ta parole plus que vos guetteurs de la nuit n'aspirent au matin. . .

This appeal to the divine mercy is poignant and heart-rending.

Psalm CXXIX, serious and rugged, breathes an intensely dramatic note.

Ils m'ont assez opprimé dès ma jeunesse. Qu' Israël le dise!

Ils m'ont assez opprimé dès ma jeunesse. Mais ils ne m'ont pas vaincu.

Des laboureurs ont labouré mon dos. Ils y ont tracé de larges sillons. L'Éternel est juste. Il a coupé les cordes des méchants.

And further on (Psalm CXXIV):

Qui est-ce qui montera à la montagne de l'Éternel?

Ce sera l'homme qui a les mains pures et le cœur net.

Il recevra la bénédiction de l'Éternel et la justice de Dieu, son Sauveur.

And in conclusion:

Portes, élevez vos têtes, Portes éternelles, haussez-vous et le roi de gloire entrera. . .

One would think only of a Paul Dukas or a Florent Schmitt when it comes to setting poems such as these to music.

Yet the precocious genius of a young girl was enough to support their monumental majesty, to nourish their ardent flame.

The *Trois Psaumes* were composed in Rome, in 1916.

Lili Boulanger also wrote some songs, a sonata for violin and piano, and almost managed to complete a setting of *La princesse Maleine*, by Maeterlinck.

Then she departed this earth, leaving behind her the one with whom she had walked hand in hand, who had been the comrade of her every hour, and who, since, has devoted the best years of her life to maintain in its artistic existence and renown her "little sister's" inspired work.

She has departed leaving behind her a few pages so sincere, so profound and so luminous, that they suffice to open for her the gate of immortality.

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens.)

SHOUT, COON, SHOUT!

By JOHN J. NILES

THE vocal technique of coon-shouting is the same all over the world, no matter what material the shouter employs. In North America, particularly in the United States, shouting may be divided into two classifications—sacred shouting and the shouting of moans, blues and ballads. In foreign countries where there are practically no native Negro settlements, the singing of sacred shouts is unknown except when it is done by travelling bands of Negro singers imported from the States. In America, however, there is much native shouting of sacred music and endless shouting of secular material.

In the Southland, where we find the so-called cornfield Negro, the kind of shouting we hear depends very largely on the day of the week. On Sunday mornings it might be:

> Satan is a liar and a conjurer too,
> Shout, my brother, shout!
> He'll lie 'bout me and he'll lie 'bout you,
> Shout out dat salvation, my brother!

While on Monday morning the same voice will be singing.

> Goin' to Louisville
> To get my biscuits brown,
> 'Cause de Lexington gals
> Turned my damper down.

In both cases it will be shouting, and the same technique of voice-breaks, slides and high, rasping, wails will be employed.

It is not a thing that some modern vaudeville queen invented; indeed it existed and was a recognized form of expression in Oriental countries long before John Sebastian Bach conceived his Forty-Eight Preludes and Fugues.

I shall never forget the first time I heard a Chinaman coon-shouting his way through an ancient Oriental classic.

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It was long past sundown. The performance had been going on since the early afternoon. The continual wanging and banging of the percussion instruments and the wail of the quarter- and eighth-tone melodies from the strings, wood-winds and the voices

began to hypnotize me. I had swallowed quantities of tea and other liquids. The only person who could understand me was a Frenchman sitting at my right. He also understood Chinese and very kindly translated the procedure from time to time.

Finally, when I thought I would have to go out for a little air, the principal actor of the piece came forth and electrified the audience with about ten minutes of superb singing and pantomime. He was a massive Chinaman and his robes were perhaps the most dazzling things this particular company of Chinese players possessed. And his performance was one hundred per cent coon-shouting, even to the breaks in the voice and the strange runs up into the unsteady falsetto.

I asked the Frenchman what it was all about. He said that this particular actor was taking the part of an instructor hired to educate the Manchu princes of long ago and that his little ten minute scene was a recital of how, while he was engaged in expounding the ancient Chinese writings to a little Manchu princeling, the princeling fell into a lake and was rescued by a faithful dog.

I forgot my fatigue and my over-consumption of tea, as there before my fascinated eyes stood this huge Chinaman coon-shouting the most unbelievable narrative to an unequally unbelievable orchestral accompaniment. My French friend explained that this particular piece was being performed in exactly that manner when North America was an unmapped thicket of underbrush, populated by red Indians and white fur-traders.

Imagine my surprise when on coming back to New York in the winter of 1927, I found a poster in front of a Broadway vaudeville house announcing the performance of an American woman who had originated the coon-shout. And she was a comparatively young woman too. Her publicity director had no doubt forgotten such names as Mae Irwin and Fanny Brice and Mistinguett and Sophie Tucker and Alice Carter and the five Smith sisters and Ethel Waters and Josephine Baker; to say nothing of the scores of native shouting and moaning males and females who lived and shouted and died below the Mason and Dixon line.

To be sure, the singer of the modern coon-shout, of the up-to-date composed blues or the so-called "scorch" song is a more or less modern invention because of the material he or she (most often she) employs. But the manner of this singing, the technique of breaking up the melody, of superimposing an obbligato of voice-breaks and growls is an ancient and highly respected trick.

During the World War a very charming little Southern girl was sent to France as a YMCA entertainer. Owing to her down-

right beauty she gained the dislike of many female welfare workers. But for the same reason and also because she was an exceptional singer and shouter, she had almost the entire American Army falling on its unshaven face for her, morning, noon and night. I shall never forget one performance she did in Toul, France, during September, 1918. I accompanied her at the piano. It was a terrible French upright, with little brass brackets on each side to hold candles.

Her *pièce de résistance* was "The Rosary." She shouted it. And the boys jumped up and down. The girl had more proposals of marriage than the Queen of Sheba. Colonels forgot their dignity and fought with privates to get at her. But aside from being an excellent shouter she was either awfully naïve or very clever. She liked the men but she wouldn't let them interfere with her life.

Her trick with "The Rosary" was to have me transpose it upwards about a fifth (that is, from the key of "C" to the key of "G," for example). As she was a contralto, this did strange things with her voice. Such lines as "Oh Memories that bless and burn," instead of being sad and rather tearful, became as thrilling as a Comanche war-cry. A male YMCA entertainer tried to take the stage after the singing of "The Rosary" and was "booed" off in disgrace. The little Confederate came back and did a blues which she and I had not rehearsed. It was, fortunately, not unlike other blues I had sung myself (that is, melodically), and to accompany such a tune only three or four harmonic combinations can be used. The verses were about graveyards. One of them I remember well:

> Graveyard is a low-down place,
> I said dat graveyard is a low-down place,
> Dey throw rocks on your box and dirt in your face.

Eight months later, at Vienne, France, I heard a French woman shout parts of "Carmen" to a very appreciative audience. After the performance I "went back" to congratulate her on her success. She proved to be a youngish person, half Spanish. She realized that I was surprised at the liberties she had taken with Mr. Bizet's score. She said, "Oh, you Americans will never understand the true Carmen; the true cigarette-girl. She was no refined little thing, but a strong Spanish woman who took her love where she found it and left it where she took it. The southern provincial French audiences require a broad performance of Carmen; therefore, I take liberties and am a success. You see I work all season.

This demand for a broad performance is also the reason for so much interpolated material for the spoken voice. That's why 'Carmen' to us is an *opéra comique*, while to America it is all sung and becomes grand opera."

I thought of the Golden Horse-Shoe at the Metropolitan and wondered how the fine ladies in ermines and pearls and the bored gentlemen in stiff shirts would like a coon-shouted version of "Carmen." The grand gentry in the Golden Horse-Shoe would no doubt like a shouted version of any grand opera (although they wouldn't admit it). And the producers of follies and variety shows have already found that their *clientèle* has a distinct "yen" for Mr. Botsford's burlesque on the "Rigoletto Quartette" and the Grand Street version of "Abie's Irish Rose" *à la* Verdi, Puccini and Saint-Saëns.

So we see that the coon-shout as we know it to-day is of ancient origin. The only modern thing about it is the material used. And even to-day the old material is good. "Hard-Hearted Hanna" and "Red-Hot Mama," and "You Made Me What I Am To-day" and "Anywhere the Wind Blows," and "My Man" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Sadie Salome Go Home"—they're still good shouts and are being shouted. Some of them must be transposed upward so as to allow the shouter to use the upper ranges of his or her voice, and all that it requires is good routine pianist.

The first shouter I ever knew was a Negress. That was in 1898. She did the current ragtime things, but was most effective in the native blues. Her name was Ophelia Simpson, although to me she was "Black Alfalfa," shouter and moaner in Dr. Parker's Medicine Show. Dr. Parker, incidentally, waxed rich by removing tape-worms. It was all the style in those days, just as reducing is now.

BLACK ALFALFA'S JAIL-HOUSE SHOUTING BLUES

I ain't got not a friend in dis town,
I ain't got not a friend in dis town,
'Cause my New Orleans partner done turned me down.

Po' gal wishin' for dat jail-house key,
Po' gal wishin' for dat jail-hounse key,
To open up de door and let herself go free.

Stony Lonesome no place for a dog,
Stony Lonesome no place for a dog,
Not even fitten for a razor-backed hog.

High Sheriff said: gal don't be so blue,
High Sheriff said: gal don't be so blue,
'Cause dat jail-house keeper goin' to be good to you.

Jail-house keeper don't matter to me,
Jail-house keeper don't matter to me,
But tell me how high dat gallows goin' to be.

Tole my rider fur to ride me slow,
Tole my rider fur to ride me slow,
And when he rode me fast I simply laid him low.

Put dat gun up beside of his heart,
Put dat gun up beside of his heart,
I said rough-ridin' papa, we're simply goin' to part.

Lawyer said: gal, you better sing and pray,
Lawyer said: gal, you better sing and pray,
'Cause to-morrer dat Judgeman goin' to put you away.

New Orleans partner why you don't come back?
New Orleans partner why you don't come back?
'Cause wid fifty dollars dat hangman's rope'd slack.

Hangman, hangman, hang me slow,
Hangman, hangman, hang me slow,
'Cause dat rough ole rope is goin' to hurt me so.

Wish I'd a-listened to what my mama said,
Wish I'd a-listened to what my mama said,
Next Monday mornin' wouldn't fine me dead.

This little jail-house ballet in the style of the classic blues is attributed to Ophelia (Black Alfalfa) Simpson, *soi-disant* wife of one Henry (Dead Dog) Simpson. Henry worked in a fertilizer factory just up the Ohio river from Louisville, Kentucky. That's how he got his name. Ophelia "doubled in brass" in Dr. Parker's Medicine Show. She cooked, helped mix the tape-worm eradicator and shouted in the oleo. That was the second part of the evening performance. The oleo was entitled "A Night on Mobile Bay," and presented a group of Negroes (not burnt cork) singing their own native music. Some of it was unaccompanied and some of it was sung to plucked strings, brasses and percussion instruments—all played by Negroes.

One morning in the early winter of 1898, Henry (Dead Dog) Simpson was found dead. Ophelia was promptly taken in by two county patrolmen on a warrant charging her with one of the many degrees of manslaughter. I know it was 1898, because my father was wearing the uniform of the State Militia when he brought in the news about Ophelia being arrested. The Kentucky militia was being sworn in, it seems, with the idea of going to the Spanish-American War. They were going to make Cuba safe for the Cubans.

I do not remember what happened at Ophelia Simpson's trial. She was perhaps sent to what the Negroes call the "Stony Lonesome" for a short while, and then released because her man was a "nocount" and possibly deserved killing. I do, however, remember that my father regretted her incarceration because she was such an excellent singer and shouter of Negro tunes; her method of shouting was new and novel, and although it was hard on the voice it was unbelievably effective.

I do not think that my father used the term "shouter of blues" or "coon shouter." These expressions came along a little later. But terminology notwithstanding, Ophelia Simpson was a shouter and perhaps one of the first in the Ohio valley to be accepted and paid a wage as such. Nowadays, when I go to a Harlem night club and see the dusky shouting ladies wearing precious stones and Parisian raiment I am reminded of Ophelia Simpson, alias Black Alfalfa, who in 1898, for a salary of not more than five dollars a week, cooked, shouted and helped prepare tape-worm eradicator in Dr. Parker's Medicine Show.

The unfortunate death of Dead Dog Simpson and Ophelia's arrest on the technical charge of murder was really a blessing in disguise, because during the period of her detention, while she was awaiting trial, she thought out the verses of the jail-house ballet. And lo! it has survived long after the poor shouting Negress has been forgotten.

But blues, jazz, moans, low-downs, slow drags, struts, scorches or stomps do not make shouts. It's the shouter who makes the shouts. And a shouter like Ethel Waters or Clara Smith (known as the "World's Greatest Moaner"), or Bessie Love or any one of those grand pioneers could shout about anything. If they could speak Chinese they could shout the story of the Oriental instructor and his little truant Manchu princeling, who inadvertently fell into a Chinese lake, or they could shout:

> Listen to the mocking-bird, listen to the mocking-bird,
> The mocking-bird is singing o'er her grave,
> Listen to the mocking-bird, listen to the mocking-bird,
> Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Or they could shout "Che gelida manina" from Puccini's "La Bohême," or the "Jewel Song" from "Faust," or the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah," or that rather interminable coloratura ditty titled the "Bell Song" from "Lakmé." As a matter of fact, where every living coloratura becomes dull and begins to sing sharp and flat with equal facility in the "Bell Song," Miss Ethel Waters would no doubt shine. She would put things into those flute-like

runs that the composer had forgotten to write. And verily I say, husbands, tired from a day in the stock-market, would immediately find something interesting in the coloratura voice.

As long ago as the middle '60's a type of shouting was done in the English pot-house music-halls, the free-and-easies and the penny gaffs. The singers were billed as Negro entertainers or Ethiopian serenaders, etc., and were, of course, the burnt cork and crêpe hair synthetic variety. But their performances found great acclaim. "Such a Great Gettin' Up Stairs," as sung by "The Great Mackney," or "Whole Hog or None," and comic versions of "Po' Moaner" even drew comment in the current press.

In those days the act performed in a pot-house music-hall was called a "turn." The artists received about five shillings per night as an average, except in the case of great stars. The music-hall was an annex to a tavern or a gin palace and was operated on what they called "Wet Money"; that is, when a customer bought an admission ticket, he received part payment in song. This system is not unlike our present night-club management, where the cover charge is intended to pay for the entertainment.

The famous comic singer, Sam Cowell, who was responsible for the "Ratcatcher's Daughter" and "Vilikins and his Dina," and the great Vance (who was really Mr. A. P. Stephens), and Marie Lloyd and Jenny Hill (alias "The Vital Spark") and Albert Chevalier and Vesta Tilley (who was originally "Tilly Ball") and the slum-slang artist, Miss Bessie Bellwood, and the singers of such songs as the "Naughty Naked Cupid," and a "Broken Hearted Milkman," and "'Neath the Gooseberry Bush"—all these and more thrived during those days. Most of them tried, at one time or another, to sing what they called "coon songs." Not having the competition of native Negro singers, their attempts were successful, although the material they used was rather pitiful when compared with the true classic folk blues and moans that existed in America.

It must be admitted that this native American Negro blues material is an inspiration to any aspiring shouter. The same can be said of the blues composed on the basis of this material—for example, the blues that is to me the standard of all written down and arranged blues, namely, Mr. W. C. Handy's "St. Louis Blues," or Spencer Williams' "Rock-Pile Blues," or the "Blue Mama's Suicide Wail"—any of these would make a dead shouter shout. They would also turn a little home struggle party into a dancing triumph. (And for those who might gain the wrong impression, a "struggle party" is a little home-like dance.)

The American Negro has, however, not always had a copyright on the blues form nor the coon-shout. In the last war the French army sang a marching song (which for reasons best known to the writer will not be translated here) in the exact three-line form of the classic blues. And those French *poilus* shouted that song too—shouted it in the best manner of the Harlem shouters.

A haut, à haut, à haut, viens, mon petit chou,
A haut, à haut, à haut, viens, mon petit chou,
Mange le cacao, mange le cacao!

In the Civil War, the local rhymsters turned off a jazzy little song in exactly the same meter:

Shoofly, shoofly, don't bother me, don't bother me,
Shoofly, shoofly, don't bother me, don't bother me,
I belong to Battalion B—to Battalion B!

I have heard my father sing this song. There were endless verses, each rhyming in some obscure way with a different battalion letter. It was a sad tune, and as my father sang it I was inclined to think of it as shouting material.

The most perfect examples, however, of blues and other songs that become shouts through their unique presentation, coming from other than the American Negro, are the three-line verses sung by the Southern Appalachian mountaineer singers. Their naturally high voices permit them to do unbelievable performances of shoutin' when the "sperit" moves them to be a bit more than usually animated.

In the summer time of 1908 (two years before anyone had officially used the term "blues" to designate a certain kind of music) I encountered one Jack Spicer, a mountain white, who held out in a saloon near Pikeville, Ky. Jack was an itinerant singer. It was said of him that no one had ever caught him workin', not even the sheriff. A certain definite part of Jack Spicer's music was blues, and the singing of this music was shouting.

I wish I was a mole in the ground,
I wish I was a mole in the ground,
If I was a mole I'd root that old mountain down.

I don't like no railroad man,
I don't like no railroad man,
A railroad man'll kill you whenever he can.

I wish I was a lizard in the spring,
I wish I was a lizard in the spring,
When my gal carried water I could hear her sing.

The smoke hung low in that little Pike County saloon. Any of the customers who thought they needed protection carried a gun in a nice, easily reached holster. Jack Spicer sang to the strumming of a guitar. I say "sang" when I really mean something else. It wasn't what we have in recent years classified as the "Hard-Hearted Hanna, the Vamp of Savannah" type of shout, but it was between that and a moan. When he did his usual sixteen-measure mountain songs—the things all mountain musicians have inherited from the English folklorists of long ago—he sang in the voice of a mountain-man singer; but the three-line, twelve-measure songs were apparently intended for another purpose. And that purpose seemed to be the idea of getting over dejection.

It's on this railroad track I stand,
It's on this railroad track I stand,
And all for the love of a railroad man.

When my apron-string will bow,
When my apron-string will bow,
You pass my house and say hello.

When my apron-string won't pin,
When my apron-string won't pin,
You pass my door and won't come in.

Four years later Jack Spicer died a violent death near Hellier, Kentucky. A blockader brought him down and they buried him with his boots on. It seems that Jack had gone broke and had taken to informin' for a revenuer. Thus passed a man who could coon-shout. If he lived to-day and could be brought to a stage in any music-loving city and inveigled into performing, he would perhaps make a mild sensation. But Jack took to informin' for a revenuer and that was the end of a good native shouter. He was probably buried in some forgotten graveyard in Pike County. But his song goes on just the same:

It's who'll rock the cradle and who'll sing the song,
It's who'll be your honey when I'm long gone,
Whose baby'll you be rockin', honey, when I'm gone.

If you don't change your nasty way, if you don't change your nasty way,
Send you back to your old mammy some cold day,
Send you back to your old mammy some cold day.

* *
*

One of the best and most effective native male shouters I have ever encountered was a Negro, nicknamed "Yellow Hammer."

He hung round Lexington, Kentucky, during the summer and went south during the winters. Understand, when I say he "went south," I mean that he caught the southbound Q. & C. freight and rode until he was discovered and unloaded. In the case of the through freights this unloading operation usually happened somewhere in Tennessee. As a private in one of the Lexington units of the Kentucky Guard, I used to visit with soldier friends of mine in a quiet little beer-saloon on Limestone Street in Lexington. In the back room was a piano where many times I have played long into the night for free lunch and other refreshments.

Yellow Hammer and I used to spell one another at that piano, if you know what I mean—play and sing by turns. Yellow Hammer was hired and paid by the house. I sang my blues and shouts because they couldn't keep me from it. I haven't seen Yellow Hammer since 1912, but I still have one of his songs. It was written down in the early fall of that year, just before he took off for the warmer climates. He shouted it and it never failed to cause a sensation. Although in form it is not exactly a classic shouting blues, it is, like all native blues, sung to twelve measures of music:

Now dis is de story of Liza Jane,
How she died ridin' on a railroad train.
Train was a rattlin' and a roarin' like sin,
And Liza was ridin' right behind dat engine.
My railroad-ridin' mama caught dat south-bound train,
But when dose rattlers bumped, it was de end of Liza Jane.

Engineer said he had a dream dat wuz bad,
Fireman said, "Mister, don't sing so sad!"
Engineer said his knees wuz weak,
Fireman said, "Mister, I'm too scared to speak!"
And Liza waz a ridin' near and far,
Makin' her home in a railroad car.

Engineer said his water wuz low,
Fireman looked out and said, "My watch is slow."
Engineer said, "If we bump a freight,
Everybody better jump before it's too late."
Now if you ever love a woman never tell her so,
'Cause if you do, she'll simply pack her stuff and go.

Now Liza sat quiet and didn't say a thing,
'Cause it warn't no time for talkin', no time to sing.
Death was a-ridin' at Liza's side,
But Liza didn't know it untwill after she died.
I bought dat gal a ticket on de C. & O.,
But she said, "I'm south-bound, I simply got to go."

So po' Liza, po' gal, po' Liza Jane,
Died while she wuz ridin' on a railroad train.
Went up to hebben wid her stockin's in her hand,
And now she's up yonder in dat promised land.
I tole her when she left me, "Baby, don't you go,"
But she said, "Honey man, I love my ridin' so."

Yellow Hammer could neither read nor write. And back in 1912, in Lexington, Kentucky, there were no night-clubs where a shouting Negro could take in handsomely for his hire. He was fed, housed, given a few dollars a week and allowed to take up a free-will offering. If his income amounted to ten dollars a week he counted himself lucky, because he belonged to the older school of black men who didn't expect too much of life.

Up North the modern Negro has been considerably educated and unfortunately refined. Even so, he still loves his shoutin'. This statement includes the flappers and the jazz-bo-bell-bottomed-trouser-legged-ukelele-strummers.

In the little city of Nyack, New York, many miles from the Mason and Dixon line, there is a certain back street where on summer nights four Negro boys sing and dance to the accompaniment of a banjo-uke. The average of their ages is about fifteen years, and their performance is so good that it would not surprise this observer if presently they should be found on the bill of some swank Harlem night-club. There are no back rooms of saloons in which they may perform. It's summer nights on the tree-shaded streets of Nyack, New York, or the Harlem cabarets or music-halls.

One of the best things this quartette does is a shoutin' blues in twelve measures taught them by a white collector who picked the song up originally in the Ohio valley.

Sweet, sweet mama, tree-top tall,
Won't you turn your damper down.
Sweet, sweet mama, tree-top tall,
Won't you turn your damper down.

Steam from dat whistle,
Smoke from dat stack,
Goin' out to dat graveyard,
Bring my own sweet mama back.

Chorus: Sweet, sweet mama, tree-top tall,
Etc., etc.

Smell dose hoe-cakes burnin',
Dey done burned too brown,
Goin' to smell my eye-lashes singein',
Ef you don't turn your dampers down.

Chorus: Sweet, sweet mama, tree-top tall,
Etc., etc.

I put my head on
Dat mean ole railroad track,
I thought about my sweet mama,
And I simply drug it back.

Chorus: Sweet, sweet mama, tree-top tall,
Etc., etc.

These four lads have the perfect style of the native shouters; that is, beside the voice-breaks, they cut the ends of their words so short that it requires several repetitions of the verses to get what they're saying. This rather slovenly manner of diction would not be countenanced a moment in the case of a white singer singing serious music—art music—but, if it is properly understood and done skillfully, it is most effective shouting. Some shouters call it "getting hot" with the verses or putting in "hot breaks." ("Hot breaks" are also tricks done by the brasses and saxophones in a jazz orchestra.)

In Englewood, New Jersey, not far from Nyack, New York, there is a Negro church where I witnessed the performance of a pageant based on a story from the Bible. During the performance of this pageant a group of small Negro boys and girls came forth with a stirring religious shout:

Goin' up to hebben, shout, shout!
Goin' up to hebben, ain't no doubt.
Goin' up to hebben, shout, shout!
I'm goin' to fas' on my gold wings and fly to hebben.

Satan is like a snake in de grass,
Shout, my brother, shout!
He's a-waitin' fur to bite you as you pass,
Shout out dat salvation, my brother!

The principal singers in this group were a little girl about fourteen and her brother, perhaps twelve. They were bored to death with their job and sang with their tongues in their cheeks. However, it was all most effective. After the performance I talked with these two youngsters. The little boy wanted to be a stenographer, but the little girl wanted to sing in a musical revue. She was secretly learning to dance the steps she thought they would demand of her. She was very pretty and in coloring would be classified as a "high brown." Here is the making of a coon shouter. From "Goin' up to Hebben, Shout, Shout," she will presently graduate to some shimmy-shakin', hot-papa shoutin'

performance and if she's lucky, she might wake up some fine morning to find herself the toast of the American music-halls.

All of these young Negresses remember Florence Mills, alas! Who could forget her and that adorable harliquinade skit she did with the support of those ten superb black men playing brass instruments! There is a legend about one of the men who played in that orchestra. It seems that he was overcome with emotion during Miss Mills' funeral and just quietly put down his cornet and died. Incidentally, the music performed at that funeral was like nothing else on earth. The memory of its beauty passes the limits of description.

In practically every line of endeavor where Negroes are employed, one will find a particular type of shout and blues, constructed on the doings or sayings of local characters. For example, Negro stable men and race-horse touts have their own jockeys' shoutin' blues. Wherever you find a race-track or a jockey club, if there are any really truly horsemen or jockeys handy, some of the old-timers will remember verse after verse of the "Jockeys' Shoutin' Blues." At least, that's what they call it at Churchill Downs, in Louisville, Ky., and at Latonia and at Saratoga, New York. In the old days of the saloon, particularly the saloon with a back room and a piano, this blues was shouted all through the race-meeting by men and women shouters. Sometimes they played their own accompaniments and sometimes they sang to the drumming of another, but it was always the "Jockeys' Shoutin' Blues." Back in 1905 the saloons round the corner of Fourth and Central Avenues in Louisville, Ky., reeked with it twice a year—during the spring and the fall racing seasons. It is supplied herewith from a collection of shoutin' blues belonging to Miss Claire Pomeroy, of New Rochelle, New York.

Well, I wonder where my easy rider's gone,
'Cause he don't ride often but he rides so dawg-gone long.
Now I don't know what to do,
When my day's work is through,
'Cause the races are over and I'm feelin' blue.

I've got the blues, but I'm too dawg-gone mean to cry,
I know that he'll come draggin' himself home bye and bye.
Has anybody seen my sweet man, Harry Green?
I wonder where my long, tall, sweet, lovin' daddy's gone,
Oh, sing those blues!

From "Sadie Salome Go Home" to "Moanin' Low" (as sung by Miss Libby Holman), twenty odd years of syncopated musical history has been written. I refrain from saying jazz history,

because there is really no such thing as jazz music. Jazz is a method of playing, not a style of music composition. Anything may be jazzed—"Nearer My God to Thee," "The Song of India," the "Pilgrims' Chorus" from *Tannhäuser*, or "Who Takes Care of the Caretaker's Daughter, When the Caretaker's Busy Takin' Care"—any of these tunes may be jazzed; it merely depends upon the performer. They may also be shouted. The "Caretaker's Daughter" would possibly be the most easily shouted, but when a clever shouter "gets hot" he or she can do wonders with most any material.

There used to be a saloon in Reno, Nevada, where a cowboy (not the dude kind) came and shouted many of the rollicking songs of the plains. "Whoopee, Git Along, Little Doggies," when sung high enough and with enough vigor, became a shouting war-cry; and the mournful one about the work being done in the fall—why, that fellow made the rafters tremble with those three very high notes! His particular tune to this cowboy song was unbelievably lovely.

But I have got a home, boys,
A good one, you all know.
Although I have not seen it
Since long, long ago.
I'm goin' back to Dixie,
Once more to see them all,
Yes, I'm goin' to see my mother,
When work is done this fall.

A compelling love-song is never sung up into the top ends of the voice range because the idea of love, as expressed in words or music, is one of smoothness and subtlety. It must possess a hypnotic, seductive quality; that's why very few love-songs become shouting material. Most composers have discovered that "shouts" must lie high in the voice, while love-songs (to be universally successful) must be crooned in the middle and lower parts of the voice.

But material, after all, is not awfully important to good coon-shouting. It's the shouter that matters. It's Mistinguett in the costume of an Apache, flashing her hundred thousand dollar legs round the stage that matters—not her song, "*Mon Homme*." It was Fanny Brice who made the audience jump up and down—not the translation of "*Mon Homme*" into "My Man." Imagine some less talented person than Josephine Baker in her costume of bananas hanging out on the limb of a tree, shouting for all she's worth the songs that Josephine Baker has made famous. She would get no

place. Miss Baker might be shouting anything and the Parisian audiences would love it just the same. When Helen Morgan sings "My Bill," something happens, just as something happened when Ophelia Simpson sang her blues about the terrible jail-house, or when Miss Ethel Waters sings "Shake That Thing."

The coon-shout is of ancient origin. It is rasping on the voice. Some native southern Negro blues are perhaps the best musical vehicles for shouters, but the method of "putting over" a song with energy and noise and voice-breaks is universally understood. In every singing nation on earth it happens—not under the title of "coon-shouting," to be sure, but, like the old song in the Army, "It gets there just the same," and the "there" I am referring to is the spinal column. For unless a song gets to the spinal column and thrills the listener, in the words of a Negro singer "away down deep," it is not worth its hire and will presently disappear. The coon-shouter who knows her technique can be thrilling, and I dare say she must be thrilling or she will soon be forgotten. The fact that she will quickly wear out her voice matters not at all to the modern audiences who are becoming more and more addicted to speed, noise, voice-breaks, energy and inuendo in the singing of popular music and native blues. (I say "her" because, with few exceptions, the greatest coon-shouters are females.)

Dey's just one more song I want to shout,
An' I'll tell you what dat shout's about.
It's about an engineer on de Yellow Dog,[1]
How he come a-vampin' home right on de hog.[2]

"Engineer man," I said, "what's your name?"
He said, "Shoutin' woman, go hang your head in shame!"
I hung my head low down and cry,
I had dose railroad blues and I wanted to die.

My engineer man knew I wuz to blame,
How I'd two-timed[3] him was a simple shame.
He vamped on back to dat Yazoo train,
And I had dose railroad blues all over again.

[1]The "Yellow Dog" is the Negro's name for a railway officially known as the "Yazoo Valley Railway."

[2]"Vampin'" means walking on the vamps or uppers of one's shoes, and being "on the hog" means being broke.

[3]To two-time means to carry on two love affairs at the same time, and do it with sufficient secrecy and skill to prevent either of the adored ones from finding out.

THE ORIGINS OF MUSIC

By SIEGFRIED NADEL

I.

FROM of old, learned minds have grappled with the problem of the origins of art, of music. Every thorough-going discussion regarding the nature of art and the true inwardness of human civilization, as well as every historical survey of art-evolution, must, in point of fact, be somewhere confronted by the ultimate question: What was the original source of art, and how did music come into being? Mythical folk-lore deals with this problem, the philosophy of the ancients sought to solve it, the ecclesiastical philosophers of the Middle Ages explained it after their own fashion. The problem has never quite disappeared from the sphere of scientific speculation, and it has been attacked with renewed zeal of late and in our own day.

Now, it can readily be seen that a definitive, wholly unimpeachable solution will probably never be arrived at. The ultimate sources of our art will always be deduced only by some hypothesis, some colorable theory. The possibility will ever lurk in the background, that new discoveries of prehistoric research, or additional data concerning the artistic usages among present-day primitive peoples, may distinctly modify our conclusions. It is, however, absolutely essential for the probability of our hypothesis that it should be in conformity with our understanding of the nature of art, and with that line of artistic evolution which we can follow, as it were, through the visible sector of the developments in art and culture.

In this inquiry into the origins of art, music occupies a place peculiar to itself. In an investigation of the beginnings of art it is a self-evident assumption that we should be able to describe, in general terms, the real nature of art; we must be able to say positively whether any given case bears the criterion of what we call art. But here again there is no easily and positively defined limit; and especially in the domain of early and primitive art, which we view, so to speak, in a state of flux, it will be very difficult to draw the line, say, between the shaping of some utensil for practical use, and its artistic adornment; between the accidental and the intentional ornamentation of some woven fabric; or where

art commences in some epic, or in the presentation of some legendary or religious theme. Music, however, exhibits in its very material an exact demarcation between that which is "art" and that which serves other, non-artistic purposes. The material of plastic art is, on primitive levels, the same as that employed in everyday, practical pursuits—stone, bronze, wood, woven work. The material of poetry is words, which also find employment in speech, in the intercourse of ordinary life. But the tones are not met with, in this form, in the field of practical human activities; the production of tones in song reaches out beyond the "natural" employment of the vocal organ; instruments must be "invented." Even before the element of artistic purport enters into action, the precise dividing-line in music is already sharply marked. We can say that the material of music is artificial, a superaddition to natural expression through sound, and so not found in this latter.

Let us inquire, first: What are the most obvious differences between the material of the tones and the affiliated "natural" material, that of spoken sounds? Consider only such forms as we can define as the most primitive, relatively undeveloped forms of music: those forms of unison song that we find in the music of primitive races and likewise on certain low levels in the evolution of our occidental music, for example, in what we are wont to conceive as the earliest form of ancient Greek music, or in the music of the early Middle Ages. Here, too, a specific difference is quite plain. Speech employs fluctuating pitches; when we speak, the pitch shifts up and down without fixed points, without a determinate formation; whereas in music this shifting of the tones, superadded to the words and sense of speech, acquires a meaning all its own. The pitches of the tones are fixed, held fast on determinate points. The up-and-down fluctuation of speech resolves itself into definite patterns, which are, for music, the first manifestations of real importance; tone-progressions, intervals, are engendered, motives and themes are formed. This fixation of the pitches or, rather, this engendering of fixed intervals, this production of definite motives with the voice, is also, considered as pure technique, by no means a "natural" gift materializing without effort.

We can already see that this primordial "unnaturalness" of the material of music lays a formidable obstacle in the path of every theory concerning the origin of music. For "natural deduction, logical explanation," are the foundations of every scientific theory, and the sole safeguard of so hazardous an hypothesis as any explanation of the origin of music. In fact, the overcoming of the

Dancing-ground of the Nagas (Assam) on the Burial-place of the Hereditary Priest.

Carved Wooden Drum from Bamum (Cameroon), photographed by R. Oldenburg (Vienna).

Mask for Dance of the Bamum Tribe (Cameroon), photographed by R. Oldenburg (Vienna).

Musicians and Dancers of New Guinea, photographed by R. Pöch (Vienna).

"unnaturalness" of the tone-material occupies the centre of attention in almost all theories regarding the origin of music. It has been attempted to discover some natural cause of the engendering of the "non-natural" tone-material. It is clear, that the theoretical foundation of this cause must be of the broadest; a foundation that can be fitted in some manner into the general scheme of human existence; otherwise it were impossible fully to explain the wide dissemination and commanding position of music in the world of men.

II.

The celebrated Berlin philosopher Karl Stumpf has characterized the principal groups of preceding theories by the ingenious and apposite titles: "In the beginning was love; In the beginning was the word; In the beginning was the deed." What he meant by this was simply a broad general characterization of the principles whereby the ultimate origins of music can be logically and naturally demonstrated. Employing other words to define these principles, we find that the above three groups represent the three great systems of Biology, Psychology, and Sociology; we find the origins of music embedded in the spheres of (1) the sexual instincts in man and animal, (2) the human will to expression and communication, (3) human activity.

(1) "In the beginning was love." In this conception the theory was brought forward for the first time by Charles Darwin,[1] and thus the origin of music, as well as of art in general, finds its place in Darwin's system of "The Origin of Species." The dominating principle in Darwin's theory of selection, the law of natural selection, is also a deciding factor in the generation of what we have termed the "non-natural" realm of tones.—In one sphere of Nature we find music prefigured—in the song of birds. Now, the song of birds is held to play a special rôle in the mechanism of Nature. It is a well-known fact that handsome men are generally preferred to ugly men by the fair sex. In the animal kingdom, too, the male must strive to please; almost everywhere we find the male handsomer, more brilliant in color, and—fonder of singing. Above all during the season of love-making, the time of sexual excitement, the males deploy all their arts; as they flaunt their gay plumage, so they glory in song. With seductive calls, with the highest tones and trills of their voices (the so-called falsetto tones), they woo their mates with passionate song. And man, like them, is supposed to become an artist, a singer, under the stress of sexual

[1]Darwin, "The Expression of the Emotions in Men and Animals."

excitation. In his case, too, this special, quasi artistic branch of the law of natural selection supposedly applies.

In so far as Darwin's theory refers to the animal kingdom, it seems eminently consistent and logical. But when it is stretched to include mankind, its weak points are apparent. First of all, the birds, which alone among animals emulate musicians, are biologically quite remote from the line of evolution that leads up to Man. Whereas the animals of high and highest rank among the mammals, which we may consider as steps in the transitional progress towards Man, do not sing; their desireful cries and howls hardly merit the honor of inclusion in the ancestry of human music. Furthermore, the birds also sing outside of the mating-season. And so what we had assumed to be one important characteristic of music proves untenable, namely, that music presents an unusual mode of vocal expression at variance with the normal mode. To be sure, it has often been attempted to prove that the mating-songs of birds also differ, in an objectively unequivocal fashion, from the "ordinary" bird-songs, i.e., with respect to the employment of special tone-material. This would be a reason for conceding that birds have a music of their own. But when we seek to apply this reasoning to human music, we must inquire what analogy thereto can be found in human songs of the primitive level; for on that level one should be able to identify traces of the incipient evolution. But, on examining the songs of the primitives to that end, we find a large majority to be of an entirely different nature; mythical, religious and warlike songs occupy the foreground; love-songs are much rarer, or of later origin. In the few love-songs of the primitive that are known to us, however, there is no trace of causation by love-yearning, by wooing or by flirting. A love-song of the Papuas—which is, besides, accompanied by the most unequivocally erotic text conceivable—may serve, with its expressive and monotonous melodic line, as a specimen:

(2) "Music derived its origin from speech." Not from ordinary speech, but from the speech, the intonation, of excitement. It may readily be observed how the pitch of the speaking voice rises, the more excitedly we speak. In a state of extreme excitement, of intense emotion, we employ high tones far exceeding the pitch of our normal, natural speaking voice. Moreover,

it seems that in the tone of intensified speech, in speech sustained by any psychic exaltation whatsoever, the intonation characteristic of normal speech intensifies itself in a certain measure; it seems to be more strongly marked, to stabilize itself, to become more interval-like. Speech seems to take on definite melodic form, and in this form presents itself as the first grade of music. For example, when we enunciate the question "Kommst du?" (Are you coming?), it presents a tone-line of a certain pitch; on repeating this question a few times *crescendo*, the tone-progression becomes more and more strongly marked, and seems finally to take on the features peculiar to a musical motive. Thus music arises, according to this theory —which was developed by Herbert Spencer[1]—from emotional speech, from speech that expresses strong psychic emotions. We instantly perceive that the dissimilarity in the placing of the musical tone-material from that of the ordinary tone-material of speech is here very clearly demonstrated. The connection between beginnings of music and psychic emotion is also obvious. From this perception, above all, follow the other important theories of the origin of music from speech, the theories of Rousseau, Herder, and Richard Wagner.

Conclusive as the theories concerning the rise of music out of speech may appear in this particular regard, they nevertheless do not bear closer scrutiny. For (a) it is precisely what is characteristic in the expressiveness of the melody of speech that stands in opposition to the nature of musical tone-speech. In speech a gliding flow of tones, their pitch fluctuating rapidly and spontaneously up and down, must combine with the words in order to show whether we are sad, merry, excited, low-spirited, curious, or imperious; whereas, in song, the fluctuating tones must be fixed, stabilized, and limited to definite pitches and intervals. Even in the "Sprechgesang" (recitative) of primitive music one definite pitch, a sort of prototype of the tonic, persists, or some definite interval appears to be chosen as a melodic center. Speech, however, must be ready, as the concept of its expressive power plainly implies, to press the entire available range of tones into its service.—(b) Further, the culminating point of excited speech is the shriek. Now, if this theory were consistent, would not the nature of music be most clearly derivable from that point, from the emotional outcry? But from the shriek no way leads—even in a purely physiological sense—to tone and song.—(c) The intonation, the melody, of speech differs greatly according to the individual and, above all, the nationality. The Scandinavian languages

[1]Spencer, "Psychology, Sociology."

employ quite other inflections of intonation than the German; their normal delivery sounds to us like an eternal interrogation.

Would not the necessary logical consequence be, that we could not understand their music? Again, we find dialects of certain languages, and even the mode of speech in certain places, more "singing" than in other regions where the same language is spoken; would not that influence the "musicality" of the given region, or even of the particular place?[1]

(3) Abandoning the above collective theory, let us go over to the last group, which seeks the origin of music in human activities. Here we have to take into account two theories, the one by Karl Bücher, the other by Karl Stumpf. The well-known view advanced by the economist Bücher in his book on "Arbeit und Rhythmus" (Work and Rhythm) may be stated as follows: In concerted rhythmical labor there arise spontaneously certain rhythmical bursts of sound that apparently tend to facilitate the task; they develop into the characteristic work-calls, as they may be heard wherever concerted labor is going on. Now, according to Bücher, these calls lead to the formation of intervals and motives, developing into characteristic work-songs [such as the seamen's chanties], which we are to accept as the earliest, original musical creations of man.—However, when we scrutinize the primitive songs, we find, first of all, no specially prominent, sharp, clear rhythm whatever. On the contrary, one chief characteristic of primitive music is its uneven, often highly capricious or very complicated rhythm, which hardly any kind of work could follow smoothly. Besides this, these work-songs by no means stand in the forefront of primitive music. And the work-songs with which we are familiar —rowing-songs, harvest-songs, and the like—did not properly take their rise in the work itself, but were rather devised as an after-thought, as compositions written *on* labor. Very often, too, they express an entirely different meaning: they have a *cabalistic* signification. A typical instance is found in the rowing-songs of the natives of the Solomon Islands.[1] While they are rowing [paddling?] hard, the natives are silent; during intervals of less strenuous labor, however, they sing, though not to make their rowing easier, but rather (so they say) "to unburden their souls." Again, the South American Indians sing pertinent songs while

[1]Rousseau actually arrives at this ultimate conclusion (in his "Essai sur l'origine des langues"). He thus denies the possibility of a national French music and admits, for his own period, only the Italian language as a possible generator of an art of music.

[2]Richard Thurnwald and E. von Hornbostel, "Die Musik auf den Salomoneninseln."

rubbing the manioc roots, not for the purpose of facilitating the work, but for their magical influence in making it prosper. The aborigines of New Guinea, when out to capture the dugong, sing a special song, not while the hunt is in progress, but after the animal is securely caught in their nets; before dragging the prey into the boat they strike up this song, which also surely possesses magical significance.

Karl Stumpf likewise seeks the origin of music in a detail of the practical activity of primitive man.[1] When one wishes to send out a call over a considerable distance, the voice is raised spontaneously; one can make himself heard more easily when the pitch of the tone is sustained and the intonation of the words stabilized. Hence (so he holds) a musical tone and a musical motive are engendered, and in this acoustic sign-language he finds the origin of song. This view of Stumpf's finds no support in primitive music. We have no knowledge of any such vocal sign-language. On the contrary, we do know a very exact and widely disseminated drum-signal speech of barbarians who form their signals solely by the rhythm and the number of the beats, the element of pitch being wholly disregarded. And then, considered by itself, a vocal sign-language would entail a far too complicated and inexact system of signals. The words would become inaudible at a great distance; tones carry further than vowels and consonants, than words. On the primitive level of musical development, however, we can hardly expect to meet with a fixed coördination of definite significations, with definite tones or motives. The drum-signals are countable, exact, cannot be falsified. A complete contrast is found in the idiosyncrasy of the primitive singer, as everywhere observed, who alters and unconsciously varies every melody or motive when singing it repeatedly.

III.

Precisely the last two hypotheses have brought into strong relief one attribute common to all the foregoing theories. These theories sought, first of all, to bring to light the earliest discoverable traces of man's acquaintance with tone-production. They claim that tone, as such, first entered human sense-perception through the channel of instinctive sexual selection, or the emotional outcry, or the work-call or vocal signal. The further evolution of the tones into what we may rate as music would then come about somehow by itself; chance, curiosity, experimentation, imitation, etc., would supervene, broaden the understanding for tone-

[1]Karl Stumpf, "Die Anfänge der Musik."

production, promote the invention of instruments, or add to the tone-material already known.

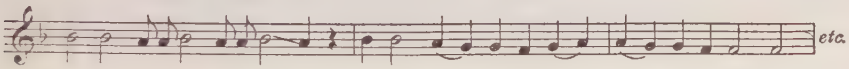
But does not such a conception shift the basic position of the question? Does it give us, even if proved correct, a satisfactory explanation? Tones are always and everywhere presented to observant human perception; the birds sing, a taut bowstring gives out a tone, a hollow tree-trunk resounds. Chance, curiosity and experimentation may well have opened possibilities of tone-production to man. This idea was not foreign to the thought of the ancients. The Greeks have a myth about the invention of the lyre; how the god Hermes happened to strike with his foot against an empty turtle-shell, out of which the sun had burned all the flesh; only a couple of sinews still were stretched inside, and so the shell, when struck, gave out such a sweet tone that the god created an instrument after the same pattern. And the Hindoos regard their god Shiva as the master both of the hunter's bow and of the bow used as a musical instrument.

This being established, however, we have arrived only at the beginning of the real problem: How did men come to employ *intentionally* this chance discovery of a previously unknown possibility in new and unaccustomed ways of tone-production? to appropriate it purposefully as the material for a consistent artistic system of expression—the tone-material of music? It is clear that not each and every impression that enters into human consciousness can engender art. The elements of music evidently bore within themselves characteristics that marked them as predetermined for art. But wherein lay this predetermination for art? According to the myths and legends of folk-lore, music was a gift of the gods to man. The philosopher Heraclides tells us that Amphion, who received his artistry from his divine father Zeus, was the inventor of music. To the Egyptians their god Thot was the giver of music. The Chinese musical system was the gift of the magic bird Fung-Hoang. The earliest songs of the Hindoos, the sacred Ragas, were magical songs sung by the gods. What more does all this mean, than that all peoples distinctly felt that music does not issue from the necessities of everyday life; that music signifies something *withdrawn from* the conditions of ordinary existence, something at variance with the natural order of things.

In primitive music the close relation between art and the non-natural, the non-realistic, is yet more distinctly marked. In the religion of the primitives music and the dance are numbered among the gifts bestowed on man by God. As an Australian tribe

has it, the first man taught those created later all ceremonies, the dances, and music. The Good Spirit of another tribe taught the medicine-men the proper songs.

We have already remarked that religious and ritualistic songs occupy the foreground with almost all primitive peoples. Everywhere we find music conjoined with regular solemn, magic ceremonies. All important occurrences in the life of the tribe are solemnized with certain sacred rites in which music and dancing play a chief part. At the ceremony of circumcision, or when the youth of either sex become adult, at seedtime and harvest of the principal foodstuffs or in the seasons set apart for "taboo," on all such occasions certain ritually prescribed songs are sung. Even the place where the singing and dancing at these festivities are carried on is selected by special ritualistic regulations. For example, the Uitotos in Colombia sing and dance on the graves of the departed in order to renew the power of their totem;[1] in Assam, the burial-place of the hereditary priest serves as dancing-ground. (See Ill. 1.)[2] Magic songs, spirit-songs, songs of exorcism, are everywhere disseminated. In South America and Australia, Sumatra and New Guinea, the medicine-man heals the sick with his music. For example, the medicine-man of a South American tribe of Indians exorcises the malady with the following song:[3]



The belief in the healing power of music reaches upward into the higher civilizations of the Egyptians, Greeks, and Hindoos. Moreover, a ritual and religious significance is attributed to the various elements of the music itself. Certain instruments are "taboo" with the primitives; they are kept in specified places, and are to be seen only on certain festival occasions. Other instruments must always be concealed from the eyes of the women. Various instruments, again, are marked by branded or carved pictures of gods or sacred animals, sacred symbols, and the like, as genuine ritualistic implements. (Ill. No. 2.) Both the Egyptians and Greeks incorporate the laws governing musical tones, the tonalities, the number of the harpstrings, etc., in their cosmogonical and theological systems. Thurnwald tells of a very interesting custom among the inhabitants of the Solomon Islands;[4] in this

[1] K. Th. Preuss, "Archäologische und ethnologische Forschungen in Kolumbien."

[2] From I. H. Hutton, "The Angami Nagas."

[3] From Koch-Grünberg and Hornbostel, "Vom Roroíma zum Orinoco."

[4] Thurnwald and E. von Hornbostel, "Die Musik auf den Salomoneninseln."

particular case the tuning of the national instrument, the Pan's-pipes, is combined with a highly characteristic ritualistic ceremony:

> When a specially important Unu (rite of initiation into the League of the Vendetta) is about to be held, the men of the chieftain who proposes to ally himself with the principal chief proceed to the latter's habitation; . . . each takes along two or three Pan's-pipes, that have already had a preliminary tuning at home; on the way, too, a halt is made at every place of assembly to try the instruments. On nearing the dwelling of the principal chief, a sham battle sets in at the entrance to the clearing, during which the men of the principal chief attempt to wrest the Pan's-pipes from the visitors. After this the instruments are exactly tuned to the standard model kept by the principal chief, to the accompaniment of a ceremonial dance. (Every principal chief possesses such a standard model, it being a symbol of his dignity.) This ceremony of tuning continues for two or three days.

As we see, a very close relation subsists between the incipient art and the speculative sphere of the supernatural, the out-of-the-ordinary. But do not we, too, recognize that the laws of our highly developed art are laws lying beyond the ordered spheres of conception of our daily life? The evolution of the material of every art plainly goes its own way, a way not dictated by nature. The verse and rime of language, the bounds wherein a painter frames his picture, the steps and figures of the dance—all these signify what might be termed an abnormalizing of the normal, a formal recognition of a realm of law remote from "natural" life; they signify a transformation, an artistic refining of the "natural," and therewith its translation to the sphere of art. As we clearly perceive, the "non-natural" in the material of music does not imply an hiatus in the evolution of music out of any given natural law of existence that requires bridging over. It meets us at every point explicitly and sensibly as an essential characteristic of music.

At one point in the theories of Spencer, Rousseau and Wagner, mentioned in the foregoing, we find a significant suggestion: What Spencer calls the "musical" melody of speech, that sustained and intensified by strong emotion, is to be imagined as transferred in due course to instruments as melodies in pure tones, speech-melody thus becoming a genuine, typical "absolute" music.—For us the essential point resides in the *transference* to some other material of expression. For all art is the "carrying-over" of some form of experience into an artistic—i.e., artificial, out-of the-ordinary—form of expression, which in itself does not arise out of any necessity of practical experience. Whatever we experience we can—voluntarily or involuntarily—distinctly set forth through

means of expression arising from the necessities of practical experience, through speech, gestures, or signs. And all this we can reënact designedly, quite apart from any practical necessity, on the higher level of the artistic form of expression, in poetry, song, dance and imagery.

From this it follows that the question we raised above, "Wherein did the predetermination of the tones for art lie?" answers itself. We now perceive that the elements of music, as representing a non-natural, out-of-the-ordinary sound-language, appear for that reason adapted to become the elements of an artistic language of expression. In the fact that they obey *other* laws of generation and exposition than do the elements of normal expression by sound, lies—if we may use the term—the *dignitas*, the high distinction, of the tones in becoming the material of an art. Here the circle closes; logic in the generation of art demands, so to speak, this first illogical step in the generation of the material of art.

IV.

It is our belief that we have shown here the origin of the *meaning* of music, of music as an art. We may, indeed, be able to determine the very point where the tones themselves must come into being, where music is superadded to speech.

The musical usages of the primitives, the conception of music among many higher civilizations, clearly point, as noted above, to the origination of music for ritualistic customs. The medicine-men of the primitives wear special ritualistic costumes, masks, all manner of significant ornamentation, when performing their ceremonies. The priests of all religions must don special robes and sacred emblems when about to appear before their god. Robes, gestures, all the proceedings, are sharply contrasted with the uses of everyday life by means of special regulations and lifted into a higher, sacred sphere. Should not the spoken words, the speaking voice, likewise assume a special vesture, as it were, an out-of-the-ordinary tone to parallel the loftier rites, and so translate speech into song?

The status of song among primitive peoples is, in fact, intimately related to the ritualistic custom of the masked dances. Among almost all primitive tribes the dancers and singers wear distinctive ritual masks (Ill. 3 and 4), while performing their ceremonial songs and dances. The legends of such tribes apprise us that these masks are the faces of demons, which the medicine-men of remote antiquity tore from the demons in battle. And

now when men put on these masks, they become the equals of the gods or demons; they *are themselves* the demons, and wield their powers. This belief of the primitives, which we call animism, the notion that we obtain power over anyone when we get possession of a part of his substance, evidently implicates music among other things. The out-of-the-ordinary, supernatural tone-speech of song is held to be the language of the gods and demons. And in order to invoke them, to rise to an equality with their supernatural powers, one must be master of their supernatural, superhuman language. Song is one of the most important functions and acquirements of the medicine-men. The primitives fancy that the medicine-man holds forth in the language of the demons when weaving his magic spells around them. The animal totems of the North American Indians always accompany their rites with singing; it is supposed that they lent this speech to men for invoking the good spirits. The inhabitants of the Solomon Islands declare that they learned their songs from spirits. Similarly, among many tribes the songs and masks are regarded as most valuable booty which, captured from the conquered enemy, may be used by the victors to enhance their own powers.

We find special evidence in support of the opinion that music was a product of man's purpose to create for his own use a "peculiar" magic language of invocation and exorcism. The essential feature in the spoken magical incantations and formulas of invocation resides, in great part, in the combination of *unmeaning* words. Furthermore, words from foreign languages are often used with no idea of their real import. A mysterious spell is always cast by these unintelligible words; thus there arises a distinct, non-natural cabalistic language. With the addition of music their magical influence is necessarily intensified. And it is a fact that the songs of the primitives preferably employ such meaningless texts. They continually dwell on the idea that it is not the part of song-speech to be understood. The songs of incantation, for the taboo, etc., are, in particular, made up of such unmeaning words, quite unintelligible to the singer himself.

To be sure, another, highly significant factor plays a part here—the strong, thrilling emotional effect of music on the human spirit, which in all ages has provoked comparison with the state of *ecstasy* (the Greeks knew and feared the "ethos ekstatikon" of music), and the state of intoxication. The musical usages of the primitives, as well as those of many highly developed Oriental civilizations, and even our own "romantic" conception of music, recognize only this state of ecstasy and strongest psychic emotion

in the enjoyment of music. Bear in mind how intimately this state of entrancement has been connected, in every period, with the mystic and religious experiences of mankind. In this state we again see the principle of the supernatural, the out-of-the-ordinary, illustrated. This emotional effect of music should, therefore, have still more firmly knit the bond between religious cult and music, and have made the "music as intoxicant" a collaborator in the creation of the "music as art."

History also furnishes proofs of this process of development; we possess Babylonian tablets of incantation prescribing the songs and accompanying music for the magic rites. The prophets of the Jews sang their predictions, or were transported by music into the prophetic state; in the Bible it is said of the prophet Elisha, when he was to prophesy before King Joram: "But now bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played that the hand of the Lord came upon him." The Pythia prophesied in verses accompanied by music. For the Romans the term "vates" signified both seer and singer. Even in the Christianity of the Middle Ages the "moralitas artis musicæ," the peculiar ethical virtue supposed to reside in music, promises those true believers who appear singing before their God a more binding claim on everlasting bliss.

V.

Art does not remain forever bounded by the cult. Out of these earliest manifestations it grows into a new, independent estate; it makes unto itself new laws for its own life. Similarly, too, must grow, in a plain and unbroken line out of the law that determine the first beginnings of art, the principles which apply to the entirety of evolutionary art, to art as we apprehend it to-day.

Our view of the origin of music can be, like any hypothesis of the kind, only a conjecture. But as a basis for this conjecture we have at the start established the necessity that it should accord with our understanding of the nature of art and of the evolution of art. And perhaps we may venture to consider, as a support of the probability of our hypothesis, that it finds in its explanation of the origin of music a key to the entire complex of the manifestations of music. In the earliest form of music that we recognize as such, as an out-of-the-ordinary, supernatural language, are already clearly incorporated the two great principles of art that are recognized, by philosophers and adepts in the study of art, as the essence of art, as the essence of music, and that embrace all the

manifold forms of art and artistic evolution—the formative principle and the objective principle.

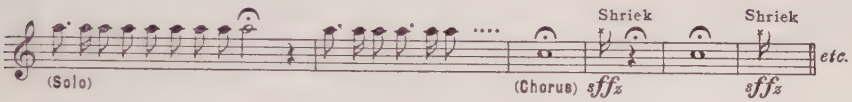
The Formative Principle.—Art is the transformation, translation, organization of whatever we wish to express into an artificial, artistic material, according to laws which do not arise out of the practical necessities of the will to expression. Primitive man, when for the first time thanking his god, invoking his familiar spirit, or intensifying any word or sentence to an exorcism, by consciously working up some familiar natural possibility of expression into a new and artificial form, has thereby reached the highest intensification within the sphere of his cult, and at the same time created *art* in the cult.

The Objective Principle.—In this new, set form of experience, the experience detaches itself from its erstwhile subject; the subjective psychic content is transformed, by its presentation in a material foreign to and exalted above reality, into a form that is more objective and more independent of the subject. That which was but now a fleeting experience of my innermost self, something I may have uttered by chance in evanescent tones born of momentary impulse, is straightway condensed, as it were, moulded according to objective rules, made into a new, independent entity obeying its own laws; it becomes a work of art. Thus do verse and rime fashion some utterance into poetry; the frame of the picture isolates some typical section from the infinity of things; the involuntary gesture becomes a mimic figure.

What is mentioned here are principles that regulate and shape the material of presentation only in a primitive and outward manner. But the whole evolution of art is, viewed from this standpoint, nothing else than a perfecting and organizing—voluntary or involuntary—of these principles of transmutation.

The first steps in this comprehensive evolutionary process of music can be distinctly noted in many details of primitive musical usages. One such significant and marked step in musical evolution may be seen in the transition from song to pure instrumental music among the primitives. The consciousness of a primitive form of objectivation and organization is well developed in many half-civilized peoples; it is a widely disseminated habit in the singing of these races to execute their songs in unnatural falsetto tones; "With the natural voice," so they say, "everyone speaks; that is not art." Another case in point is the objectivation of the musical speech of expression by the steadily advancing fixation of the tones, their connection and disposition in ordered sequences and systems, the rules for the leading of tones, etc.—Indeed, in

certain details the tone-production of the primitives still reverts to the earliest beginnings of music, to the boundary between art and all that is not art; we can very clearly perceive the intrusion of natural, raw, still quite unorganized realism into the artistically ordered form. Certain phases of experiences have not yet been brought, so to speak, under ordered control, set apart from everyday reality. And so they now and again break in upon the pure "sphere of art," as when, in a warsong of the Papuans, shrill shrieks interrupt the melody with which the singers triumphantly proclaim the number of enemies slain:



Here we may also mention the report, assuredly based on fact, of a missionary; how, when tribesmen were once performing a war-dance in the presence of some white men, these dancing and singing warriors seemed gradually to forget that they were merely imitating a fight in dance and song; of a sudden they started a real butchery, of which nearly all those present were the victims. The realism of the action shattered the artistic sphere; the reality was too strong for the formative and purely imitative capacity of art.

We are well aware that all these are incipient, primitive forms of a still external and unstable organization and objectivation in the art-work; but they plainly point to the path that the long-continuing evolution of art must pursue. This evolution takes its rise in the early form-phrases that we have recognized as a mere transference, a "carrying-over," and leads further into the most *intimate* transformation, the realization of the *true inwardness* of the artistic material. Not before attaining to a complete realization of the will to expression and the organization of expression can those laws of subjective artistic balance that we designate as beauty and esthetic propriety become effective.

Goethe remarks somewhere: "Art is long in forming, before it is beautiful." And again: "Art, as it manifests itself in the greatest artist, creates a form of such living potency that it dignifies and transfigures *any subject-matter*." The evolution of art does not pursue a plain, unswerving course, whose beginning, end, and intermediate stations can be exactly charted. What we can clearly make out in the line of evolution are only landmarks, certain ideal extremes of the evolutionary process. Such landmarks are found in the above citations from Goethe, and between these bounds flows the entire vast flood of art-evolution, whose

earliest phases we have attempted to depict: the first steps in the creative synthesis of the will to expression and the organization of expression, of material and form, of experience and art.

(*Translated by Theodore Baker.*)

BEDFORD'S "GREAT ABUSE OF MUSICK"

By ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD

I

TO the student of English history no fact is more familiar than that of the degraded condition of religious, political, social, and artistic life during the period immediately following the so-called Restoration. Not so generally known, however, is the certainty that in the closing years of the reign of Queen Anne there existed a situation almost equally deplorable. With the demonstration of the latter, as it relates to matters ethical and national, the present paper cannot be directly concerned; but the existence of the work it proposes to discuss affords abundant evidence of the melancholy condition of English music and morals at the beginning of the eighteenth century. This is the period concerning which the Rev. John Mainwaring, in his "Memoirs of the Life of the late George Frederick Handel" (1760), remarks, "Excepting a few good compositions in the church style, and of very old date, I am afraid there was little to boast of which we could call our own. The conduct of opera here, i.e., all that regards the drama, or plan, including also the machinery, scenes, and decorations, was foolish and absurd almost beyond imagination." Referring to the same time and subject, a modern writer, Mr. Andrew Deakin (1822-1903), the Birmingham organist and critic, declares that at the end of the seventeenth century English music was "in a wretched condition," and maintaining "a more or less miserable existence." "The polyphonic style of writing," he says, "was dying out, and harmony was losing its virility. The disputes concerning Service music were of no service to religion, but were terribly injurious to art, while in whatever way music was associated with the pursuits of the common people and the entertainments of the wealthy, debasement resulted."

This "wretched condition" and consequent "debasement" of music as an art, or as an aid to worship, was the object which the author of "The Great Abuse of Musick" set himself therein and thereby to demonstrate and to amend. As to whether he was entirely or even partially successful, history is silent. But before proceeding to examine his argument and criticize his conclusions it might be well to recount a few of the principal incidents in his career. Arthur Bedford was born at Tidenham, near Chepstow,

in Gloucestershire, in the year 1668. Graduating at Oxford, and "proceeding" M.A., he became "Chaplain to Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford," probably through his being a family connection. Then, at a time when preferment went according to patronage or political persuasion, he secured the position of "Vicar of Temple in the City of Bristol," his church being close to the present Bristol Joint Railway Station, now called Temple Meads because erected on land at one time pertaining to the church. Bedford's attention appears to have been directed at a very early period of his ministry to the deplorable condition of the theatrical world of his time and country, since, in 1705, he published at Bristol a sermon, founded on II Timothy, ii, 16, and entitled "Serious Reflections on the scandalous Abuse and Effects of the Stage." This discourse was a protest against "the impropriety of performing *The Tempest* and *Macbeth*" almost immediately after the city of his residence had been swept by a severe storm causing loss of life and destruction of property. It was followed in the same year by "A Second Advertisement concerning the Play-house"; and in the next year—1706—Bedford issued two pamphlets, one on the vindication of "the Musick of our Cathedrals," and named "The Temple Musick, or an Essay concerning the Method of singing the Psalms of David before the Babylonish Captivity"; the other—published locally, like its predecessors—continuing his previous conflict against the immorality of the stage, under the title of "The Evil and Danger of Stage Plays, shewing their natural Tendency to destroy Religion, and introduce a general Corruption of Manners, in almost 2000 instances taken from the Plays of the last two years, against all the Methods lately used for their Reformation." What effect this pamphlet produced is not on record, but one can imagine that in modern times the verbosity of the title would be sufficient to cool the ardour of any reader or theatrical reformer. At this period of his career Bedford seems to have been suffering from a mild attack of *cacoëthes scribendi*, as in addition to an "Essay on Singing David's Psalms," published in 1708, and the subject of the present paper in 1711, he returned to the charge—in 1719—with "A Serious Remonstrance in behalf of the Christian Religion against the Horrid Blasphemies and Impieties which are still used in the English Play-Houses." This work, according to Mr. Deakin, "cites a number of dramatists' travesties of Holy Scripture, and about 7,000 immoral sentiments openly exhibited in the plays of the time." After its publication we hear no more of our author until 1732, when he issued "The Excellency of Divine Musick, a Sermon preached at St. Botolph's,

Aldgate," this being delivered in order to oppose and, if possible, prevent the erection of a theatre in Goodman's Fields, London. In this year also Bedford appears to have issued his work on "The Present State of the Republick of Letters"; but of this, and of any other purely literary material he may have published before his death in 1745, there is neither time nor space for discussion here.

Returning to Bedford's *magnum opus*, which was published by "John Wyatt at the Rose in St. Paul's Church-yard," in 1711, we find that its full title reads:—"The / Great Abuse / of / Musick. / In Two Parts. / Containing / An Account of the Use and Design of / Musick among the antient Jews, Greeks, / Romans, and others; with their Concern / for, and Care to prevent the Abuse thereof. / And Also / An Account of the Immorality and Profaneness, / which is occasioned by the Corruption of / that most Noble Science in the Present / Age." Of the two parts mentioned, Part I deals with the "Antient Use and Design" of music amongst the Jews, Greeks, and Romans, together with the "several Canons and Laws" made by the "Primitive Fathers" to prevent the abuse of the divine art; while Part II exposes the uncleanness of the songs and operas of that time, the "corruption" of music by "mean composures," also that of Church and "Parochial" music, the whole concluding with a discourse upon the excellency of sacred music or of such music as our author considers sacred, with some hints—doubtless appropriate to that age—for its cultivation and continuance.

In his initial paragraph Bedford states with considerable emphasis his high opinion of music, regarding it as one of the "Liberal Arts and Sciences," while believing that its "Original" is recorded in Scripture, and that "the Three Concords in One Sound," i.e., the perfect triad, are a "Resemblance" of the Deity. He then passes in review the musical references made by inspired or Jewish writers, his aim being to prove that the Hebrews applied music only to sacred uses, and that they prospered or suffered as they followed or forsook this practice. Hence Bedford becomes *ab initio* a special pleader for the use of music in religious connections only, acting in much the same way as did many good people of his day, especially amongst the Nonconformists, who, in the matter of reading, maintained that "it was most undesirable for religious persons to read any but technically religious books," an opinion which crystallized into a tradition, good men, says Skeats in his "History of the Free Churches of England," failing to consider "that few things could be more unfortunate for a nation than

for its purest religion to be divorced from its best literature." Proceeding to discuss "the Antient Use and Design of Musick" amongst the Greeks and Romans, Bedford claims that this was "to instil into the People the Notions of Religion, to civilize their Tempers, to excite them to Valour, and other noble Actions for the Good of their Country, and to increase a Conjugal Affection, and such Virtues." The existence of the immoral and unclean element in much of the Greek and Roman literature troubles him not one whit. He simply attributes it all to the popularity of the stage, from whence—he quotes Ovid as saying—"came the profane Jests, and the filthy Words," and to appear upon which as an actor was to ruin a Roman's reputation. All this, of course, was true in parts, but not in whole; and Bedford's whole is sometimes drawn inaccurately, because his parts are out of proportion and perspective.

The fourth chapter of this quaint and interesting work presents us with a series of valuable quotations from the Fathers, although the motive underlying the original writing is not always specified. For instance, he states that Clement of Alexandria directed that the pipe and the flute were to be excluded "from a sober Feast," but fails to emphasize the fact that this, together with St. Paul's prohibition of women's speaking and remaining uncovered in churches, was not because these things were believed to be inherently wrong, or because the writer had any objection thereto, but solely because they were suggestive of heathen feasts and festivals, the slightest resemblance to which the Apostles and primitive Christians were most anxious to avoid. Bedford is on safer ground when he quotes—from St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom—passages confirming the degraded condition of the stage-plays and songs of their day; and alludes to the wise words of these Fathers to the effect that "we do not prohibit the voice of praise, but the voice of absurdity and confusion, unseemly and effeminate songs, which are the proper sports of those who sit idle in the Playhouses." Bedford's quotations from the "Laws and Constitutions" of his own country are neither comprehensive nor convincing. He gives extracts from sundry Acts of Parliament in the days of Queen Elizabeth, including the well-known enaction that "Interlude Players" and "Wandering Minstrels" were to be "taken for Rogues, for Vagabonds, and sturdy Beggars"; but he makes no mention of the cultivation of music generally in the Elizabethan age, when, as Mr. W. Chappell says in his "Music of the olden Time," the English had "music at dinner, music at supper, music at weddings, music at funerals, music at night

music at dawn, music at work, and music at play." By way of conclusion, in the final paragraph of the first part of his work, our author summarized his opinions thus:—That the first use of music was "for the Praise and Glory of God," and that while its subsequent employment "in exhorting to Valour and other virtuous Actions" had also "a due Respect and Esteem," yet that "when the Words sung to Musick became profane, obscene and satirical, it (music) was justly expos'd and abhorr'd," and was accordingly suppressed. The genuiness of Bedford's quotations we shall doubtless admit; with his opinions we may or may not entirely agree; but to all thoughtful musicians it will be a matter of regret that Bedford makes no mention of instrumental music *per se*—music in the abstract, unattached to and unaffected by words, the only art we have which is incapable, apart from associations, of creating an impure suggestion or environment. But even here there is much to be said in favour of our author. At the time of the publication of his book—1711—most of the instrumental music with which he would be acquainted would be dance-tunes, or that described as "apte for violls or voyces." The finest instrumental compositions of Bach and Handel were as yet unwritten; Purcell, the father of English instrumental music, had been dead fifteen years, and comparatively little of his music for harpsichord and strings was then in circulation; Handel's first English opera, "Rinaldo," had appeared a year before, but he had not yet made England his place of residence, and nearly another decade had to pass before he produced his first set of harpsichord suites; while the leading English musicians of that time were almost all engaged in the production of church and theatrical music rather than that of the purely instrumental type. Hence, Bedford's silence concerning abstract music is not surprising. The day of the sonata and the symphony had then not even dawned.

In the second and much more lengthy and important portion of his work, Bedford devotes the first chapter to an expression of regret that, although the "Composition of Musick is a genteel Imployment," the "Poets are Servants to the Players," and the "Masters of Musick are Servants to the Poets," becoming, "in Setting of Notes to profane and atheistical Songs, metamorphos'd" from gentlemen "to the meanest of Slaves." Here, in view of the scant courtesy with which musicians were treated in the eighteenth century, and the low social position usually assigned to them by the degenerate society of that time, it is gratifying to find Bedford apologizing for treating "in so course (*sic*) a Manner," men whom he declares to be "Gentlemen by their Education and Profession."

We can at least thank our author "for that word." He is, evidently, somewhat of "a Daniel come to judgment."

But in the second and third chapters of this part of his work, he is not quite so complimentary in his allusions, as he devotes these chapters, respectively, to a consideration and description of the immodesty and profaneness "of those Songs and Ballads which are dispers'd among the Meaner Sort of People, in all Parts of the Nation, set to such Musick, which is suitable to their Capacity." This title would be a most appropriate one to describe the trash, mostly of transatlantic production or rather manufacture, that so many young people, especially of the industrial classes, are purchasing to-day. But, however that may be, our author describes the ballads which are "sold in all the Market-Towns" of his country and time as being, so far as the words are concerned, a bait for the devil; while the tunes are "fitted to a Vulgar Capacity," and "by the Cheapness of the Price seem wholly intended to debauch the poor, as well as the rich." Descending from the general to the particular, Bedford indicts "honest" John Playford's "Musical Companion," published in the year 1673, as being a rich storehouse of immodesty and profanity. Not only does he give "chapter and verse" for his quotations from the book, but adds that "if the Faults of the Book had died with the Publisher, there had been no Necessity at this time to rake into the Ashes of the Dead, and search for such Matter as will justly offend the Living; but the son Henry comes up in his Father's stead, and in Publishing of Profaneness and Debauchery, excels all that went before him." Bedford further suggests that the work "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy," a volume edited by Thomas d'Urfey (1649-1723), and published by the younger Playford, might "more properly" have been called "Profaneness for Diversion, or Hot Irons to sear the Conscience." Of the examples, running into hundreds, which our author gives (from these and other works) of what he calls "smut," there is no necessity to give quotations, in the first place because this article is intended for publication in a respectable periodical, and, further, because although d'Urfey's work has been described by modern critics as "disfigured with the grossest obscenity," it, and others of similar character, only expressed in plain English the veiled indecencies and profanities to be found within the covers of so many modern novels, most of which are as weak on the literary side as the lewd songs of Bedford's day were on the poetical and musical.

For the reasons just given, the five following chapters in the work call for little comment although occupying considerable space. In those on "the Immodesty and Profaneness of our English Operas," Bedford compares the *libretti* of the Italian operas imported into England with those produced in the latter country, not only to the advantage of the former but with the result that, in respect of morality and decency, "there is something in them which excels, and may shame us." Our author's conclusion of this matter is that, as regards English *libretti*, he "cannot think it possible for the wit of Man, when assisted by the Devil himself, to invent Words, which are more profane, daring, provoking and blasphemous."

Following these chapters are two devoted to extracts proving the immodesty and profaneness "of those Songs, which are taught to young Gentlewomen and others, under the Pretence of their better Education." In these Bedford declares that the "Abuse of Musick" although "most scandalous among the Vulgar People, and in the Play-House, yet it doth not stop at either of these Places." In proof of this assertion he quotes extensively from three of the eight years' series of the "Monthly Collection," which was begun in February, 1703, and designed as "Songs for Singing-Masters to teach the Young Ladies, as a genteel Accomplishment." These songs are, if anything, worse than those designed for "the Meaner Sort of People," only expressed in a little more pretentious manner; so that Bedford declares that all "Mr. Collier and others have written against the Play-House may be equally apply'd to our present Musick." The reference here is to Jeremy Collier's "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage"—a work published in 1698, concerning which Mr. Deakin asserts that it "made a great impression on the public, who were confounded when they contemplated the mass of profanity, immorality, and indecency, which was thus concentrated and brought all at once before their eyes." Sir Walter Scott admitted that Collier's attack was "attended with good consequences, which that active disputant lived to witness." Whether Bedford produced or observed any good results accruing from the publication of his work it is difficult to say, there being, so far as the writer of this article is aware, no definite proof recorded. But it would be interesting to know what were his opinions concerning the *libretti* and music of Handel's operas; and, more especially, his views on Handel's earlier oratorios, particularly the "Messiah," which was produced some two or three years before our author's death. And this the more so because in many instances

Bedford's musical sense seems to have been sound; as witness his condemnation of the repetition by the composer of many of the unimportant and improper words in the doggerel effusions already mentioned, and his statement concerning the mental effect of music, which latter asserts that there are "some swift Notes and Leaps in a Sonata, especially in the upper part which shall almost command a Laughter. There are also Slow Movements, with Variety of Discords, which shall bring down the Mind again into a pleasing Melancholy." His views upon the music of classic Greece would scarcely bear the light of modern research; although he is not far from historical and technical accuracy when he describes the Grecian music as wanting "a Bass, which wonderfully adds a Grace and Lustre to the upper Parts." Another comment, much more indisputable, is to the effect that since "notes are so adapted to the Humour of the Words, as to give them a speedy Passage from the Ear to the Heart . . . he is no Musician who doth not make this the chief Care of his Composure."

The foregoing extracts are taken from Bedford's chapter on the "ill consequences" of the profane and immodest songs of his day. One of the most regrettable of these consequences he declares to be that, owing to the popularity of these miserable effusions, "Psalms, Hymns and Anthems are kick'd out of doors." This, he says, he takes to be the reason why "Dr. Blow's most excellent Composures of this kind met with so cold a Reception, as wholly to discourage him from printing the Divine Musick, set Services, and Anthems, which he intended." This, incidentally, confirms the statement made by the late Mr. W. Barclay Squire to the effect that after the publication of his "Amphion Anglicus," in 1700, Blow "intended to follow it by a collection of his church music," whereas the larger portion of the latter "still remains in manuscript."

In his anxiety to prove that practically all music should be religious in character and application, Bedford quotes St. Paul's exhortation to the Ephesians with reference to the "speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." Had he lived in our day he would have been acquainted with Canon Kingsley's opinion that by these terms "the apostle means not merely church music but songs which have a good and wholesome spirit in them." Endeavouring to further demonstrate his theorem, Bedford passes in review the sacred music of his own country, showing himself to be acquainted with Day's Psalter which, owing to so many of the harmonizations (81 out of 141) being by William Parsons, of Wells (*circa* 1516-66), he terms, after the

fashion of his day, "Parson's Psalms"; with Ravenscroft's Psalter of 1621; with "Divine Hymns" by Sir William Leighton (d. *circa* 1617) and Thomas Campion (1567-1620), by which is probably meant Leighton's "Teares and Lamentations of a Sorrowful Soule" (1614), and Campion's "Divine and Morrall Songs" (1610-12); also with Morley's "Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practical Musicke" (1597), and Elway Bevin's Canons (1631); the services of Gibbons, Rogers, and Child; the Psalms of Henry Lawes (1648); John Playford's Anthems of 1674, by which is probably meant the 7th edition of "The Skill of Musick"; and last, but not least, the "Harmonia Sacra" of Dr. John Blow and "Mr. Henry Purcel" (*sic*) by which is meant the work of that name published by Henry Playford in 1687. Bedford also alludes to "a Society to sing Hymns and Anthems" formed by Mr. Cavendish Weedon, of Lincolns Inn, a project, he says, that soon failed, and also alludes to the popularity and decline of the Christmas Carol. All of which goes to show that our author was thoroughly well acquainted with the best sacred music of his own country that had been produced prior to the publication of his book. In this respect at least, he could not be placed in the Pauline category of "teachers . . . understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm."

II

In answering the reasons advanced for the retention of the music "of the baser sort" which he has been denouncing, our author deals with the claim that the writers thereof "compose for a Livelihood," by saying that such a plea is as good for "Pick-pockets and Highway-men" as for them, since the latter "many times steal and rob only to supply their Necessities." Bedford further advances the argument common in our own day, namely that there are many people "willing to learn" but who cannot meet with "one Song in ten fit for their Purpose"; consequently the material interests of the composer would be advanced by the production of better songs. He also carries the war still further into the enemy's country by vigorously attacking the argument that nothing but rubbish will sell. If so, he says, the fault is with the poets and musicians who have "debauch'd the Age," and who should now "strive to reform it," and thus encourage those purchasers "who are now asham'd to buy," but "would be glad to lay out their Money, when it could be done without an Affront to Religion, Virtue, and good Manners." From this we see that the plea for better songs and ballads is not a modern fad, but one set

forth "at sundry times and in divers manners" by everyone who has had the best interests of music at heart.

And now, his courage rising as he proceeds, our author ceases exposure and argument, and boldly accuses the play-house musicians and ballad-writers of being the cause of the "Corruption of our Musick by mean Composures," i.e., compositions. To prove this assertion he first shows the high pitch to which music had advanced in the seventeenth century, becoming, he declares, "equal to that of the Italians, and exceeding all others." Purcel he describes as "the Delight of the Nation, and the Wonder of the World," and asserts that "the Character of Dr. Blow was but little inferior to him." He then proceeds to confuse *post hoc* with *propter hoc* by regarding "the taking away of our Purcel (*sic*) in the Prime of his Age," and Dr. Blow soon after, as a sign of Divine "resentment," and as a "judgment for the Abuse of this Science" (music). He here calls to his aid the well-known lines—prefixed to Dr. Blow's "Amphion Anglicus," of 1700,—by Dr. Henry Hall (1655-1707), of Hereford:

> Long have we been with Balladry oppress'd;
> Good sense lampoon'd, and Harmony burlesqu'd;
> Musick of many Parts has now no Force:
> Whole Reams of Single Songs become our Curse,
> With Basses wondrous lewd, and Trebles worse,
> Whilst at the Shops we daily dangling view
> False Concords by Tom Cross engraven True.

The reference here is, of course, to Thomas Cross, the great musical engraver of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, the first engraver and publisher of "single songs," as distinct from type-set collections. It also appears that, like some present-day reputed composers of shop-ballads, the music printed below their names was anything but their own, in proof of which Bedford quotes the following lines (from the pen of the Organist of Christ Church Hospital, London) which appeared in the work last quoted:

> A Wretch bewitch'd to see his Name in Print,
> Will own a Song, and not one Line his in't;
> I mean of the Foundation. Sad's the Case!
> He Treble writes, no matter who the Bass!

These and similar productions are then judged by Bedford according to his excellent canon that of the "several things which all will allow to be necessary for a good Composer," there must be "a natural Genius, a suitable Air, a good Score or Pattern, a constant Application, a solid Judgment, and an Intention of Mind,"

and he adds "if either of these is wanting, the Composition cannot be excellent." Here, if we admit the accuracy of Bedford's balances, we may well ask how many modern compositions would be weighed therein and not found wanting?

Commenting on the above our author declares that natural genius is a Divine gift, to be withdrawn if we "publickly abuse it." In regard to a "suitable Air," necessary to "accommodate Notes to Words," Bedford charges the "Composures" of his day as having "too much of Briskness, and little Seriousness" so that "the fine Air is turn'd into Smoak and Tempest." A composer, he says, "who would place the Notes aright, ought to be as thoughtful as if he was finding out and demonstrating a new Problem in Geometry." Amongst other things he "must consider at once the Nature of his Key, the Harmony of the Parts, the Passages of the Concords, and the Air of the Tune. He ought to bring in his Discords handsomly (*sic*), and carry them off as finely. He ought to prepare for every Close or Cadence, and both introduce and carry on something of a Fancy, which is new, and hath a peculiar Excellency in it." The "Play-house Musick" is, of course, wanting in all these particulars, and the "English Masters are still to seek." Indeed, Bedford declares that in some of the songs in the "Monthly Collections" there are "some instances where the Key is mistaken in the very Beginning"; others in which "accidental Flats and Sharps are introduc'd without any Relation to their Key or Cadence, which follows after; and without any Design which might justifie the Same." He also cites cases of "heavy Motion of the Bass," surfeiting of the ear with "perfect Concords," "Fuges (*sic*) or Flights of Musick miserably murder'd," and "other Places full of nothing but Noise, Rattle and Hurry." So our author concludes with Purcell's panegyrist, Hall, that

> The least Motett which from his (Purcell's) Hands we show,
> Exceeds our very best Performance now.

Bedford next proceeds to storm the last entrenchment of his opponents by delivering a spirited attack upon "the Corruption of our Musick by the Organists of Cathedral and Parochial Churches," thereby showing how music was, at that time, wounded in the house of its friends. He complained that the organists "who guide the Congregation in Singing Praises to God, do afterwards compose Tunes for the Synagogues of Satan," that the "Singing-Men serve first at the Church and then at the Play-house"; that "the same Organ, which in time of Divine Service plays Psalms for the Worship of God, shall for a private Diversion play such Tunes, which were compos'd for the Support of this

Play-house"; and that "if any one complains of this Abuse to the Parishioners, their Answer is that they do not understand it." To which latter excuse Bedford smartly replies that "There are but two things, in which People are pleas'd with what they do not understand, the one is the Art of Legerdemain, and the other is the Church Musick. Now if one is prevented, lest by such Tricks we should lose our Money; the other should be prevented, lest by Playing we lost our Devotion." Then, while acknowledging that there were to his certain knowledge "some Organists now alive, who had not profan'd their skill," and declaring that he "would not hinder any Man from shewing his Skill in composing," yet he thinks it a "Pity, nay a great Shame and Scandal, that they should compose anything except that which is Divine." This is but another instance, if such were needed, of Bedford's seeming ignorance of, or inability to comprehend, the existence of abstract music—music having no connection with or suggestion of either church or stage. His remarks anent extemporization and amateur composition are at once interesting and amusing, especially when he declares that "Now there is not one Organist in Ten, excepting those in our Cathedrals, who knows how to set a Bass to a Treble, or a Treble to Bass, or indeed where to place an accidental Flat or Sharp according to the Rules of Musick, or the Nature of his Key. These men shall sometimes shew Tunes of their own Composures, and justify them with an Assurance peculiar to themselves. . . . He who cannot by Study compose *two* Parts, shall entertain the Audience with an extempore Performance of his own in *four*." All of which is so often true of our own day, that but for the archaic style of our author, we might imagine him to be writing concerning the twentieth century rather than the early eighteenth. Finally we have his description of psalmodic accompaniment "as she was played," in a passage which, although often quoted, will bear repetition here. Says our author:

"When therefore the Clerk names the Psalm, the Organist ought to play the Tune, that it may be plainly understood; and the Interludes, that the Congregation may know when to begin, and when to leave off. But now the Notes are play'd with such a Rattle and Hurry instead of Method, with such Difference in the Length of equal Notes, to spoil the Time, and displease a Musician, and so many Whimseys instead of Graces, to confound the Ignorant, that the Design is lost, and the Congregation takes their Tune, not from the Organ, since they do not understand it, but from the Parish Clark, or from one another; which they could better have done, if there was no Organ at all. This makes many say, that the Organs, as they are now managed, do spoil Parochial Singing." Bedford concludes his attack, or exposure, by declaring that "tho' Instru-

mental Music, and especially Organs, are lawful in the Worship of God; yet the modern Abuses are intolerable."

The attack successfully concluded, Bedford now adopts a more or less constructive policy—first by a process of demonstration—in Chapters 11 and 12; and, finally, by a word of exhortation, in Chapter 13. His theorem is that "Divine Musick is the best of all in its very Composition, and capable of a much greater Improvement"; also that "The meanest of Divine Musick exceeds all other in its good Effects, and if rightly manag'd and improv'd, may be of excellent Use to reform the Nation." Any failure on our part to appreciate sacred—or, as Bedford prefers to term it—"Divine" music he declares to be no fault in the music itself but, "in our vicious Inclinations." Then quoting from the Preface to Dr. Blow's "Amphion Anglicus" he asserts that "the Pains which Dr. Blow and Mr. Purcel took in Church and Divine Musick was that which improved their Skill in so high a Degree, and made them so eminent in their Profession." And as a further proof "that the best Composers are such as are most us'd to Divine Musick," he mentions Gibbons, Child, and Rogers; Blow, Hall, and Purcel; and, lastly, Jeremiah Clark, whose lamentable suicide had taken place, in 1707, four years before the publication of Bedford's book. It seems strange, however, that our author omits all reference to Turner and Weldon, then living, and especially to Dr. Croft, who at that time was Organist of Westminster Abbey and the Chapel Royal, as well as of St. Anne's, Soho, after which Church his well-known tune is named. Bedford, nevertheless, mentions "Mr. Thomas Tallis" and his "Canon of two Parts in one"; "Mr. Purcel's Te Deum and Jubilate, for St. Cecilia's Day"; the latter's "set service" in B-flat, which he considers "inimitable, in respect to the Fulness of Parts, the Greatness of Thoughts, the Number of Fuges (*sic*), and Variety of Canon"; Purcell's anthems which, says Bedford, "may vie with the best Musick of the Age"; also his hymns, especially the first in "Harmonia Sacra" which is "compos'd to a Ground," i.e., on a ground bass.

Continuing, in his penultimate chapter, to speak of the further excellencies of sacred music, Bedford alludes to the power thereof as an aid to devotion; and, in the course of his remarks, states that there are two keys in music, either flat or sharp, meaning by this minor or major respectively. Passing on to write of "the good Effects of Divine Musick," he alludes to "many Places in the Country, where the Inhabitants learn to sing Psalms in Consort," such performances, he declares, having "wonderfully increased the Congregations," and induced those "who

before spent the Lord's Day idly, or in Taverns or Ale-Houses," to "piously join together in the Church after Evening Service, and spend a considerable Part of the Day in so heavenly an Exercise." From this we may infer that had Bedford lived in our day he would have been a warm supporter of congregational practices if not of community singing. At any rate, he confirms his statement by a quotation from Nahum Tate's "Essay for the Promoting of Psalmody" (1710), thus showing his acquaintance with the latest literature concerning his subject. Tate quotes a worthy Dr. Bray who states that "in his own Country Parish, the young Men that us'd to loiter in the Church-yard, or saunter about the neighbouring Grounds, and not come into Church, till the Divine Service was over; upon his ordering a Psalm to be sung before Prayers began, they came flocking into the Church, where by this Means he had 'em present both at the Prayers and Preaching." Bedford concludes with two sensible observations, both of which are pertinent to "this present"; first, "that in Churches where Psalms are best and oftenest sung, those Churches are always best fill'd"; and second, that there are "no Methods more effectual for reviving a lively sense of Religion, than the Practice of Psalmody, not only in this Kingdom, but in neighbouring Countries."

In the last chapter of his work Bedford further devotes himself to constructive criticism rather than destructive, thereby fully qualifying for estimation as a genuine "repairer of breaches." To Cathedral authorities he suggests "the taking effectual Care that set Services and Anthems are constantly and devoutly performed." Here it is gratifying to note his insistence upon the regular rendering of this essentially English musical form. His demand for reverence and piety on the part of the organist is also unexceptionable; while his remarks upon the nature of voluntaries are appropriate to almost any age or country. Thus, while permitting all lawful variety of style and of tempo, he rightly objects "to hear the Organs play when the Congregation is dismiss'd, as if they play'd them out of a Tavern, or out of an Ale-house, or rather out of a Play-house." Here we notice the use of the plural —organs—the mediæval form which had evidently not yet become obsolete. In the course of his remarks on voluntaries Bedford admits some knowledge of music in the abstract as he speaks of "our Sonatas" as being "reckon'd the greatest Perfection of Instrumental Musick." But in parish churches where, in his day, only metrical psalms were sung, chanting being practically ignored by our author, he opines that "the Voluntaries ought to be more plain, grave and slow . . . so that there may be an Uniformity."

Our author's next point is one which has attracted attention for more than two centuries. Says he: "It would be very convenient in Parochial Churches, that the Organist did not play so loud whilst the Congregation is singing." "This method," he continues "seems to be promoted by the Makers, who think that the Stops which roar most will be lik'd best; and that by this Means the Organs will be larger, and the Price must be greater than if they consisted of softer Musick." To the organ-building fraternity of to-day such a sweeping condemnation as this happily does not apply.

Bedford's next suggestion is a very important one, and even now is not entirely without application. He considered that organists should play "such Voluntaries, and Interludes as have been formerly compos'd, either by themselves, or by some eminent Masters, and avoid all extempore Fancies, or rather Maggots of their own." Here it may be well to note the use of the seventeenth century term, maggot, to denote any light instrumental piece of an extempore character. Bedford wishes that extemporizers were compelled to produce "the score of what was perform'd"; and argues that as his church does not encourage extempore preaching or praying, organists should not "assume to themselves a greater Liberty." Here our learned author has overlooked the fact that at that period his church contained scarcely any cleric capable of extempore prayer or preaching, such gifts being then confined almost entirely to the Nonconformists. But although we may not agree with his reasons, we must admit that he is no more than correct when he says that in the constitution or construction of organ voluntaries "there ought to be no military Tatoos, no light and galliardizing Notes, and nothing to raise a disorder'd Thought, or a wanton Fancy." Bedford's last advice to the organists of his day is that such should "confine themselves to Divine, or at least, to grave and solid Musick," and not participate in secular music during the week.

Bedford's "conclusion of the whole matter" is a reasoned exhortation to his readers "to promote the singing of Psalms together in Consort." This he claims is not only simple musically, but, quoting without acknowledgment from Byrd's "Songs of Sadness and Pietie" (1588), "useful to preserve the Health of Man," inasmuch as "It chears the Spirits, it opens the Pipes, and it strengthens all the parts of the Breast." Whatever we may think of Bedford's borrowed argument on the hygienic side, we shall be one with him on the devotional. We may disagree with his exalted opinion of the metrical paraphrases of his day, and the

artistry involved in having "Common Tunes for Common Occasions; Tunes of Triple Time for Psalms of Joy and Praise, and Tunes of Common Time with Semibreves in the middle for Psalms of Humiliation"; but there is much in his belief that psalm-tunes "are the best for a Person to begin with, who intends to be a Master in Composition"; and we shall be in complete agreement with him when he says that those writers who "were not thoroughly vers'd in the Passages of the Concords, ought to be sent back to learn the first Rudiments." Finally, he returns to the attack once more and fires his parting shot by declaring, in the words of Nahum Tate, that the "great Decay in Piety and Growth in Profaneness" characteristic of his time, is due "in no small Measure, to Neglect of, and bad Performance in Psalmody" An Appendix to the work consists of a Canon, 4 in 1, presumably by Bedford himself, which, unfortunately for our author's reputation as a composer, contains several serious grammatical errors.

But in spite of all his shortcomings, his "slips of prolixity" and "crossings of the plain highway of talk," Bedford, special pleader though he may have been for the cause he had at heart, did much in his "Great Abuse of Musick" to secure for his work a permanent position in musical literature By showing us the defects of the music of his own day, not only on the stage but in the church as well, he enlarged our sphere of knowledge even if it be of "things which are not convenient"; by his knowledge of classic literature and of English music he proved himself, for that time, a well-read and excellently informed personage; while by his championship of sacred music, in its simplest as well as in its most elaborate forms then known and practised in this country, he at once earned both our thanks and appreciation

Much that he said is applicable to our own time, while that which is only pertinent to his own provides us, in many instances, with cause for congratulation on our more enlightened and decorous age, and in some others for reflection and regret that we in certain directions are still contributing to that great abuse of music which Bedford so courageously and consistently assaulted and exposed. Even if we disagree with some of his conclusions, and regret the occasional narrowness of his outlook and environment, we are bound to admire his transparent sincerity, his passion for the best in religion and art, and, at a time of deplorable bad manners in matters controversial, his constant observance of the advice of his clerical predecessor, George Herbert (1593-1633):

> "Be calm in arguing: for fierceness makes
> Error a fault, and truth discourtesy."

MUSIC MIRRORS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE[1]

PART II

By FREDERICK H. MARTENS

The Decade of Purple and Gold

FROM 1857 to 1860 the glory and power of the Second Empire is still in the ascendant; after 1860 comes the gradual decline, culminating, in 1867, with the great Exposition, whose mixture of splendor and misery similarly impressed various observers. And this second decade of purple and gold, of orgiastic extravagance and display, a magnificent and feverish dream already overcast by nightmare shadows of political and military disaster —Sadowa, Luxembourg, Mexico—is the one most characteristic of the Second Empire as a whole; and the music of this decade, military and social, reflects ever more vividly the life-rhythms and harmonies which rule it.

In the balls and receptions at the Tuileries, at the *Opéra*, at the Expositions, at the great military reviews and festivities, the political and decorative rôle of music continued to be stressed. It had become an increasingly valued weapon of the Emperor's political arsenal; it framed with the glory of sound all his public gestures and demonstrations. Yet the sovereigns and high society not alone lent their prestige to the operetta as the typical musical creation of the Empire, but identified themselves with the music and rhythms of its *cancan*, become the coarse public dance of the Paris mob, and introduced it at Court, while Thérèse, the vaudeville singer, sang it in the *salons* of the aristocracy.

At Compiègne, where Napoleon and Eugénie usually gave a series of brilliant *fêtes* during November, it was the custom for the guests, after dinner, to enjoy a simple carpet dance to the accompaniment of the *orgue de barbarie*, the hand-organ. This hand-organ of Compiègne, Fontainebleau and Saint-Cloud, its handle turned by cardinals, princes, ambassadors and, on occasion, by the Emperor—who revealed himself the most hopeless of performers, since he had no sense of rhythm—is in itself an indictment of the imperial good taste. Earl Cowley, the English

[1]Continued from the July, 1930, number.

ambassador at Paris (1852–1867) says anent Compiègne: "In the evening there is dancing to a *hand-organ* (a dreadful trial for one's auricular nerves)." Yet for these more intimate dances, as the Emperor said, an orchestra was awkward: "They talk about what they've seen or have not seen." At Saint-Cloud and Compiègne, as at the Tuileries, however, music in general was considered an indispensable decorative asset of Court life; it shared the honors given political and military mediums as an expression of the imperialistic idea. Zola, whose colorful descriptions are invariably based on fact, has recreated the atmosphere of a dinner at Compiègne in one of the novels of the Rougon-Macquart series:

> There was always music playing, a distant music which seemed to come from the roof. At certain outbursts of the brasses, the guests raised their hands, trying to catch the air that pursued them. Then they heard no more; the airy song of the clarinets, in the depths of the adjoining gallery, was merged with the silvery clatter of plate which was brought on in enormous piles. About the table there was a silent bustle; a whole tribe of domestics was busily engaged without speaking a word; ushers in blue frock and kneebreeches, with sword and three-cornered hat; footmen in powdered wigs, in the dress livery of green tressed with gold. The dishes came on, the wines were poured with regularity, while the heads of the service, the comptrollers, the senior carver, the warden of the silver, standing, surveyed the complicated manoeuvres, this confusion in which the part played by the very least valet had been determined in advance. Behind the Emperor and Empress the personal *valets de chambre* of Their Majesties served with dignified correctness. . . . And behind it all, the decorative foil for the entire scene, was the music, subdued, true background music, yet still music, of the orchestra in the gallery adjoining.

The Imperial Court moved always in this ambient of music, subdued at its dinners, or ringing loud and clear at the great Court balls for which two complete orchestras always were provided. One of these was conducted by the famous Emil Waldteufel, appointed chamber-musician to the Empress Eugénie and director of the Court balls, in 1865. His suave, ingratiating waltzes—"Les Patineurs" (The Skaters) is still played by American movie orchestras whenever pictures of winter sports at St. Maurice are flashed on the screen—were as popular in Paris as those of Johann Strauss in Vienna, and it was to the strains of "Les Sirènes," "Hébé," "Mon Rêve," "Les Violettes," "Estudiantina," "Dolores" or "Toujours ou Jamais," that a society still innocent of the hip action of primal jungle-trots floated over waxed palace floors.

When the sovereigns had received their guests at the Tuileries in the Louis XIV Salon, they passed to that of the Marshals,

Napoleon III.

(After the portrait by Flandrin.)

preceded by the great officers of the Household, ladies of honor, scarlet-frocked chamberlains, palace prefects in gold and amaranth, aides-de-camp in pale blue and silver, and masters of ceremony in violet and gold. Arrived in the Salon of the Marshals, an announcer cried: "The Emperor!" and one of the orchestras intoned "La Reine Hortense," reviving memories of the First Empire, whereupon the dancing began.

The Roman Catholic Church was the state church—for all Louis Napoleon was as unreligious in a doctrinal sense as he was unmusical—and the operatic and virtuoso type of its music at that time made it eminently adapted for pompous public and Court ceremonies. Auber, a gay old materialist, to whom piety was a fourth dimension, was in charge of the sacred music at the Imperial Court. The *Maître de Chapelle* of the Tuileries since 1852, this polished relict of the *ancien régime* did not take religious music seriously in his off hours. In his luxurious *hôtel* in the rue Saint-Georges he kept his carriages and eight horses, was served by lackeys in livery, and paid homage to the world, the flesh and the devil with intelligent moderation. In fact, he affected to despise music when among his friends. As the old gentleman once remarked: "I care only for women, horses, the Boulevards and the Bois de Boulogne." He penned sacred and official dynastic cantatas as by-products of his operas, and passed with cheerful unconcern from the naughty *petits soupers* at which he amused himself with the nymphs of the *Opéra* ballet, to the solemn Lenten sacred concerts which he directed at the Tuileries. These the Emperor and Empress never failed to attend, though such musical performances bored them to death: "She yawned behind her fan; he, by movements of his head, which seemed to accompany the music, kept from falling asleep. But when all was over, both covered the artists who had performed under Auber's direction with praise."

It was early in January, 1858, that Orsini made a failure of blowing the Emperor sky-high with a bomb while the latter was on his way to the *Opéra*, where "Guillaume Tell" was playing, and for some months after the *Opéra* swarmed with police agents whenever Napoleon III appeared in the imperial box. A *bon mot* of Auber has survived the event. Waiting for the overture to end one evening, so that he might take his digestive nap, Auber saw a *prima donna* as opulent of person as of voice enter his *loge* in the extreme of *décolletée*. When she dropped her opera cloak he leaned forward and whispered dramatically: "*Cachez vos bombes, Madame, la police est prévenue!*" Orsini, incidentally, made a

musical finish, singing the "Marseillaise" on the scaffold before his execution, on March 13th.

Music was everywhere in the air; at the impressive opening of the Boulevard Sébastopol, in Paris, early in April; at the *Opéra*, where "Il Trovatore" was sung, and at the *Opéra-Comique* where, soon after the head of Orsini had been sheared by the guillotine, the "pleasant music" of Gevaert's "Quentin Durward" drew crowds. Bands played the Dutch national anthem when the Queen of Holland appeard at the Chantilly races. And during the tour the Emperor and Empress made in Brittany, the peasants danced Amorican dances for them to the sound of bagpipes; while at a splendid mass at Ste. Anne d'Auray, when the officiating bishop called down a blessing on the imperial family, drums rolled, trumpets sounded and swords clanged.

Above all, 1858 was the year of Offenbach's first great *opéra-bouffe*, his "Orphée aux Enfers." The divine musician of Gluck's classic score is therein turned into an amorous music-teacher, happy to think his wife has gone to the devil, and only seeking her again under the pressure of public opinion; the gods of Olympus become jolly wastrels; and *cancan* music underlines and popularizes the leading motive of all the Offenbach libretti, "the profanation of the principle of authority . . . its dragging into the gutter."

The Offenbach parodies were unconsciously to play their part in weakening the authority of the very Emperor who applauded them. But when *Orphée aux Enfers* was given for the first time at the *Bouffes*, on October 21, such an idea occurred to no one. It ran for 288 nights in succession, and its final galop, the *cancan*, "in which a whole civilization seems to fling itself into a gigantic comic apotheosis," at once became the dance in fashion. A few days after the last performance (June 5, 1859), Offenbach received from Napoleon III a bronze bust and a letter in which the Emperor said, that "he never would forget the bewildering evening which *Orphée aux Enfers* had caused him to pass *Aux Italiens*." (It had been given in this house at a special gala.)

Lise Tautin, originally a sentimental *grisette* of Brussels, had created the rôle of Eurydice in the original version, and Coralie Guffroy that of Cupid. When *Orphée* was revived in 1865, the notorious *demi-mondaine* Cora Pearl—her *hôtel*, with its silk-tapestried walls and great onyx bath, her equipages, which outshone those of the Empress in the Bois de Boulogne, and her startling caprices were the talk of Paris—insisted on playing the last-named part. And Varcollier, the manager of the *Bouffes*,

found Emma (for Emma Critch was her real name) so amusing with her airs and graces, and the English accent which marked her French, that he engaged her.

Zola may be said to have described her début in the opening chapter of his "Nana," though he places the scene in the *Variétés*, and his heroine is a composite of Cora Pearl, d'Antigny (the Marguerite of Hervé's "Petit Faust"), la Valtesse and other ladies of the half-world. In his novel it becomes the première of "The Blonde Venus," and Cora Pearl not Cupid, but the goddess of love herself:

> The high gas-jets irradiated the great crystal chandelier with a cascade of rose and yellow fire that broke against its prisms in a shower of light. . . . At their stands the musicians were tuning their instruments with airy trills of flutes, stifled sighs of horns, singing voices of the violins, taking flight amid the growing hubbub of conversation. . . . [At the opening of the second act Venus appears . . .] in the white tunic of the goddess, her long blonde hair hanging unadorned over her shoulders but . . . never had there been a voice less true to key or used with less method . . . she sang like a monkey.

The imperial couple did not honor the first night of the 1865 reprise with their presence at the *Bouffes*, but the Princes Murat and Troubetzskoi, a slew of dukes—Hamilton, de Sagan, de Mouchy, de Richelieu, de Cossac-Brissac—and every one who was any one in Paris, including all the ladies who made up "the Faubourg St.-Germain of the *demi-monde*," did. With the rise of the curtain Cora Pearl made her entrance so hung with diamonds that she glittered from head to foot, very much frightened, and barely able to sing a couplet. Yet, thanks to the vigorous encouragement of her friends, she managed to get through with her part. Some nights later, however, the theatre was flooded by *Quartier Latin* students who, as a protest, "in the name of outraged morality," hissed the singer, while she in turn promptly thumbed her nose at them. So great was the scandal that Cora's stage career ended there and then.

It was in the fall of 1858 that Offenbach had scored his great success; in the summer of 1859 he triumphed with "Les Vivandières de la Grande Armée," which owed its vogue, in part, to its patriotic and political character. The storm scene in Meyerbeer's "Pardon de Ploërmel," heard for the first time at the *Opéra-Comique* on April 3, 1859, was acclaimed by Parisian critics as "a dramatic musical painting probably never yet surpassed." And it anticipated by no more than a few weeks the outbreak of a greater tempest on a vaster stage, the war between the Italians and

Austrians, in which Napoleon engaged as an ally of the King of Sardinia.

Offenbach's opera celebrated the short, brilliant campaign which began on Easter Sunday, when "marching bugles" blew in Paris streets as the troops were entrained for Lombardy. The Emperor Napoleon set out for Italy on May 10th to take command of the army in person, and the Empress, as she drifted by in her landau with the little Prince Imperial, past the lilac-bushes in bloom in the Bois, escorted by dragoons with pistols cocked, could hear band echoes of the patriotic tunes from "En Italie," playing at the *Variétés*.

There was, in fact, war music to be heard everywhere. In Genoa patriotic Italian mobs chanted the "Liberty Duet," from Bellini's "I Puritani"; in Paris the *grisettes* used Parmesan violet perfume, and sang "Constance" and "Suzon"—sentimental war-ditties assuring the heroes who had departed to the fight that their sweethearts would be true. Nor was there a lack of military ballads of the "Over There" type: "The Cannon of the Danube," "To the Soldiers of France," "The Franco-Sardinian Concert." The opening lines of "To the Soldiers of France," alluding to Italy, graphically describing an impossible *sit*uation, is a fine example of mixed metaphor:

> "Who reigns there? The wild Croatian pest,
> The vulture sitting in the nightingale's own nest!
> Better reasons wise diplomats urge,
> The bayonet of him the soil shall purge!"

In many cases these new occasional words were adapted to favorite old tunes. Then, in the early summer, came victories: Montebello, Palestro, Marignani, Magenta—the battlefield which gave MacMahon his ducal title and the milliners a new color-name for gowns—celebrated in Paris by the performance of Auber's "Cantata of Marengo," and, finally, the thunders of Solferino, and "the wild tocsin of the alarm-bells in the Tyrolean villages as fierce Garibaldi's riflemen swept down from the hills about Lake Como."

Solferino remains the outstanding individual military event in the history of the Second Empire, its high noon victory, and it was duly celebrated in music. None less than Ernest Reyer wrote the official cantata, "Victoire," and of all the popular songs of the Italian campaign "Solferino," sung to the air *Chant des soldats*, was the favorite. Meissonier's painting, exhibited a few years later at the *Salon*, was the sensation of its season. In it, as Gautier says:

The Emperor, somewhat in advance of his staff, is inspecting the battlefield from an eminence which offers a rear view of a battery of artillery. Posed on the edge of a plateau, the motionless horse pricks its ears at the sound of the cannon, and the Emperor bends slightly forward in the saddle . . . a calm, serious and pensive figure. Holding in their horses, aroused by the smell of powder and the artillery detonations, the staff officers silently await . . . the orders they may receive. . . ."

The Paris procession of the conquerors, returned from a war that had been popular with the masses, was the event of the year. It marked the Empire victorious, saluted by fanfares and acclamations, did that magnificent reëntry of the army of Italy, in August, 1859, with rolling drums and clanging bands, through streets where flowers rained, horses hung with wreaths, bayonets topped with bouquets, and behind the trumpeters, preceding the wounded, the Emperor Napoleon alone, at the head of his soldiers. Before him, on the pommel of his saddle, "he held the little three year-old Prince Imperial, dressed in the red and blue uniform of the Grenadiers of the Guard. There was a tempest of enthusiastic cries: *Vive l'armée! Vive la France!*"

Perhaps the emotional climax of the Italian campaign had indisposed the multitude for a parody in which a medieval French military hero, a companion-at-arms of Charles Martel, was the butt of Offenbach's irreverent jests; at any rate, his take-off of medievalism in the shape of the *opéra-bouffe* "Geneviève de Brabant," given a few months after the victory march, fell flat. The fact that one hundred thousand copies of a *Chant des Zouaves* by Wrobelwski were sold that memorable year, shows that the Parisians took their military glory too seriously to approve of operas which even indirectly poked fun at it. As for the Emperor, however, not to neglect the purely cultural side of music, he awarded David's spectacular opera "Herculanæum," with its Vesuvius in eruption, the prize of 20,000 francs, for "the work of art best calculated to honor France."

The year 1860 was one of lavish and luxurious Court festivity and—of the sensational first performance of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" at the *Grand Opéra.* Once Wagner had called Offenbach "the little Mozart of the Champs-Elysées," but Offenbach—to emphasize the triumph of operetta over opera—had presented at a gala in his honor at the *Italiens* a burlesque, "The Musician of the Future," in which he parodied the music Wagner had given in his Paris concerts. Wagner never forgave him, and later took his revenge by writing: "Though Offenbach has the warmth that Auber lacks, it is the warmth of a dung-heap, one fit for all the swine in Europe to wallow in." Yet when in May, 1860, Napoleon

III ordered that "Tannhäuser" be put into rehearsal at the *Grand Opéra*, the great German made no unkind remarks about the monarch who had "wallowed" with such satisfaction in Offenbach's dubious heat-projector.

The Princess Metternich, an intimate of the Empress Eugénie, had used her influence to have the work put on the boards. The French composers, the French press, the French poet, Roche, who had translated Wagner's text, and Royer, the director of the *Opéra*, for whom Wagner refused to write the ballet French traditions—and the ballet-girls of the *Académie Impériale*—demanded, were soon up in arms. Now, the relations between the dancers of the *Corps du Ballet* of the *Grand Opéra* and the "gilded youth" of Paris, the aristocratic members of the Jockey Club, were very, very close. Though it was not until the following year that all Paris was singing Offenbach's waltz, *Toutes les femmes sont à nous* (All the women belong to us), from "Fortunio's Song," no song refrain could more aptly have described the feeling of the young bloods of the Jockey Club with regard to the ballet-girls of the *Opéra*. The "Jockey" had its own boxes in the opera-house, and its members the right of admission behind the scenes. The Vicomte Paul Daru—friend of de Morny, the Marquis de La Valette and the Count de Montguyon—was the president of the Jockey Club, and made the back-stage visit to the choreographic stars—among whom, to quote *La Vie parisienne*, "he walked about with the authority of a sultan traversing his harem"—the fashion.

The dancers would appear back-stage, one by one, during the entr'acte preceding the ballet, to find the gentlemen of the Jockey Club awaiting them, hat in hand. They would pair in corners for whispered conversation with their protectors of the moment; or, seating themselves on divans, laughing, talking, gesticulating, like schoolgirls on a holiday, eat their bonbons, and "with a smile of satisfaction, examine the jewels that their brilliant clubmen had brought them."

Wagner insisted that the "Tannhäuser" ballet be a scene in which the *Corps de Ballet* present the magic seduction of the Venusberg in a series of "living pictures." The dancers, acrobats of toe and leg, resented being cast for human vegetables in a still life. In vain Wagner called their attention to the undemonstrative beauty of the figures of dancing Bacchantes in antique Greek vases; they preferred to dance *pas seuls* or *ensembles* in which demonstrative legs would appeal to the sportsmen in the boxes. For the "Jockeys" preferred beauty unashamed, in abbreviated ballet-skirts, to classic drapes. So the charming rebels ran to their

protectors with many bitter complaints of how Wagner treated them, and of what a merciless drillmaster he was. Soon the composer was at odds, not only with the ballet, but with the management, the cast, the orchestra and the stage hands. And at the première on March 13, the *Corps de Ballet* had its revenge.

The house had been sold out, and at the first performance the imperial box was graced by the presence of the Emperor and Empress and a splendid suite. Hooting from the Jockey Club *loges*, and from the *claque* its occupants had hired, began with the rise of the curtain, and reached a climax with the Shepherd's oboe *ritornello*, though the applause that greeted the "Pilgrim's Chorus" drowned out the cat-calls. During Act Two all sorts of humorous slogans on the part of the opposition proved more effective than the jeer direct; and soon, the more tragic grew the action, the more Homeric was the laughter of the majority of the audience.

When the curtain fell Princess Metternich, who in the box with the Minister of State had dared the public with loud applause, was made the object of so unmistakable a demonstration of ill will from the audience, that she left the theatre. Finally, in Act Three, the "Song of the Evening Star," which had been counted on for a great ovation, was killed by a joker who, when the singer began its opening measure called out, "Here's another Pilgrim!" so that the singer's voice was drowned in a gale of laughter. Though the Emperor himself—more or less as a matter of foreign policy—gave the signal for an applause in which the public joined, it was too late to recapture a sympathetic mood, and, notwithstanding that when the curtain fell for the last time, composer and cast received an ovation, the performance of "that preposterous new piece, all pilgrims and discords," had been spoiled.

When "Tannhäuser" was repeated soon after, for all that the imperial pair were again present, there were further scandalous scenes. The members of the Jockey Club, determined to drive the objectionable work from the boards, had brought along hunting whistles with which they began a deafening concert that drowned out both music and applause. In vain the more respectable portion of the audience cried: "Put out the Jockeys!" In vain Napoleon and Eugénie gave unmistakable signs of their indignation at this utter lack of good manners. The ear-breaking whistling continued, though singers and orchestra carried on to the end of the performance in spite of it. And Napoleon also stayed until the curtain fell, for he realized the danger of making any concession to the aristocratic mob.

The third and last performance of Wagner's opera had been fixed for March 24, a Sunday afternoon, in the hope that since it was not a regular subscription performance the Jockeys would be absent. But it seemed as though on this Sunday they were more interested in the *Opéra* than in the race course or the "Onyx Room." They appeared in their boxes with a battery of noise-makers of every kind, and the performance soon degenerated into a battle royal between the aristocrats who had come to jeer, and the Sunday audience that remained to hear the music for which it had paid. After this final fiasco "Tannhäuser" was withdrawn from the repertoire. Wagner merely had the satisfaction of knowing that Napoleon and Eugénie, who had publicly shown their disapproval of his treatment by the Jockey Club, remained his friends until the Empire ceased to be.

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If Napoleon III enjoyed, or pretended to enjoy, Wagner's music to please his wife and his wife's Austrian friend in 1860, other music, serving a useful political purpose, rang more pleasantly in his ear in 1861. The success of the French military expedition to Syria, to aid the Catholic Maronites, oppressed by the Druses, when the imperial anthem, "Partant pour la Syrie" for once seemed to have a point, was duly celebrated by a great military-musical spectacle at the *Cirque Impérial*, "Les Massacres de Syrie," which the Emperor honored with his presence, and where every vocal allusion to imperial France as the guardian of the rights of Christian peoples in the East was greeted with cheers.

Political music, too, was the solemn Te Deum chanted in the Cathedral of Pekin, in the presence of French troops, to render thanks to God that the second holy war to compel the Chinese to accept Indian opium against their will had victoriously ended. It was this event which led Louis Napoleon to send the Pope the telegram that read: "The sacred canticles Your Highness ordains are once more chanted in the most populous empire in the world!"

Official music was elsewhere much in evidence. There was a reception of Siamese ambassadors, and one of the King of Sweden, who visited Paris accompanied by his bodyguard in the picturesque uniform of the days of Louis XV. There was one of King William of Prussia, whose carriage whirled into the great courtyard of the palace at Compiègne to a burst of music from the bands of *Zouaves* of the Imperial Guard. And military brasses blared in triumph when the Emperor and Empress floated down the Seine in an

ancient Roman galley, a trireme with three banks of oars and one hundred and thirty rowers; and at the great military review on the Champ de Mars. The year was also marked by the success of two of Offenbach's slighter scores. One was "Le Pont des Soupirs" (The Bridge of Sighs), a romantic comedy of Venice. It showed the Doge Cornarino Cornarini, disguised as a beggar, searching in the city of the lagoons for his wife, the lovely Catarina, whose virtue is yielding to the serenades and soft nothings of the patrician Fabiano Fabiani. In sympathy with empire taste, the tale ended with the discomfiture of the husband, the happy lovers fleeing to Spain to the strains of a bolero during the mad gaiety of the Venetian carnival.

The other work was "M. Choufleury restera chez lui le. . . ." (Mr. Choufleury will be at home on . . .) and its distinguished librettist was none other than de Morny. It was an amusing farce, worthy of the clever worldling whom a contemporary not inaptly has called "a bandit in a vaudevillian's skin." In it a Paris climber invites the socially elect to a musical evening at his home, to hear Mme. Sontag and Rubini and the great basso Tamburini sing. When these famous artists all excuse themselves on the score of illness, Choufleury is in despair; but his daughter Ernestine, passing herself off as Sontag, and her lover Babylas (of whom her father disapproves) as the tenor Rubini, save the day and avail themselves of the travesty to force the father's consent to their marriage.

Every day during rehearsals the Duke de Morny's carriage stood outside the *Bouffes*, and, with Lize Tautin as Ernestine, the première, in the brilliantly illuminated salons of the Presidency of the Legislature (the Duke was the president of the *Corps législatif*), attended by the members of the Imperial Court and the whole Parisian world of fashion, was an instant success, duplicated in the public performances.

The outstanding death in the musical world, in 1861, was that of Augustin Scribe, whose famous *libretti* included Auber's "La Muette" and "Fra Diavolo," and Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" and "Robert le Diable." He had managed to amass millions, and died in a hansom cab. His texts, like the music of Offenbach and Auber, were distinctively "Second Empire." They called to mind "the tripping feet of the *grisettes*, the careless tramp of the soldiery, the coy opening of boudoir doors, rustle of brocade curtains and piquant repartee. They evoked the lithe figures of the *Parisiennes*, exquisite harmonies of color, Bovin's gloves and feet neatly *chausséed*, the glitter of Paris lights, the easy

swaying of Paris crowds, the sable plumes nodding over the Paris dead."

In 1862 there were some popular song echoes of the Chinese campaign of 1861, for there had been an incidental participation of French troops against the Taipeng rebels. In the wars of the First Napoleon the Dragoons were looked down upon by the other horsemen of the army, *Cuirassiers*, Hussars and Lancers, because on one occasion a couple of Dragoon regiments had run away from the Cossacks. They were contemptuously called "Cossack game." And though in China the French Dragoons easily whipped the Tartar cavalry, the song honors of the Paris streets went to the foot. The favorite *chansonette* was "The Return from China of François Gabouzot," a supposed French infantryman, who cried:

Of that queer land, I'll cross my heart,
  Things strange as true I have to tell;
And I would say, right at the start,
  We walloped all the Tartars well.
We taught those rascals on the wing
The French style of maneouvering.
Yet, take my word, I'm glad, methinks
To have been out among the Chinks!

Ah, China's not like Paris, for
  No women wear a crinoline,
But still their husbands they adore
  And slimmer waists were never seen.
The small-foot China girls refuse
To travel like balloons on shoes,
Ah, take my word, I'm glad, methinks,
To have been out among the Chinks!

Another war, however, one from which the Second Empire was to derive only shame and humiliation, already was casting its musical shadows before the event. In 1863 Offenbach's one-act vaudeville, "Le Brésilien"—a humorous exploitation in music and text of the rich Brazilian coffee-planter who comes to Paris to lavish his gold in riotous living, and win the hearts of the little milliners and glovemakers of the boulevards with the treasure his berry-bushes have brought him—paid tribute to the growing interest in matters American in popular as well as in high government circles.

Not that Napoleon III ever cherished any kindly feelings for the United States. He showed this plainly before the outbreak of the Civil War. As early as 1858, the government-inspired Paris paper, *La Patrie*, had said of us:

This restless, encroaching democracy trammels the proceedings of our diplomats in China; in 1855 it offered prayers for Russia; it intervenes brutally in all our affairs; and has brought forward against us a new principle, called the Monroe Doctrine, pretending to interdict us from every kind of intervention on the seas and along the coasts of the whole of America. . . . The American republic owes everything to Europe!

It had been claimed that Napoleon planned to make an Austrian Archduke Mexico's ruler as early as 1859. Once the Federal Government was busy fighting the Confederacy, he set to work to realize his plan. Taking advantage of a Swiss-French banker's highly questionable bond claim against a defunct Mexican revolutionary government (the elegant Duke de Morny had promised Jecker, the banker in question, to put through its collection by France in return for a third of the net profits), it was used as an entering wedge for French armed intervention in 1862; and in 1863 Maximilian accepted the Mexican imperial crown Napoleon III offered him, and began to reign with the support of the bayonets of Marshal Bazaine's army of occupation.

Prince Richard Metternich has painted a picture of Napoleon and Eugénie poring over maps of Europe and America at this time, deciding that "Turkey should be abolished for reasons of Christian morality," and that "the dispossessed princes of Europe should go to civilize and monarchize the beautiful American republics, which would all follow the example of Mexico." The unfortunate Hapsburg who was the victim of this "Napoleonic phantasmagoria," as Metternich calls it, was a high-souled, artistic and music-loving individual who, as time went on, found himself placed in that utterly false position which was finally ended by a Mexican firing-squad.

One of Maximilian's first thoughts, once established in his imperial palace at Chapultepec, had been to send to his native Tyrolean Alps for two thousand canary-birds. When they arrived, he released them in the forests to teach the harsh-voiced Mexican feathered tribes a sweeter, gentler birdnote, and to subdue the wilderness of Anahuac with their song. But his cultural and governmental efforts shared the fate of his attempted musical reform. The Mexican toucans, macaws, *quetzals*, and others more, soon disposed of the canaries, just as the Mexicans themselves disposed of the well-meaning, music-loving emperor who had imported them. In 1858–59 the Archduke had visited the Central American tropics for the first time; and in his diary the young prince then said that the song of the wind in the palm-tops sounded like a ghastly plaint begging heaven to avenge the Indians on

the whites. How could he suspect that the day would dawn when a Mexican Indian would speak his death-sentence?

Auber, the old cynic who had written so much official music of all sorts for French governments, imperial and royal, turned his attention from other interests to compose a "Hymne Nationale Mexicaine" at the express wish of the Emperor Maximilian. But this, as well as a political cantata, "Mexico," by Léon Gastinal, performed at the *Opéra*, had no more effect on the course of events than "La Mule de Pédro" (Pedro's Mule), an opera by Massé, heard for the first time that year.

The taking of Puebla from the Mexicans was the great French victory of the Mexican occupation, and it called forth at least one Paris popular song, "We will have Mexico, or the Voltigeur Pico's Great Jubilee at the Taking of Puebla."

"The flag of France through battle's stress
Once more bears off the victory,
We triumph, with this new success;
Again we swim in glory's sea.
A pity you had not the chance
To hear the tune that made the Mexicans all dance!
We have Puebla, but take it from Pico
Before long we will have all Mexico!"

The assurance expressed by "Pico" was illusory, despite the entry of the French army into Mexico City, bands playing. Coincident with the arrival of Maximilian in Mexico had been the Baltimore Convention, which declared "that the Monroe Doctrine shall be maintained." And once the North had definitely overcome the South, the United States insisted on the evacuation of Mexico by the French army. It began in November, 1866, and the French bugles dying away down the road to Vera Cruz marked the beginning of the end of the hapless adventure. Not that this worried Bazaine and his officers. "As they rode down to the hot, blue sea," to quote Guedalle, "their vision of home was Paris and a box for 'La Belle Hélène'."

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The year 1864, when the Mexican goose still hung relatively high, had been musically a brilliant one in Paris. Among the premières at the *Opéra* had been those of Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," and Auber's "La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe," and among the *opéras-bouffes*, Offenbach's "Les Géorgiennes" (The Beautiful Women of Georgia), and his "La Belle Hélène" again emphasized the fact

that the timid bathing scenes of "Les Huguenots" had been replaced by daring pictures of the Deluge. The miniature had become a fresco, and feminine nudity, formerly painted on the covers of snuffboxes for its fanciers, had become the feature of great popular spectacles: "Paris was a second Greece, where the beauty of Laïs rising from the ocean was applauded, and Phrynes by the hundred exposed their charms."

"La Belle Hélène," in particular, was a score that expressed the spirit of its day to perfection, for it was sexually and parodistically more piquant than the composer's "Orphée." In this Homeric burlesque, King Menelaus surprises Helen clasped in the arms of Paris, an attractive young Asian sheepman. The indignant monarch hurries to Napaulia, which Offenbach presents as the favorite spa of Greece, somewhat in the style of Ems or Baden-Baden, and there calls on the other Greek kings for help. But Paris, disguised as a priest, carries Helen off on a ship to Cytherea, waving a mocking adieu to Menelaus, and the curtain falls on a chorus of rage in which the Greek kings decide upon the Trojan War. Hector Berlioz's "Les Troyens" had been given, in part, the year before. But for all that it had been called "the national opera of the Latin peoples," neither in his own time nor since did it achieve the popularity of Offenbach's burlesque story of the young Trojan bachelor at large who wins the wedded World's Desire.

The first performance at the *Variétés* was attended by all Paris, the Paris of letters, finance and pleasure, of the Tuileries and the Jockey Club; and while the orchestra tuned up, the same boredom and fever for anticipated amusement was reflected by every face. The Duke of Morny had been constant at rehearsals, and with Hortense Schneider in the rôle of Helen, the première was a triumph for the composer and the cast.

The Achilles of the performance was a caricature of the Greek hero, a cowardly jackass and poltroon, and the fact gave rise to a duel. Henri Rochefort, the brilliant editor of "Figaro," whose malicious pen was always attacking the government, saw Prince Achille Murat sitting in the box next to him. Prince Achille, an officer in the regiment of the *Guides*, was a great social lion, and, in view of his First Empire name and title, a prominent figure in the high world of gilded pleasure. De Rochefort, seizing the opportunity of displaying his caustic wit, asked in a tone of voice loud enough for Prince Achille to hear, "Is not the gentleman sitting there the Achilles of 'La Belle Hélène'?" In other words, he identified the army officer with the cowardly mock-hero of

Offenbach's score. Before the curtain went down Prince Achille Murat had sent his seconds to Rochefort with a challenge. A hunting party was arranged, for appearances' sake, in the forest of Saint-Germain, where the meeting was to take place. There, the day after the première, Napoleon III, who waited in a nearby hunting lodge, had the pleasure of hearing that his political enemy, Rochefort, and not his cousin, Murat, had been wounded.

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The year 1865, when Thérèse, the Patti of the people, was establishing the popularity of such songs as "Nothing's Sacred to a Sapper," "The Queen of the Charlatans," and "It's my nose that's ticklish," was marked by two outstanding events. Of these the most important, so far as the music mirrors of the Empire were concerned, was the death of the Duke de Morny.

Exhausted by a ceaseless round of political and financial business and of social dissipation and pleasure, he did not live to see the final failure of his Mexican scheme or of the Empire itself, but passed from the stage on which he had played so noticeable a part on the tenth of March, only a few nights after the première of "La Belle Hélène." De Morny was the brilliant individual incarnation of the Second Empire. Musically, the Offenbach operetta "was essentially an *article de Paris*, a novelty of imperial Paris," and "the Duke de Morny's rôle as the patron of Offenbach is an actual fact with all the significance of a symbol."

For de Morny embodied all the heartless grace, the scepticism, the superficial culture, the worldly elegance of his epoch of pseudo-democracy and amusement at all costs. No one has given more intimate glimpses of the actual man than Alphonse Daudet, once de Morny's secretary, in "Le Nabab," glimpses that show how his lackeys in blue and gold livery kept magistrates, financiers and high officials waiting in the anterooms of his palace, while he gave audience to the costumer of the *Opéra;* and how, while on his deathbed, regardless of his parlous state, he still discussed the *houris* of the foyer of the *Variétés.*

Amusing is the anecdote of the terrible blind clarinetist of *La Concorde* bridge, who reduced the all-powerful Minister of State to impotent despair. Every day, for ten long years, he stationed himself beneath the windows of the Duke's palace, and played the air "De tes fils," from "Norma." Daudet has de Morny tell the tale:

I've tried everything to get him to give it up, money and threats. Nothing will move him. The police? Why not? With our modern ideas it is a difficult matter to move a blind man from his bridge. The opposition journals would play it up, the Parisians would turn it into a joke, a fairytale. . . . 'The Blind Man and the Financier'. . . . 'The Duke and the Clarinet'. . . . It is my own fault, after all. I should not have let the fellow know how he annoyed me. I'm sure that now my torment is half his pleasure in life. Every morning he crawls from his slum with his dog, his stool and his horrible music, and he says to himself, 'Now we'll go and make the Duke de Morny suffer!' Wait! If I were to open the window this moment you would hear the deluge of shrill little notes above the sound of the water and the carriages. . . .

De Morny's funeral procession stressed the position he had held in the political and social life of the Empire. There was pomp military and civil to spare, the streets were lined with troops; there were imperial mourning carriages, deputations from the legislature, the army and navy. But though the cortège moved to the beat of muffled drum, and was followed by the whole army corps, infantry, dragoons, lancers, carabineers and artillery, in one respect it differed from other processions of its kind.

De Morny had served under General Trézel in Algeria, and had saved his life beneath the walls of Constantine. But that was in the days before the Empire, in the 1830's. So no battle-charger followed after the huge plumed hearse with its six black teeds. Instead, de Morny's great curricle, which had carried him to his amatory conquests, and his social and political battles, took the place of the equine companion of victories. Daudet has thus described it:

Its panels were hung with black, its lanterns shrouded with long strips of crêpe, which flowed to the very ground with an indescribably undulant, feminine grace. It was a new funeral fashion, these veiled lanterns, the supreme *chic* of mourning. And it was in keeping with this dandy, giving a last lesson in elegance to the Parisians who hastened to gape at his funeral as they would have gone to the Longchamps races.

The première of Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" at the *Opéra*, received with tremendous enthusiasm, was also a kind of funeral tribute to its composer, who had died the year before. At Meyerbeer's obsequies, Napoleon III had followed his customary policy: as the procession passed to the railroad station (the body was to go to Berlin), the bands of the *Grenadiers* and of the *Gendarmes* of the Imperial Guard played the funeral march, and among those present at the ceremonies at the *Gare du Nord* were the imperial chamberlain, Count Bacciochi, and General Mellixet.

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The passing of his august patron, the Duke de Morny, did not interrupt the triumphant course of Offenbach's operatic invention. In 1866 came his "Barbe-Bleue," which parodied the Middle Ages in text and music; a successful revival of "Le Brésilien"; and, finally, "La Vie Parisienne," a species of sketch meant to give strangers and provincials coming to Paris an idea of the charms the city offered visitors at a time when, to quote Théophile Gautier: ". . . the Napoleonic dynasty, seated on the throne, was encompassed by the acclamations of a people happy at feeling tremble above their heads the golden wings of the eagles which so often had led the way to victory." It is a sentiment that seems a trifle insincere in view of the collapse of the Mexican dream that very year.

The plot of "La Vie Parisienne" was slight, turning on the amusing adventure of a Swedish baron and his wife while in Paris; the whole sketch, in fact, was hardly more than a delicate compliment paid the metropolis and the attractiveness of "Parisian Life." Yet its situations were so entertaining, its music so taking, that it ran a whole year. The Exposition of 1867—celebrating the creation of the new Paris of Baron Haussmann—could have had no better introduction than "La Vie Parisienne." It was the year before the whole imperial epoch began to slide down hill, the year in which all the immense material resources of the Empire were displayed with a magnificence hitherto unrealized, one which doubled that of the Exposition of 1855. All was fêtes, parades and calvacades; all was music, fanfares of trumpets and roll of drums.

Twelve emperors and kings, a viceroy, six reigning princes, nine heirs presumptive, not counting royal highnesses of all kinds, were entertained, three and five at a time, by Napoleon III; and these royal visitors were not the least to enjoy "Parisian Life," informally as well as officially. It is true that later, that very year, Napoleon III, as a matter of economy—for which the 900 million francs lost in the Mexican venture offered a valid excuse—allowed his Minister of War, Marshal Niel (after whom a yellow rose is named) to suppress *en bloc* all the cavalry and artillery bands. But during the great outdoor summer military fêtes of the Exposition, and at Longchamps, under blue skies and a golden sun, they were still playing.

And though a restless torpor, a sense of unease and satiety overhung the splendors of the gorgeous Exposition festivities, they were forgotten on days when the sovereign reviewed ". . . the whole Imperial Guard, the regiments come from all ends of France,

A Reception at the Tuileries (1854).

(After a drawing by Henri de Monthaut.)

a hundred thousand soldiers massed on the Boulogne plain, below the immense anthill of spectators on the ampitheatre of Suresnes. In the great silence which succeeded upon the salvos from Mount Valérien, between the Czar and the King of Prussia, the Emperor rode forward on a pure-blood, black charger, sparkling with gold. The cannon fired a hundredfold salute. An immense clamor rent the air. . . ." The Empire still had prestige, it still was cheered and acclaimed.

It was the appearance of Oriental sovereigns like the Sultan Abdul-Aziz of Turkey and the Khedive Ismaïl of Egypt (the Chinese emperor and the Sultan of Morocco, though invited, respectively declined to come on the score of youth, and the need of chastising rebellious tribesmen) that seemed to transport the oriental decorations of the *Opéra* and the *Opéra-Comique* from the stage to actual life. The Sultan had his drinking water brought in barrels from the Nile; the Khedive had himself rowed on the Seine in a *darabieh* to the sound of native music; and the kings as well as commoners crowded to hear the Exposition operettas, "La Grande-Duchesse" at the *Variétés*, and "La Vie Parisienne" at the *Palais-Royal.*

In the little German principality of Gerolstein, the Grand-Duchess's army is commanded by General Boum. Reviewing her troops, the sovereign lady sees Fritz, a private, as stupid as he is handsome. At once he rises in rank, is made sergeant, colonel and, finally, commander-in-chief in General Boum's place. But his heart is true to Wanda, the peasant girl; he refuses to love the Grand-Duchess, and so he once more changes place with General Boum.

The political allusions read into "La Grande-Duchesse" have long since lost actuality. In 1867, however, a year after the battle of Sadowa, which gave unpopular Prussia the victory over Austria in "The Seven Weeks' War," the caricaturing of the Prussian grenadier as Fritz gave unalloyed pleasure to the Parisians; the undeserved advancement of the stupid German soldier roused ironic laughter. Those who had cried "Revenge for Sadowa!" when Austria, the erstwhile "friend of France" was humiliated, felt that Offenbach had won a French victory on the operatic stage.

A whole procession of crowned heads went to see "La Grande-Duchesse," and even Bismarck—who already had convinced himself that Napoleon III was a "great unknown incapacity"—smiled at the farce, and applauded Hortense Schneider as though she were a real royalty, and not a princess of the boards.

Napoleon and Eugénie, the Prince of Wales (afterward King Edward VII) and the Duchess of Manchester, the Russian Czar, the kings of Greece, Sweden, Prussia and Portugal, Adolphe Thiers and Moltke, split white kid gloves clapping the charming Hortense, who was preferred to Christine Nilsson as "Ophélie" in "Hamlet." And when the comedian Grenier injured his leg at one performance, the Emperor sent his surgeon to attend him. Verdi's "Don Carlos," also written for the Exposition, and Gounod's new opera, "Roméo et Juliette," heard at the *Opéra*, were quite cast in the shade by Offenbach's lighter and politically more timely score.

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In 1868, however, when the echoes of the Exposition's international music had died away, though the Empire's wealth and strength still seemed everywhere manifest, yet ". . . there was gloom in all that magnificence, as in a golden autumnal landscape." The Emperor prematurely old and sick; abroad, Sadowa, Luxembourg, Queretaro (where Maximilian of Mexico was executed while the Exposition was in progress); a series of rebuffs and disasters; at home, the growing alienation of the Catholics; the irreconcilable and threatening attitude of the new generation made Hello, the prophet, wonder that the Tuileries were not as yet ablaze, and that the Barbarians should so long delay their coming.

One of the last great musicians to whom the Emperor Napoleon III gave the honors of a funeral with army drums was Rossini, who died that year. For the Exposition of 1867 Rossini had composed a "Hymne," dedicated "to Napoleon III and his valiant people." He had provided an accompaniment of cannon, bells and what not in the way of percussives, satirically remarking, "excuse me if there are not enough." But the Emperor's own physician, Dr. Nélaton, was unable to aid him, and in the end he, like others who had gone before, did not live to see the downfall of the dynasty.

Meanwhile the sparkling operetta scores that flowed from the pen of Offenbach and others, played their part in closing the ears of the general public to the ominous rumblings of coming disaster. In 1868 was heard the composer's "Château à Toto," the great spectacle production, "L'Isle de Tulipatan," and his "Fifre Enchanté," which last achieved tremendous popularity. In 1869—besides Hervé's popular "Chilperic"—there were Offenbach's

"Vert-Vert" and his "La Diva"—a vaudeville autobiography of Hortense Schneider, who had created so many outstanding rôles in his operettas. It was coldly received by the public, the only scene which caused comment being one in which two Prussian officers entered the presence of the Diva's niece, who had been betrayed by one of their comrades. As soon as she caught sight of the couple the niece cried: "'Tis he, the very man!—but which?"

The "Romance de la Rose," the "Princesse de Trébizonde," a circus operetta, and "Les Brigands," were the concluding Offenbach scores of the year. The last was very popular, and in it the ironic words of the Duke of Mantua's cashier, who had stolen three million from his government—"One must steal according to the position one occupies in the world"—were immediately taken up and applied to the banker Mirès, who in spite of all sorts of trouble in the law courts, was tacitly allowed to launch his dubious enterprises with the sanction of the imperial government. And there was music—much official music—heard by Eugénie that year when she went by way of Constantinople to Port Said, to attend the opening of the Suez Canal.

Finale

A last ray of sunshine gilded the opening months of 1870. The Emperor was no longer an autocrat; the *empire autoritaire* was a thing of the past. Despite the discontent of high society, and of the military and official world with the liberal ministry, and the Emperor's acceptance of the rôle of a constitutional monarch, the plebescite, to the surprise of his political enemies, once more affirmed the people's confidence in the Empire by a decided majority of votes. And yet. . . .

Curiously enough, Offenbach and the dramatist Sardou now appeared as the prophets of the Empire's downfall—though at the hands of the advanced French radical party, not the Prussians. In 1869, the Paris "Figaro" had hinted that composer and playwright were at work on a grand fairy *opéra-bouffe*, "Le Roi Carotte" (King Carrot). Announced for performance at the *Gaîté* in October, 1870, this operatic prophecy before the event, however, was not produced because, three months before the date set, France declared war on Prussia. When the Franco-Prussian War was over, "Le Roi Carotte" was merely a fantastic variant of what had happened; once more truth had been stranger than fiction. Nevertheless, it was given in 1873, with some changes; for Sardou, a confirmed imperialist, believed that the Second Empire would be restored.

Its plot was strangely apropos. King Fridolin (Napoleon III) is married to a foreign princess, who rules both the world of fashion and her husband's politics. Fridolin worships "the memory of his great forbear" (Napoleon I), but does not imitate his example; so an evil fay (the Red Republican party) plans to overthrow him. Rousing the roots (*radix*—radicals) in the palace gardens to life, the Carrot is chosen king.

In Fridolin's palace (the Tuileries) all is festivity; never has his power seemed more firmly established (Exposition, 1867) than when King Carrot appears with his "roots." Before the vegetable intruder can be cast out of the palace, the fairy's wand shows him possessed of all the virtues King Fridolin lacks, and the latter is thrust from his throne to wander in exile while his rival is crowned. Yet soon the new ruler proves himself a thousand times worse than the old, and when the people revolt he again creeps underground, like the silly vegetable he is; while King Fridolin, who has turned over a new governmental leaf, is welcomed back by his people with acclaim.

It might be said that the 149 performances of "Le Roi Carotte" in 1873 were given to houses that responded with alternate coldness and enthusiasm, according to the personal convictions of the audience—for Sardou was not the only Bonapartist in Paris at the time—but Napoleon III did not survive the year of its première. The score, which contained some of Offenbach's most charming melodies, was a political satire, but one whose point was directed against the enemies of Napoleon III. For Offenbach, too, was as confirmed a Bonapartist as his friend Sardou and, moreover, a most patriotic Frenchman, as a few lines from a letter he wrote in 1871 prove:

> I hope that William Krupp, with his horrible Bismarck, will have to pay for all this. Ah, what terrible people these Prussians are, and how desolating it is for me to think that I was born on the bank of the Rhine, and that this thread in some sort connects me with these horrible savages! Ah, my unhappy France, how deeply I thank you for having adopted me as one of your children!

Yet the confidence and enthusiasm with which France entered upon the campaign ending with the downfall of the Second Empire had their stirring musical moments. The Court was at St. Cloud when, in the middle of July, war was declared and the Paris mobs filled the streets crying "To Berlin!" And there, after the French had repulsed a German patrol in the first skirmish at the frontier, the young Prince Imperial and a group of his boy friends sang the "Marseillaise" in the park of the château.

At the *Opéra*—they were giving "La Muette de Portici"—the Emperor and Empress were expected the evening before the sovereign left for the army. The auditorium, gay in red and gold, in the Italian style, was filled with beautiful women and officers in uniform, and though the sovereigns did not appear, the Duke de Gramont occupied the small "service box" of the imperial *loge*. A ferverishly agitated house—women in evening dress, men whose breasts in many cases blazed with orders and decorations, generals, diplomats, artists, authors, senators and deputies, lawyers and famous physicians, captains of industry and society idlers—an *élite* of luxury and splendor—represented the France of the Second Empire on that evening. And this audience had come, not to hear Masaniello's fishermen carol their Barcarolle, but to hear Marie Sass sing the "Marseillaise"—whose public performance had been forbidden for eighteen years. When Masaniello called on his Neapolitans to rise, Marie Sass appeared in the tumult of the final measures of his evocation. Paul Margueritte[1] has described the scene:

> A tremor ran through the hall, cries and bravos were merged in one great acclamation. She wore a white tunic, a peplum sown with golden bees, and came forward with a grand air, holding the tricolor in her hand, to attack the first notes . . . *Allons, enfants de la patrie* . . . amid indescribable emotion.
>
> The Duchess de Mouchy rose. Part of the spectators imitated her. An imperious voice, that of Emile Girardin cried, "Everybody up!" The whole hall stood. Every one felt that he shared in a new soul, collective, immense. Something strong, bitter, sudden ran like a breath along the roots of the hair, stirred the marrow. The orchestral brasses accompanied the glorious hymn whose first stanza Marie Sass flung forth with a vibrant voice, evoking the splendor of sabres and of blood running red.
>
> She resumed on a higher, stronger note; her song broadened out, filled the enormous auditorium. It spread beyond its walls, seemed to inundate a Paris aroused and the country in arms. A clangor of tocsins, the rumble of rolling cannon underlaid her ardent words. The homeland endangered rose in every heart. The national anthem, so long forbidden, rang out again in new beauty, glowing with a new vitality and an immortal flame.
>
> The emotion was at its height. There were groans of enthusiasm. Men and women were seized with vertigo. Some laughed convulsively, chewing their moustaches; others howled like madmen; women tore their fans, waved their handkerchiefs. The actress, singing with tragic eyes and mouth as she stood virginally white beneath her golden bees, was the incarnation of imperial France. Towering, upborne by the general delirium, she prophesied the victory to come. Jena, Austerlitz, Sebastopol, Solferino flamed anew.

[1]Paul Margueritte. "Le Désastre."

A frantic clamor covered the finale. The whole hall was traversed by one of those electric currents that galvanize a crowd, turning it into a single being—and seized by an irresistible impulse, swaying, arms raised, faces exalted, it cried out with a thousand throats.

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This scene at the great opera-house might be called the final flashing up in music of the glory that was the Second Empire. Not that after that the currents of patriotism did not continue to run vocally. On July 29, Alfred de Musset's "Le Rhin Allemand," set as a song by Délioux, and orchestrated by Léo Delibes, was applauded on the same famous stage. Faure, the celebrated bass, sang the air in uniform, as a lieutenant of *mobiles*, while sixty infantrymen and thiry *Cuirassiers* were grouped about the stage. How many of these unfortunate "supers" returned from the war? And Gounod's cantata, "A la Frontière," was given a few days later. But Marie Sass's great evocation of patriotism was not surpassed by any later demonstrations.

Musset had written his "Le Rhin Allemand," but it was something he had said, not written, which to those who had heard it was later to recur with all the force of prophecy. Some years before, coming from one of those brilliant gala evenings at the Tuileries, where an Offenbach farce had been sumptuously staged for the enjoyment of the Court, the dramatist and poet had summed up his opinion of the Empire in two sentences: "Yes, it is beautiful, very beautiful—for the time being. But I would not give two *sous* for the last act!"

The morning after he had surrendered the army of Sédan to King William, Napoleon III sat in front of a roadside cottage within the enemy lines (where he had talked with Bismarck and von Moltke) watching Prussian infantrymen file past to the strains of their regimental bands. They played their favorite army marches, "Die Wacht am Rhein," the march from "Tannhäuser." But suddenly a band burst out into a rousing quick-step from Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène." To the unhappy, defeated prisoner it called up the vision of Longchamps, in the brilliant Exposition year of 1867, with himself riding between the Czar and the King of Prussia at the review of his Imperial Guard. And he rose and entered the cottage before which he had been sitting, that none might see his tears.

A few days later Naopleon III was on his way to Wilhelmshöhe, where his uncle Jérôme Bonaparte had lived when King of

Westphalia. At Verviers the Black Hussars of his escort drew rein, and a messenger handed him a dispatch. It told him that, "the fires which seethed under the surface of society in Paris had once more burst through the thin crust of use and wont, and that the dynasty of the Bonapartes was entirely overthrown, to make way for the Republic. . . ."

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